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IN THIS ISSUE

CONFIDENCE INSURES ECONOMIC BALANCE
Nathan T. Porter

PANNING IN PAN-AMERICA
Francis Wyatt

SURVIVAL OF THE OLD FRONTIER
A. Hooten Blackiston

HARRIGAN'S MASTERPIECE
James N. Gillett, Jr.

Vol. 90 January-February, 1932 Nos. 1-2



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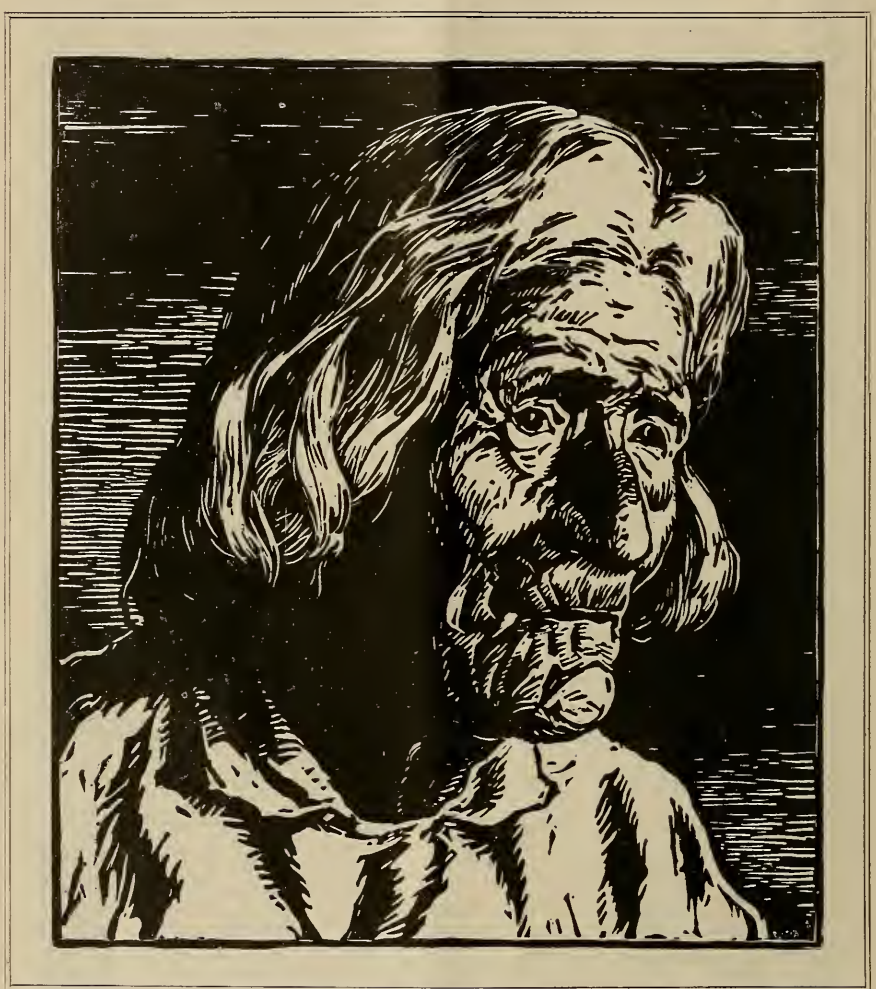
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DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Vol. 90 January-February, 1932 Nos. 1-2

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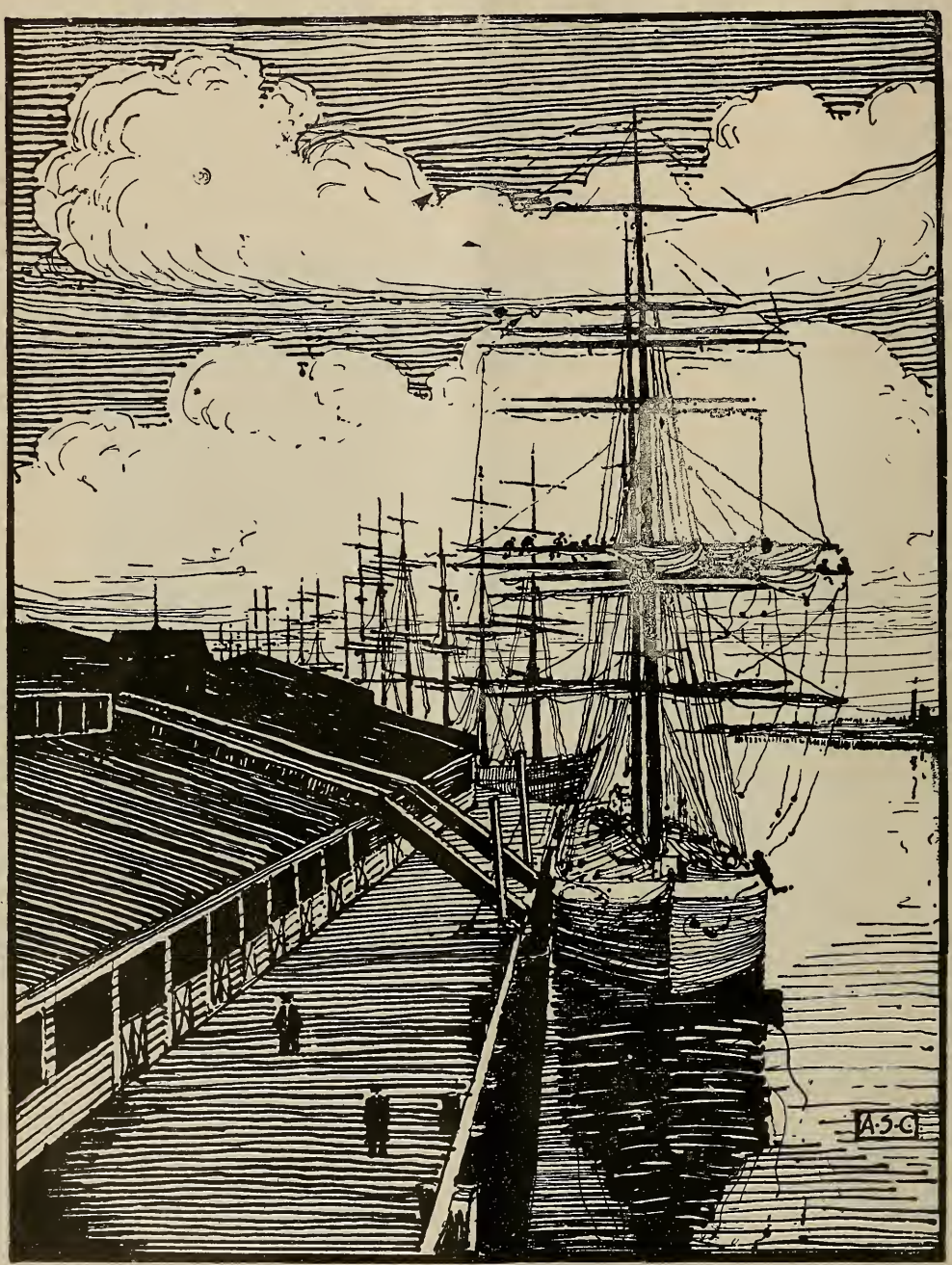
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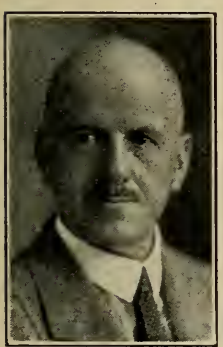
Familiar Pacific Coast Dock Scene in Former Days

Return of Confidence Restores Economic Balance

By NATHAN T. PORTER

Nathan T. Porter in a former article quotes from Harper's Weekly of 1857 a statement in effect that there had fallen upon the country at that time the greatest depression and panic ever experienced. But a publication issued back in 1779 speaks of a business depression of that day "the like of which has never been seen before and from which there probably never will be a recovery." All of which would seem to indicate that so far as depressions go "there is nothing new under the sun."—EDITOR.

THE gates have closed upon 1931, shutting us off forever from the year that is passed. We are now moving forward into the current of 1932. Whether we like it or not we are on the way. A retrospective view is of value only as we use the experiences of the past to keep us clear of the rapids ahead. The thoughtful American may pause to look back over his course in a survey of progress, but will turn the searchlight upstream when taking soundings. Then he will again start the paddles working.



Nathan T. Porter

During past months with conditions adverse, every man has been asking his neighbor the all-absorbing questions: How are things with you? Do you find any improvement in the financial situation? Are people paying bills more promptly? Is money easier? Are the people spending? Are sales being made? When do you look for a change for the better?

Replies have been generally in terms of pessimism and doubt and despair. Response is in the negative. Things are rotten. The financial situation is getting worse. No one is paying bills; you can't collect a cent. Money is tighter; banks are closing. People are holding on, not spending. No sales are made; property is not moving. There is no immediate sign of permanent improvement; perhaps no change will come before 1933. Such are the answers generally returned.

OTTO H. KAHN, prominent New York banker, uttered the sage remark that "In 1927 greed was in the driver's seat; now fear is in the driver's seat." There is much of truth in what Mr. Kahn says. Greed and avarice, followed by fear, are, of course, in no small degree responsible for the present situation. Unscrupulous manipulation in high places and low, unsound advice and reckless judgment have wrecked the financial prospects of hundreds of thousands of our people.

Men and women of small means, caught in unwise speculation or claptrap investment and with their resources drawn upon to the limit, have now little or nothing available to spend. Those with money in the banks are frequently unable to withdraw their own funds. The far-seeing financier, the cold-blooded banker, has gone the little man one better. His keen judgments have developed into poor guesses. The deflation of his stocks creates havoc in banking circles.

Of all countries in the world, ours does business most exclusively through its system of credits. Extensive transactions are carried on without the direct exchange of gold, silver or currency. Many whose assets are in real property are unable to realize or borrow on such properties. Banks will not loan even to those who have large investments in real estate or other real properties. This creates a situation almost unheard of. Our transactions must be carried on through mutual confidence. Destroy confidence and our system topples.

Thus we have a vicious circle. Those without money cannot spend. Those with

money won't spend. There is, of course, much money in the country. Despite the "hard times" and "depression" money would be available were people not afraid to bring it out of its hiding places. Funds have been withdrawn from the banks and placed in deposit boxes until these repositories have reached the bursting point. Vast sums in interest are thus lost. Fear as to the stability of banks has greatly increased postal savings throughout the country. As Otto Kahn says "Fear is in the driver's seat." This is another way of saying that confidence has relinquished the driver's seat to distrust.

Shortly money will again seek investment. But many who should bring their money from its hiding places and invest now while prices are low will, through fear and lack of confidence, wait until the dollar will buy much less than it will buy today. Such people are holding off because of uncertainties. "He that worries himself with the dread of possible contingencies," said Samuel Johnson, "will never be at rest."

There have been many periods in the past when the "times were out of joint." We have not been free from occasional "panics." Now and again there has come a "financial crisis." But today we have money in seclusion. We have an overabundance of the raw materials of those fundamental necessities,—food, clothing, and shelter. There is no shortage of those elements that underly the permanent satisfactions of life. These may all be purchased, by those who have money, at less than normal prices. Why are those with money afraid to put it into circulation so that those millions of men and women now out of employment may be continued at their regular occupations thus to have money with which to purchase these necessities?

FROM an authoritative source comes the statement that fear is today the most difficult problem with which we have to deal. Henry M. Robinson, internationally known financier and prominent Los Angeles banker, said recently: "The basis of all world troubles is fear, and its eradication from the mind of the world is the first order of business. We should," he said, "attend to our own business, develop our own resources, and stamp out unfounded fear." Mr. Robinson contends that America should give attention to its economic problems at home rather than attend to those abroad, if our nation is to return to prosperity. We should agree with him in welcoming any factor that will tend to eliminate fear and restore confidence.

Something of the same idea is expressed by Mr. J. F. Sartori, another Los Angeles banker. His belief is that the end of the worst phase of the depression is approaching, but that recovery is delayed by undue publicity given the depression. Faith, he contends, is needed in our country and in our business institutions during this period, which he characterizes as one of real adjustment. He is quoted as saying that we shall emerge out of this period of real adjustment sounder and stronger than ever.

This country has indeed been hard hit. The entire world has suffered. We of the United States have been pinched less than have most peoples. With us it has been less the pinch of poverty than the pinch of inactivity as an outgrowth of unwarranted gambling, wild speculation, and loss of confidence.

In a recent article in this magazine, in December, the present writer pointed out the fallacy of placing the blame for our present condition upon the war. "We caused it," he said. "The great majority of us brought it on. It was 100 per cent man-made. Over extension of credit, over capitalization, inevitably results in the unbalancing of production set over against consumption. True also, this matter of excess credit and excess capitalization are in return results of the wildest orgie of speculation in which the human group has ever indulged."

It is time we disabused our minds of the idea that the world is going to destruction. Money should be brought out of its hiding places. Confidence should be restored. Optimism and trust should take the place of pessimism and suspicion. Fear should be eliminated. Activity should be the order where now there is inactivity. Then

would industry quicken, labor be in demand, buying be resumed, building and investing again assume their natural and normal trends.

As we now find ourselves so has it always been when for a time the country has suffered a depression. As in former instances the change for the better will be upon us before we realize it; indeed it is now here if we did but realize it. Our people should prepare themselves for a period of prosperity and constructive development such as heretofore we have never experienced.

PERHAPS after all there is less distinction between "greed" on the one hand and "fear" on the other, than might be presumed by reading Mr. Kahn's pronouncement. A sentence or two from an address by Professor Albert Einstein, delivered just as we go to press, is significant. "At a time like this," he says, "when we are rich in consumable goods and means of production as no previous generation before us, a great part of humanity suffers severe want—it is as if the circulatory system of the whole economic organism were throughout, fatally ill."

Dr. Einstein goes on to say: "It is not in intelligence that we lack for the overcoming of evil, but we lack in the unselfish devotion of men in the service of the common weal."

It is scant satisfaction for those who are now unemployed and who lack the necessities of life, to be told that the present economic depression is not an unmixed blessing. Duplicity and greed and fear and selfishness and lack of sound judgment on the part of the many, and the absence of clear vision and aggressive leadership on the part of the few, have brought us to the present condition. But we shall emerge—are now emerging—with sounder foundation and more optimistic outlook than before.

NOW is the time to buy, not to hoard. Those who have real property and bonds and stocks predicated upon high grade securities and commodities should hold them if they can possibly do so. Many are compelled to sell, and those who sell now, whether real property or bonds or stocks do so at great sacrifice.

Instead of a lull in building, with materials at a low mark and labor easily obtainable, there should, in localities not now over-built, be renewed activity in this line.

The future will, let us hope, witness none of the inflation and fictitious value placing that characterized past months. With confidence in the saddle, a logical economic balance will be restored and an unprecedented reign of prosperity will result.

And now comes Roger W. Babson, whose prediction of the stock market break of 1929 was fulfilled to the letter, with the significant statement that "The depression is in retreat."

LINCOLN and Washington are immortal because each met and mastered very human problems in the face of his own limitations. They were often petty, grueling tasks whose accomplishment meant no Homeric reward, but only further thankless labor, only other obstacles to be cleared by human skill in the face of human failings.

Not a heaven-sent inspiration—but perseverance and tireless work in the face of Valley Forge, official jealousies, subordinate blundering and a shilly-shallying Congress brought victory to Washington in 1781. Not divine omniscience—but the weary struggles of a gaunt, perplexed countryman dedicated a reunited nation to a glorious destiny in spite of bickering politicians, incompetent generals, a scolding wife and a mad actor's gun.

These, then are the real Washington—the real Lincoln—men whose works live on to inspire posterity because their responsibility called forth their utmost powers.

To a nation faced with economic discouragements their problems make ours seem quite insignificant and petty in comparison.—*From The California Legionnaire.*

A Survival of the Old Frontier

By A. HOOTON BLACKISTON

BACK and forth across the entire width of the country flashed the old frontier. Great deposits of gold and silver were discovered and mining camps sprung up over night. Commanches, Utes, Sioux and Apaches hunted at will or descended upon the lonely settler and raided the caravans of prairie schooners—but that was over half a century ago.

While complacently consuming the morning's grapefruit or lolling at our ease in a fast-moving Pullman, nothing seems further from us than the romance of the old frontier, its sudden perils and Indian massacres.

However if we chance to be consuming our grapefruit on a Pullman train in the southwestern portion of the United States, our complacency may be somewhat shaken when we realize that even today such conditions exist much nearer than we dream—indeed less than 150 miles south of the American border.

We have so long been accustomed to think of those hectic days as having ended when the last of the western tribes were permanently rounded up and securely held on their reservations, that at first it is difficult to believe such a thing possible, but it is one thing to surround an Apache with an imaginary line and another thing to keep him there.

So Apache Kid, who started life as a perfectly reputable government scout and, through the blundering of an Indian agent, ended by earning the sobriquet of the Worst Indian of them all, fled with other kindred desperadoes from his reservation after committing various murders in Arizona and New Mexico, seeking refuge in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Sierra Madres of Mexico, only a short distance south of the international line. Whenever the spirit moved him he returned for more squaws until he must have built up quite a lordly regime of his own, especially as he had a way of knocking a refractory spouse on the head hwen she did not meet all qualifications or when he craved excitement or variety. Other Indians joined the renegades from time to time, possibly from some of the Mexican mountain tribes also, and today there is a small but extremely efficient band of "wild" Indians that acknowledges no sovereignty whatsoever except their own wills, and that from time to time perpetrates actrocities in the most approved style of unregenerate frontier days.

The author of this article had made extensive archaeological explorations in Mexico and other portions of Latin America, many of his collections now being in the National Museum at Washington and in other Eastern and Western museums. He discovered the Cave of the Bat God in Honduras. Scientific articles from the pen of Mr. Blackiston appear frequently. This popular treatment will prove of interest.—EDITOR.

THIS largely unexplored region lies along the continental divide between the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora and is one of great beauty with its tangled mazes of mountain ranges, wild barrancas and secluded grass covered valleys wedged so deeply between the towering walls of porphyry and granite that in some of them the sunbeams dance upon the streams in their bottoms but little over three hours a day. Where not covered with the green of the mountain vegetation, the rocks are brilliant in hue, green, yellow and burnt purples due to mineral and volcanic action. One canyon is a soft claret tint, another buff from the felsitic conglomerate that overlies much of this region, while the Piedras Verdes river itself takes its name from the green stones over which it flows. Crystals and agates abound and doubtless many varieties of gem stones; pines, cedars, junipers, and the red-stemmed mansanitas cover the mountain sides.

In the open glades and hidden quebradas game is plentiful, from the great bronze turkeys and deer to the deadly Sonoran grizzly and the stealthy mountain lion that develops an exceptional size and fearlessness here. The writer himself has been stalked by one of them for hours, and knows of at least one other person who had a still more interesting experience as he happened to be unarmed at the time and only kept the unwelcome puma at a distance by throwing racks and sticks in its direction until he reached camp with a bad case of frayed nerves. There are several cases in which they have attacked and carried off children and grown youths, while a number of American hunters, including one of the writer's companions, have met their deaths at the paws of the grizzlies. So little does the game know man that often its fearlessness is decidedly embarrassing and gives rise to a condition seldom encountered in other portions of the world today.

These beautiful valleys have been the seat of

many conflicts—of pursuer and pursued. In remote times the cliff-dwellers sought refuge in the most inaccessible caves where their yellow-walled cliff houses may still be seen like sleeping cities amid the purple shadows. Ruined fortified outposts command the passes to many of the lower valleys, but war and rapine also are written heavily upon their walls, while nearby at the foot of the mountains where the great Chihuahuan plain begins, lie the remains of America's largest prehistoric building—its first skyscraper, the famous Casas Grandes that was fully six stories in height and over 800 feet long—about 100 feet longer than the capitol at Washington. That it was the scene of one of the greatest of the New World tragedies is clear if we are to judge by the evidence of the burned beams and charred walls that have been uncovered, and by the mute testimony of the skeletons found beneath the debris of its ruins, just as the bodies of the dead were left on that last fearful night when the flames burst through the darkness and the cries of the victors and the vanquished arose beneath the stars.

WITH the coming of the Spaniards and the later settlement of our own Southwest, the Chiracahua Apaches appeared upon the scene, sweeping through the mountain defiles and leading the armies of both nations a merry chase backward and forward across the border. They retired for refuge in the depth of the Sierras after terrorizing the outlying settlements where the inhabitants crouched behind their tightly barred doors as the wild riders dashed through the streets shooting right and left, killing stragglers and stealing women and cattle. The pictographs that they outlined in leisure moments are still found on the yellow and red cliffs of the highlands and upon the walls of the caves which they sought for shelter.

In the heart of this wilderness lies the great Barranca de Cobre, a vast sink more than 2000 feet deep and over 60 miles in diameter, in which the renegades find their safest retreat. It is thought by some to be the extinct crater of a vast prehistoric volcano active in those days when the whole length of the Sierras was a line of fiery volcanic cones and white hot igneous rocks were thrown down their sides. Now snow flurries whirl along its upper edges while birds sing and brilliant flowers bloom in the milder climate of its bottom; there also are found falls greater and more beautiful than the Yosemite.

Several lonely prospectors have entered the forbidden mazes of the mountains never to be heard of again. Once in a while a Mexican vaquero or an American cowboy riding nearby ranges is killed, while only a short time ago a Mexican family living in an exposed position was attacked, the male members massacred, the wife mutilated and a child taken captive, probably for adoption by the tribe.

The writer camped one night but a short distance from a ruined ranch that only a year and a half before was the scene of probably the most ghastly massacre that occurred in these mountains for many years.

ONE of the many Mormon families that migrated to the sunny upland valley of northern Mexico had pushed into an isolated pocket in the side of the Sierras, saffron and green with its gramma grass and junipers. There they toiled through long hours until the small fields yielded a bountiful return and their apple and peach orchards firmly took root. After they had at last wrested the comforts of home from the mountain soil, the Apaches descended when least expected and slaughtered the father of the family. One of the young daughters escaped by hiding in the pig pen. While lying there white with terror she witnessed the murder of her mother and her older sister as the squaws dashed their brains out with rocks in the same manner in which they always dispatched the wounded. When the Indians came to the style and looked within, she flattened herself between two of the hogs in the darkened back portion of the pen, hardly daring to breathe, and so escaped notice.

Upon their departure she crawled out, trudged over the perilous mountain trail alone and notified the Mormon elders. A pursuit was immediately organized, and in the resulting battle an old warrior, supposed by many to be the famous Apache Kid, was among the killed. Yet others there are who say he lived for many years afterward in the deep barrancas of the Sierras with his squaws and young braves around him.

However that may be, this setback acted as a salutary lesson to the renegades for several years, and their operations were temporarily conducted with more caution.

Then after a protracted period of immunity, they again began the same ruthless ways that had before distinguished them. From time to time with the suddenness of a mountain avalanche, a raid sweeps down upon some unguarded herd of horses or cattle, but the renegades themselves are seldom seen as they disappear with their booty into the lonely haunts of the mountains with the abruptness of their coming.

When a large party ventures into their domain, it is carefully watched by the Indians but seldom molested unless mining appears to be the object. The Apaches seem to have two cardinal objectives in view—one to attack only when they can completely wipe out the entire party and thus destroy all traces of the deed with the last survivor, and the other to prevent anything that would eventu-

ally lead to permanent occupation of their territory by outsiders.

This seems all the more important, as, though the region they occupy is one of the wildest and most inaccessible on earth, it is reputed to be a second Klondike in mineral richness and to be the site of several of the famous "lost mines" of colonial days.

IT IS indeed this very feature in which their greatest danger lies, as apparently they have only too well realized for many years. Therefore it must be the direst necessity alone that drives them to occasionally send their oldest squaws down to the valley pueblos with pieces of gold to trade for cartridges and salt, though their identity is naturally shielded as carefully as possible. However, from time to time bright, yellow nuggets do appear in the local tiendas of the traders, and they are usually brought in by some old Indian woman, tight-lipped and closely shrouded in a reboso or a torn serape.

Tales of great deposits of gold are rife, and the ancient records of tithes and shipments seem to bear out the belief of the richness of the lost mines. Such traditions are nothing new in Mexico. Great mines were opened in colonial days, then Indian uprisings took place, the owners were killed or driven out of the country, frequently having previously concealed the entrances to the workings. By the time Mexican independence followed, all traces of the mines themselves were usually lost in the chaotic conditions of the country. When these old mines have been relocated and opened, they have usually proved well worth the trouble and borne out the traditions of their richness, as only the highest grade ore could be worked with the crude methods in vogue in the early days.

Copper is plentiful in this region, and slag of crudely smelted ore of great richness is found here and there in the more accessible valleys, mute evidence of the work of either early Indians or the Spaniards. At one place near the ranch where the massacre took place, the writer discovered very ancient reduction works, which only consisted of a few circles of stone, but the slag indicated that the richest kind of ore had been treated.

AT THE present time there is a movement on foot among the Mexicans and some Americans to organize a drive for the purpose of exterminating this last band of wild Indians in order that their depredations may cease and the great lodes of ore be worked. What the result will be —whether the survival of the old West will now be relegated to history likewise, or whether it will still flourish in its hidden valleys for more years to come, is a question no one can answer. Several large punitive expeditions have been proposed from time to time but as yet none of them has materialized or at least carried out the declared purpose.

Not so very long ago a detachment of Mexican soldiers entered the forbidden area, but disappeared as if the ground had opened under their feet, for, like the lonely prospectors and hunters, they were never heard from again.

And yet it all seems like a dream of other days —like something that cannot really exist except as a distorted vision. For as one rolls luxuriously along the border it is difficult to associate grapefruit, electric fans, club cars and observation Pullmans with Indian massacres, midnight raids and other scenes of half a century ago that are possibly even then being enacted only a few miles away amid the hidden fastnesses of the Sierra Madres on America's last survival of the old frontier.

OLD Sonoma is one of the most important and interesting historic spots in California or on the coast. Here was established one of the old missions—the most northern in the chain of 21. Here at Sonoma the Bear Flag was raised. Mention of Sonoma brings to mind the important work of General Vallejo whose contribution to the state is recognized by few at its full value. The General Vallejo home is still standing just within the confines of the city.

Many will rejoice that a movement is well under way to take over the Vallejo home and convert it into a state park. This is being done under leadership of the General Vallejo Memorial Association. It is understood that the State Park Commission will pay half the cost of acquiring the property; the balance will be raised by popular subscription. At present the home is occupied by the two surviving daughters of General Vallejo—Mrs. Louise Vallejo Emparan and Mrs. Maria Vallejo Cutter. This is a delayed recognition of General Vallejo and the state does itself credit in preserving for all time this historic monument.

Panning In Pan-America

By FRANCIS WYATT

THE people of the United States in recent years have become increasingly aware of the fact that in many parts of the world there is a tendency to deprecate and villify all that is North American. Our culture, our motion pictures, our tariff, our writers, our foreign policies have received a great deal of that abuse.

It is important that we maintain the good will of our neighbors and the rest of the world, for as an exporting nation we must secure markets. In South America we find markets that in 1929 took about ten per cent in our total exports, while we received about fourteen per cent of our imports from those countries. It is apparent that South America is not only an important market, but a valuable source of raw materials.

The article on Pan-American Relations in our December issue has been commented upon quite freely. It has called forth the present article by a student of South American affairs, a Stanford University graduate, and one who has spent considerable time in Mexico City. The article will bear close reading, especially at this time.—EDITOR.

What do these people to the South think of us? What do they think of our foreign policies and our tariff? It should be obvious that there can be no single answer to these questions, for there is no collective South American opinion composed of the beliefs of the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. There are ten nations below the Isthmus of Panama and there are wide differences of opinion among them concerning the United States. Lack of space prevents a summarization of the various attitudes. Suffice to say there is no universal condemnation of this country from below the Panama Canal. There has often been criticism of our policies, both political and economic, part of which has originated with the more stable groups within each country and part with radical malcontents who claim to speak for the country.

It is among these latter groups that the most severe criticism has originated. Organized under names such as the Alianza Continental in Argentina and the Asociacion Revolucionaria Americana, which is known in Peru as the APRA, and more or less actively identified with Communism, these active and blustering "intellectuals" burst forth in venomous tirades against the Capitalists of the North.

What effect do they have? They are limited on the one hand by the ignorance and lack of interest of a large part of their countrymen and on the other hand by the amused tolerance of the responsible, thinking classes. Abroad, however, their words take on new importance. Particularly in this country have we become sensitive to their jibes. We smart keenly under unkind references to our Imperialistic Era, and to our Monroe Doctrine. We wonder if there is perhaps some truth in their statements.

Henry Kittredge Norton says in "Current History" for December, 1931, "The Monroe Doctrine and our Carribean policy do do not bulk nearly as large from the South as they do from the North. We have become supersensitive on these topics, and every random fling at us which appears in the Spanish press is hurriedly cabled to New York as if it were of infinite significance. In its own country it is more than likely to pass unnoticed. We are criticised—and severely—in regard to both the Monroe Doctrine and our Carribean policy. But 90 per cent of such criticism comes from those who would find some other complaint if that one were taken from them."

IT has been suggested that the Monroe Doctrine be supplanted by multi-partite treaty between the American nations in order that the friction engendered by that historic American policy be eliminated. This proposal attracted attention when it was formulated under the name of the "Brum Doctrine" by Dr. Balzazar Brum while he was foreign minister to Uruguay during the presidential term of Feliciano Vierra 1915-1919. Brum succeeded Vierra as President and during a speech to the students at the Uruguayan university in Montevideo in April, 1920, he pointed out that the Monroe Doctrine had been proposed by Artigas and Boliver in South America before it was adopted by the United States. He defended the principles of the Monroe Doctrine but insisted that it should be made intercontinental, and suggested a defensive alliance to advance American solidarity. Through his influence as president of Uruguay he succeeded in having the question placed on the agenda of the Fifth Pan-American Conference in 1923, together with a proposal for an American

League of Nations to promote common interests. The United States delegates were, however, opposed to any but a unilateral statement of the Monroe Doctrine and looked with disfavor on a League that would take up political questions. The proposal was "killed" in committee.

In 1926 at the Centennial Commemorative Conference, held 100 years after the first Pan-American Congress called by Bolivar, a proposal was made to consider the Brum Doctrine again, but the Sixth Pan-American Conference ignored the question. The next meeting of the Congress is to be held in Montevideo, Uruguay in 1932.

The Monroe Doctrine as it stands today is exactly what it was in 1823. It is simply opposed to any non-American action encroaching upon the political independence of American states under any guise, and to the acquisition of control in any manner, of additional territory in this hemisphere by any non-American power. It is distinctly the policy of the United States, which reserves to itself the right to the interpretation, definition and application of the doctrine. As President Wilson said, "The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It always has been maintained and always will be maintained upon her own responsibility." The Monroe Doctrine is not a regional understanding as it is stated to be in Article 21 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. It is a unilateral stataement of policy.

Proposals to make this statement a multi-partite treaty which would draw strength from a supposed coalition of armed forces do not seem to take into account the fact that for more than 100 years we have maintained this doctrine without outside aid. We represent the only effective military power in this hemisphere. It is extremely doubtful if the League of Nations would ever attempt to intervene in the New World in view of the statement in Article 21, which says that nothing in the Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of the Monroe Doctrine.

The Doctrine was never effective until the power of the United States was placed behind it. It could not be effective today without the power of the United States.

Proposals to form an American League of Nations and an American Court would only lead to the duplication of the already existing machinery for the preservation of world peace. What we need is not more machinery, but closer co-operation to improve what already exists.

What would we gain by the adoption of the Brum doctrine or a similar proposal? We would perhaps silence a few malcontents, who according to Mr. Norton would immediately find some other principle to attack. We would gain the added strength of the military forces of South America in support of the Doctrine. Their strength is, however, so negligible that we would still be forced to bear the greatest part of the burden of defense.

What would we lose? We would lose the right to the sole interpretation, definition and application of this historic policy. It would no longer be our policy except as we would have to defend it. We would be bound by treaty to enforce it even where it would be contrary to our best interests, while its interpretation, definition and application could be decided by the other signatories to the treaty who would be numerically in the majority.

Shall we then abandon this foremost tenet of our foreign policy?

LOS ANGELES is rapidly becoming more and more of a publishing center, especially for historic works dealing with California, biographies of native importance, and folio editions of works by local artists.

A late addition of importance is "California Hills and Other Wood Engravings," by Paul Landacre, published by Bruce McCallister. ($6.00 per copy.)

The edition contains 14 of Landacre's most important prints and is a very fine example of modern book printing that no collector can afford to overlook.

Adcraft printers are bringing out the Second Annual Folio Edition of "Camera Pictorialists," to be off the press at the time their exhibition opens at the Los Angeles Museum. Those who have last season's annual will greet the new one with added acclaim. It is even a finer work than last year's, which is saying a great deal. The general style is better and the reproductions are stronger.

"Adobe Days," by Sarah Bixby Smith, is proving a justly popular contribution to the archives of California literature. It is a fascinating narrative of early day life and personal experiences in New Spain, and is now in its third edition.

"California Gardens," by Winifred Starr Dobyns, of Pasadena, is published by Macmillan and is arranged to illustrate particular landscape features and elements of design from some of the foremost residential gardens of California. While it holds special interest for architects and landscape gardeners, it cannot fail to appeal to all who love a beautiful book, and is sure to give many a new idea of local natural beauty.

Lancer Harry Carr's "Old Mother Mexico" is creating the predicted stir and is widely read and discussed.—EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL.

Harrigan's Masterpiece

A SHORT, SHORT STORY

By JAMES N. GILLETT, Jr.

THE rays from the street light glanced fitfully through the rain that fell dismally with a hushed patter. It seemed as though the drops were trying to absorb them as they fell on the wet pavement, forming little rivulets that trickled into the half filled gutter. A strange quiet prevailed with the silence that often comes after a violent noise.

On the corner, near the street light, and faintly illuminated by it, a policeman was bending over two soggy forms lying on the sidewalk.

Now the quiet was broken by the sound of running footsteps and presently another officer emerged from the darkness, his revolver drawn.

"What is it, Tom?" he asked.

"Murder," said Tom, shortly.

"Who?" asked the late arrival indifferently.

"Only Big Jack Dillon," growled Tom.

"What the hell!" ejaculated his brother officer, his indifference gone.

Big Jack Dillon—Beer Baron, Politician and Councilman. If he had been only a beer baron, it wouldn't have been so bad. The murderer would have been taken care of by his own kind, and punished by another gun. It doesn't cost the State any money, and the punishment, if not the justice, handed a murderer by a murderer is much more certain than that handed out by the law. Law is getting to be like that.

"Who's the other stiff?" asked Patrolman Hays.

"Dunno. Better you ring for the wagon."

"Sure," said Joe, disappearing again in the darkness and leaving Tom on guard.

The ambulance put in a hurried appearance, its lights dancing waveringly through the downpour. Behind it came a police car. Sirens screamed a timely warning to evil-doers to hunt their holes, as the forces of the law drew up to the curb.

A lieutenant of detectives jumped out and came over to McMurty.

"What happened?" he asked.

"I heard a shot, heard someone yell for help, and then another shot. I got here in two minutes; there wasn't nobody around but the two stiffs. Officer Hays got here right after I did, and rung in."

"So Big Jack got his. Who is the other gent?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I don't know, sir," answered the patrolman.

"Big Jack lives near here, doesn't he?"

"In the next block, sir."

At this minute, the police surgeon stepped up.

"One of these men is still alive," he said.

"Which one?" snapped the Lieutenant.

"The other one," answered the surgeon.

So it wasn't Big Jack, only the other one. He didn't count, anyway, or he wouldn't be called the "other one."

"His scalp was grazed. He'll be around in a little bit," the surgeon went on.

"O.K.," said the Lieutenant. "Load 'em on and haul 'em back. This is sure one lousy break for us. Just before election."

"It sure is a tough break," agreed the surgeon. "You'll have to do something."

But it wasn't a tough break for Big Jack. He didn't mind.

James N. Gillett, Jr., the author of this story, is the son of Honorable James N. Gillett, former popular Governor of California. The ability of the young writer is clearly manifest and is indicative of what may be expected as he goes on in the field of letters. Gillett, Junior, has an eminent background upon which to predicate future promise.—EDITOR.

AT THE Central Station quite a group was gathered. Reporters, patrolmen, officers and detectives around the man who had accompanied Big Jack Dillon on his last walk. He was seated within an anxious circle, a white bandage on his head, pale of face, and rather weak.

"What is your name," growled a detective.

"Jim Harrigan," he answered the man.

"Occupation?"

Harrigan hesitated briefly, his eyes wavering.

"Why, I—I'm an artist," he finally said.

"Humph," snorted the detective.

"Just a minute," said one of the reporters. He leaned over and whispered in the detective's ear.

The detective nodded.

"Oh, so you're an artist," he sneered, turning again to Harrington. "You're a society bootle that's what you are."

"Well, I used to be an artist," said Harrigan defensively, "but I didn't make much money."

"Bah!" snorted the detective. He leaned forward, menacingly.

"Who killed Big Jack?" he barked.

"I don't know."

"You say you were right at Jack's side. Did you get a good look at the guy?"

"Yes."

"What did he look like?"

"He was about five ten, had an oval face, straight nose, and grey eyes. His eyes were dead looking. He had a cruel mouth and wore a dark overcoat."

The detective leaned back in disgust.

"Yeah?" he sneered. "Do you know how many guys in this town answer that mug? Thousands."

"I'mm positive I'd know him again if I saw him."

"If you saw him! How soon do you think you'll get the chance?"

"That's up to you," said Harrigan.

"Thanks for reminding me. Well, seeing as how you are a friend of Big Jack's, go on home, but be sure you are here at ten in the morning."

Harrigan arose and looked questioningly at the reporters.

"Surely you gentlement are not going to publish all this, are you?" he asked.

"Sure," they chorused.

"Of course," snapped the detective, "the dear public has got to know we are doing our duty."

Harrigan shrugged his shoulders and left.

"Surely you gentlemen are not going to publish all this," mimicked the detective to his retreating back, "Sap."

"The fools," thought Harrigan, as he went out the door, "and now the murdered will know that the only living witness will be able to identify him."

AT noon, the next day, a detective sergeant and two plain clothes men broke into Harrigan's apartment. Theh artist-bootlegger had not shown up as per instructions and they were there to find out why. They did.

Lying in a disheviled heap on the floor, the bandage on his head, exhibiting a new round hole, was Harrigan. One glance at him was sufficient to tell the tale.

"Well," said the sergeant. "There goes the State's only witness even if we could get the gun. 'Phone in while I prowl around."

He surveyed the room, noticing a draped easel in a corner.

"Well," hhe said, "I guess the guy might have been a painter after all."

The sergeant strode over and drew the drape aside, then gasped.

Upon the canvass was the portrait of a man, and such a portrait. The eyes were dull, dead, utterly without emotion. They seemed to represent an absolute paralysis of the concious will. But the mouth! a mere slash, it seemed of no importance. Yet the tenseness of the muscles around it, the compression of the lips, carried such a force of animal lust to kill that even the sergeant recoiled for an instant. It was a perfect representation of destructive Death without a trace of Humanity. The sergean gazed closer at the oval face, with the straight nose, and his eyes caught an inscription.

"This is the man that killed Dillon. Harrigan," it said.

"Come over here quick Bill," the sergeant called to one of the plain clothes men.

The latter obeyed.

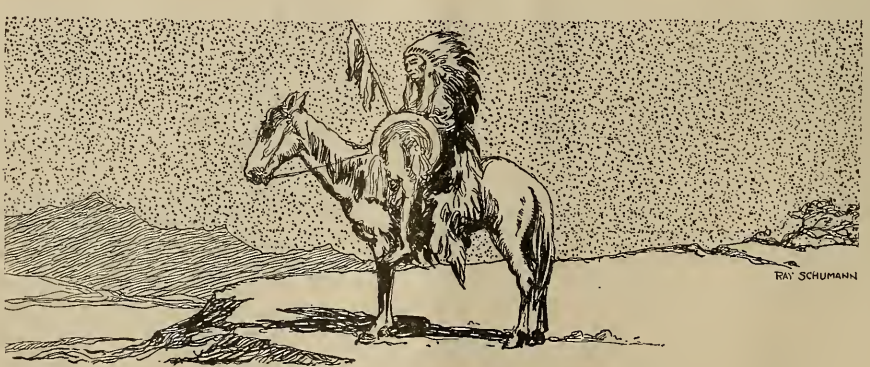
"Know this guy?" he asked, pointing to the face that seemed about to leap from the canvass and attack them.

"Sure," said Bill. "He's a ward heeler and works for Toney and Phoney over in the tenth. But, God, I never thought he looked like that."

"He's never tried to kill you. Well, we've got the gun that bumped Big Jack. Some swell break for the administration to hand it on Toney."

"What will we do with this bird?" the plain clothes man wanted to know, pointing to Harrigan.

"Oh, send for the wagon," said the sergeant. "He's just another bootlegger."



This Athletic World of Ours ---The Olympic Games

By EVERETT L. SANDERS

MORE interest in all forms of athletics is shown at the present time than at any time in history. With the Olympic games not many months away, that interest is growing. We read of the merits of the present day athlete and his chances of scoring points for his country.

Possibly the outstanding form of competition is track and field and in this, the 100 and 200 meters run, are events with the most general interest.

Percy Williams of Canada won the 100 meters run at Amsterdam in 1928 in 10 4-5 seconds and the 200 meters in 21 4-5 seconds; Eddie Tolan of the University of Michigan is the holder of the official worlds record in the 100-yard dash with a mark of 9.5 seconds; Frank Wykoff of Glendale, California, has twice been timed in this event in 9.4 seconds and the International Amateur Athletic Federation, whose word is final, should recognize this mark when it meets late in 1932; Toppino, Bracy and Leland are fast runners who must also be watched. The United States has a wealth of material to select from to represent her in these two events, but should not be too sure lest some unknown spring up and win for his country as did Percy Williams in 1928.

Handball

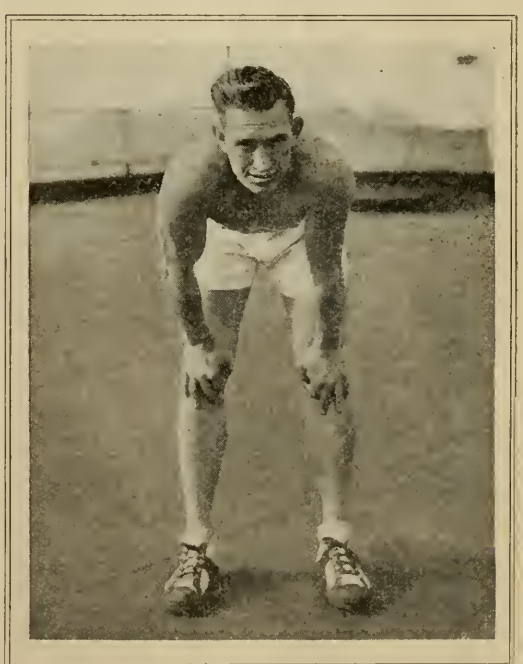
AT present handball is growing faster than any game in America. It is one of the finest forms of exercise known to keep one's body in the proper physical condition.

The game of handball is not unlike squash except no racquet is used; the fundamentals are the same. It is without down the oldest of games played with a ball. Just where the game originated has never been determined definitely but it is generally accepted as being developed in its present form by the Irish. John Cavanaugh of Cork, Ireland, is the "father" of the game in that country, having been acknowledged as the greatest player of his time which was from about 1775 to 1800—as near as we have been able to learn. Other great players of note down to about the year 1900 were Irishmen. William Baggs was the next in line of the "stand out" players with David Browning, John Lawlor and Phil Casey following on down the years.

The present champion, Alfred Banuet of the Olympic Club in San Francisco, is of Spanish origin, the first of his race to win the A. A. U. National Championship. He is a marvel at the game, being able to kill with either hand with no apparent effort. He has learned how to relax, is young and confident and should be heard of in a big way for many years.

Joe Powers of the Los Angeles Athletic Club is one of the best players in the West. Mayard Laswell of the L. A. A. C. won the national A. A. U. Championship in 1924, 1925 and 1926. "Doc" Stern of the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. has been outstanding for years in Southern California play. The Deseret Gym of Salt Lake City has developed a number of fine players, one young man in particular, Clawson, who has represented the Deseret Gym in national tournaments. This Salt Lake City handball artist is a nephew of that fine and well known officer in the 145th Field Artillery, Major Curtis Y. Clawson.

The champion of the Commercial Club of Southern California is Rex. P. Robertson, a former "Y" player. Others of note in Los Angeles are Joe Gordon and Morris of Elks Club No. 99, and Bill Ranfl of the L. A. A. C., Lane McMillan of



RAYMOND LASWELL
National Handball Champion in 1924-25-26

the Olympic Club in San Francisco is one of our best doubles players and George Nelson of Baltimore is always an outstanding player in singles competition.

FOLLOWING are the winners in Track and Field Events in the last Olympics at Amsterdam. Preserve this for your files as it will not appear again:

Champion	*Event*	*Record*	*Country Represented*
Percy Williams	100 Meters Run	10 4-5s	Canada
Percy Williams	200 Meters Run	21 4-5s	Canada
R. J. Barbuti	400 Meters Run	47 4-5s	United States
D. G. A. Lowe	800 Meters Run	1m 51 4-5s	Great Britain
H. E. Larva	1500 Meters Run	3m. 53 1-5s	Finland
Willie Ritola	5000 Meters Run	14m. 38s	Finland
Paavo Nurmi	10000 Meters Run	30m. 18 4-5s	Finland
El Ouafi	Marathon	2h. 32m. 57s	France
S. J. M. Atkinson	110 Meters Hurdle	14 4-5s	South Africa
Lord Burghley	400 Meters Hurdle	53 2-5s	Great Britain
T. A. Loukola	3000 Meters Steeplechase	9m. 21 4-5s	Finland
United States	400 Meters Relay	41s	
United States	1600 Meters Relay	3m. 14 1-5s	
S. W. Carr	Pole Vault	4.20m.	United States
R. W. King	Running High Jump	1.94m.	United States
E. B. Hamm	Running Broad Jump	7.73m.	United States
Mikio Oda	Running Hop, Step and Jump	15.21m.	Japan
John Kuck	16-lb. Shot Put	15.87m.	United States
Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan	16-lb. Hammer Throw	51.39m.	Ireland
Dr. C. L. Houser	Discus Throw	47.32m.	United States
E. H. Lundquist	Javelin Throw	66.60m.	Sweden
Paavo Yrjola	Decatholon	8,056.20 pts.	Finland

Nostalgia

By HOWARD W. FASIG

I HAVE come home. I am home to stay. When I was a Westrner living in New York my associates were always surprised to learn that I was a Californian. I did not advertise my homeland and all of its superior products nor make incidious comparisons or tell how much better we did things on the west coast, therefore I was not a true Californian. For that is the reputation which we have in a metropolis where each one is engaged in tooting violently on his own horn.

Now I love New York. Her bridges, her buildings, her canyon-like streets; the Palisades across a river that is one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world, with a traffic that may be watched for hours untiringly. I have lived in her confusion long enough to feel at home. But there was no home for me.

Returning after several years it was not until I had my first view of California's misty cliffs and burnt hills that I was touched with nostalgia. This was my longing. This was the lack that could not be named, the uneasy restlessness that bothered me at intervals and drove me half around the world with only the bear's curiosity to see the other side of the mountain, and this driving urge now weak, now strong. I am here. Try to get me away.

I have sailed up the Solent in a summer rain and seen Cowes when the English yachting world was gathered for Regatta Week. I have seen Fatu Hiva in the Marquessas at sunrise, and walked on the outer beach at Durban when it was flooded with moonlight. There are small jewel islands North of Luzon that are the answer to a botanist's prayer; they bring hanging gardens to mind.

But have you ever come down the Santa Barbara Channel and been able to leave the deck for breakfast without taking a long look and breathing a small prayer of thanksgiving at being permitted to look upon such utter beauty. Anacapa and Santa Barbara Islands to starboard, Ventura and the Malibu to port and Point Vicente and Santa Catalina ahead. See them reverently and they will bring you peace and understanding.

Monaco—Nice—Mentone—are very beautiful, partly because of the legends that surround this playground of the world; but our coast from the tip of Baja California to the Gate is one never ending joy to the eye. Inland California has a coloring that one must learn to admire. Her greens tend to olive and grey, the ever present brown is monotinous to eyes used to bright grass and running water.

But her coastline with its misty blues, its brown rounded hills, its smiling bights and whitewashed lighthouses. La Jolla, Laguna, the Palos Verdes, the Channel Islands, Conception, Point Sur, and

Read further on page 32

American One-Night Stands: En Viaje

By BLANCHE H. DOW

AGE is full of amusing ironies, none more so than the recurring shocks which result from the destruction of childhood illusions. New England Puritans on one side of the house and southern antecedents on the other made us assume we of the two sides of the Mason and Dixon Line were the sole victims of provincial prejudice. Spain was to teach us differently. No thrifty "downeaster" with his clipped speach and energetic gait could have bridled with more self-evident superiority at the drawling accent and lounging locomotion of an Arkansas farmer than did the Barcelonian olive merchant at the ragged Spanish beggar, who succeeded amazingly in drawing soft Andalusian airs from the scrapings of his fiddle, as we started the first lap of our journey across the plains of southern Spain, bound for the magic palaces of Granada.

Spain is, indeed, a land of romance, but it was a delightfully unexpected contradiction to find in the conversation of this merchant a perfect example of the accepted program of the American booster. Balm of California's sunshine versus the rigours of Chicago; righteous Boston with the consciousness of her past in contrast with the tonic buoyancy of a Detroit; Barcelona's exuberant enterprise on the one hand and the languorous ease of Andalusia on the other. So it goes the world over and the inexperienced traveler feels something akin to joyful relief to find that provincial jealousies and resentments are not peculiarly characteristic of his own region.

The slim young Catalonian was tri-lingual and his pride in his facility with English was so patent that we had not the heart to inflict our Spanish on him, eager as we were for the practice. Caught by the suggestion of color invested in the begging musician, charmed by the gaiety of his tunes to forget the scorching winds that swept across the compartments of the long train, O. S. reached deep into her purse. In that moment she would have parted with a precious peseta had not this Spanish Yankee friend of ours launched into a violent invective against the evils of encouraging pauperism. Self-complacency, laziness, dirt, sloth,—these were the charges that the northern Spaniard was bringing against southern Spain in general and our fiddler in particular, who stood, meanwhile, gracefully by, his dark eyes gleaming with mirth as he watched the Barcelonian sweat under the burning effort of his peroration. Barefooted, ragged, his hair tangled and matted, there yet shone in his eyes a joyous acceptance of life as it was, typical of the spirit of Andalusia, warmed by sun, tossed by winds, sweet scented by orange and almond and pomegranate, rich with the color and romance of her enchanted past. The olive merchant breathed the spirit of the twentieth century, alert in mind, swift in action, practical in thought. The beggar spoke of a time that never was but always is, a mind of romance, a capacity for seeing life as one would have it, rose-colored and warm and sweet. Somewhere between these antipodes of human thinking we stood, O. S. and I, on a middle ground, privileged to understand them both, at least in part.

THE charms of Barcelona were not neglected, the spaciousness of her streets, the beauty of La Rambla, the originality of her buildings, the architectural innovations of her cathedral, the variety and modernity of her stores. "You've got plenty nice places there. You've got stores with everything," the merchant said, and in climactic proof of the veracity of this last, "You've got fine chocolates with walnuts in them." From that moment we knew that a visit to Barcelona was inevitable for what mind so strong as to withstand the temptation of such promised perfection.

Our guide and instructor, for by this time he had set himself to the task of keeping us correctly informed, pointed out the window to the manifestation of primitive Spanish life which we saw there. Great clouds of yellow dust filled the air. Impenetrable at first, the wind lifted them as we passed and we caught the rich aroma of ripened grain with a fleeting picture of the Spanish harvest. An arid plain, sun-bleached and sun-burned, bundles of wheat clumsily tied and thrown onto a wide parched circle, while over it around and around, held in rein by their drivers, went the burros in teams of five, one tiny leader ahead, the others following two by two, sweating, straining, struggling under the searing impact of that summer sun. Whirlwinds of chaff rose from the ground. If in the remoteness of our train compartment we felt the need of masks to protect us from that suffocating dust, small wonder at our respect for those drivers and those burros, able to bleathe in its thickness.

AT Bobadilla the growing monotony of the Barcelonian eulogy was relieved by the advent into the next compartment, separated from us by a partial partition, of a family of Andolusian

gypsies. There was a grandmother whose wavering head was tied in a squire of dirty white cloth whom the father and mother consulted with the deference due a matriarch. The father showed on his face no line of care or responsibility for the welfare of the two women and six children presumably dependent on him. His long silky mustaches curled in a graceful line and the audacious sparkle of his one remaining eye sent the speculative beholder into a colorful dream of the gypsy brawl in which he must have lost the other. The burdens of life had not rested so lightly on the mother. Her forehead was lined and her voice was harsh and fretful as she settled the disputes that constantly arose among the children. Youth and feminine vanity were not deal within her, however, for in a momentary pause between the demands made upon her she took from her hair with conscious pride a huge comb set with shining green stones, preened herself and restored it to place with the prideful gesture of a great lady. Why such feminine frailty? You had only to catch the expression of amused tolerance on the face of her husband to see its source. He teased her about it. She tried to answer crossly but held by the daring overture of his eye, her ill-humor vanished and the years slipped from her. Oblivious to the noisy brood around her, drawn by the magnetism of her gypsy lover, her glance lingered and fell and she lived for the moment once more in the land of illusion. Spanish romance clings to Spanish character in spite of the dullness of poverty, the drab quality of privation, the familiar state of being penniless with the consequence that poverty is not dull, privation not drab, and the penniless state implies no fears. For beggar, for gypsy, life in Andalusia is full of laughter, and where there is laughter there life is an adventure, stimulating and precious.

THE problem of baggage grew more and more acute as the baggage grew more and more expansive. O. S. had long since reached the state where the contemplated purchase of anything meant an inner debate as to whether the desirability of the article compensated for the increased burden of its transportation. But all practical considerations had faded to naught before the pottery-laden donkey on the Plaza de San Fernando in Seville and as usual we had succumbed. Why not, we argued. One cannot travel in such a country without water and to buy water one must have something in which to put it and out of which to drink it, so a tall generous jug of native dull red clay, one lip through which to fill it and one out of which to drink was added to our portable paraphernalia. The presence of the Barcelonian in our compartment dimmed the ardor of our desire to practice drinking in the Spanish fashion. One could jeopardize the neatness of his appearance by the risk of a possible spill in private, but to spoil one's clothes and sacrifice one's dignity at the same time, in the presence of a stranger, and that stranger of another sex, was too much and we contented ourselves with pouring the water into envelopes and drinking with a would-be nonchalance. Not so the gypsy family to the fore. A water jug was the essential piece of their equipment and they passed it in order of family rank from matriarch to youngest child with a constancy that never ceased. We marvelled at the ease with which the smallest girl held it high in the air and drank from the running stream. It looked so simple but we knew from private practice the difficulties it presented.

The demand for water was never satisfied. With the pause of the train at a wayside station a hundred heads hung outside the windows of the coach and a hundred voices shouted with varying degrees of exasperation, "Agua, agua, aqui" as down the platform came the water-carriers with their huge amphorae. In a land of vineyards and wine-making the only intemperance was in the consumption of water. Patiently standing, weighed down on either side with great jugs on the reserve supply were the burros, here as everywhere indispensable. For two centimi, three centime we filled our receptacle at every station only to exhaust it before we reached the next.

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FINIS

By WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

THE Ace-in-the-Hole has closed its door,
The tin horn gamblers come no more
To take a flutter at stud or draw,
For gone are the days of six-gun law.
The Bucket-of-Blood, down Dallas way,
Has cashed its chips . . . has seen its day,
And in its stead skyscrapers stand
Where once caroused a cut-throat band!
Far overhead goes the night air mail,
While far below the panther's wail,
Stabs the silent night like a daggar,
For the panther is kin to the tiger.
An iron horn runs on a steel strong rail,
Where once the long horn hit the trail.

William Allen Ward of Dallas, Texas, editor and poet of distinction, knows the Southwest of other years and loves its memories.

Moist Musings

By CHARLES FLETCHER SCOTT

IT is hoped that "Sister Willebrant" and "Brother" Volstead, and all the rest of the tribe, born without a sense of taste, may not see this article, for herein are recalled certain practices that cause blue blazes to appear before dry eyes.

Just imagine!—No, that would be asking too much, for who would believe such a tale? Times have so changed that the escapades of Baron Munchausen now seem authentic history compared with the antics of ourselves in that moist era, when the cultivation of a taste was a national pastime. But before the last survivor of the old order expires, it might be well to record some of the quaint and frisky customs of those old clubmen for the benefit of posterity.

Would you believe it? In those by-gone days very reputable club had a bar. Yes, B-A-R! Don't blush. All respectable clubs had them. They were built in by the architects—brass rail and all. Usually it was intended to serve drinks over these bars, but the barrooms (Webster; obsolete, "A place where drinks were served over a counter.") were so small and the demand was so great—and lingering, that in many clubs the bar degenerated into a service station. Then little rooms with tables and cushioned chairs had to be set aside for convivial encounters. Many an Old Timer will recall, with secret affection, memories of vivid moments when he should have gone home to dinner instead of staying down with the boys.

But the bar, and those oases, were not the only wet spots in the old clubs. Indeed, all the tables in the dining-rooms and card-rooms and billiard-rooms and all the chairs along the walls of the lounges and libraries were connected with the bar by an intricate network of wires and push-buttons. Without moving, a member could have a refreshing draught placed at his elbow—could, and would. . . . No shame . . . No bravado. . . . Just a natural instinct satisfied.

Can you believe it?

Strange as it may seem, drinks were served with meals, and after, and before. How curiously customs reverse themselves. In the present clubs, members and their guests repair to the lounge after dinner to talk and smoke. In the old cluds, ladies were not permitted to smoke on the premises, ("Vulgar habit") but they thronged the lounge before dinner for a cocktail or so.

Believe it or not, the old clubs were traffickers in the Demon Rum. They had barrels and barrels of wine and whiskey and other alcoholic stimulants in their cellars which they bottled, lent the dignity of the club label, and sold to the members. There was all kinds of beer—bottled and on draught.

Yes, and it must be admitted, shamefully, that the old clubs had their bartenders—not the typical walrus-moustached gents with the permanent wave plastered over the left eye. The club-bartenders were young fellows, brisk and starchily white-jacketed, with a beaming smile and the merry slogan: "Anything for a member!" And they were expert mixologists, too. Surely they should have been, for they were post-graduates of nearly all the universities of the world. College men from everywhere had taught them how to mix their favorite drinks. Out of a long list of such potions, only two could be remembered by the Old Timers interviewed: the "Professors Toddy," port wine, sugar, cream, and an egg—a pick-me-up for the morning after, and the "Orange Blonx.' Don't cringe! This is an historical narrative. But with every drink, the club-bartenders mixed a dash of love and affection that put rainbows around the shoulders of many a tired member.

Do those old wet days now seem like a fairy dream. Viewed from our high-perched heaven of one hundred per cent aridity, do you marvel that they ever did exist? Well, they did—"those dear dead days beyond recall." Can you believe that there was once a time when prominent clubmen, leaders of civic eminence, exemplars, always in the public eye, found their club a protected retreat where they could throw off caution and take a drink with gentlemen of their own kind without fear of censure? Well, such was the case.

But how times have changed (?)

Dreams of Arcady

By BEN FIELD

TOILER where the north wind blows,
Risking life with cold and chill,
Do you dream of vine and rose
On gentle slope of verdant hill,
Of blossoming vale and olive branch,
Of lowing kine and southern ranch?
Go to California fair—
Dreams come-true are always there.

This is the Author's first-published poem. It appeared in the Overland Monthly Magazine about thirty years ago.

MELODY LANE

BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

SHIRLEY POPPIES

By HELEN HOYT

RED and yellow,
Orange and yellow,
Pink and apricot and carrot-colored;
Fluttering gayness,
Gaudy shyness,
Wealth and summer,
Gold and sunshine;
Gilded red and scarlet red,
Silk of yellow, silk of red!

Helen Hoyte, of St. Helena, California, often writes colorfully for this Magazine.

• •

IMMORTALITY

By WINIFRED HEATH

A SMALL brown bird was singing,
High up in a tree.
Drunk he was with happiness,
A feathered ecstasy!

And suddenly I seemed to know—
I cannot tell you why,
That there are lovely earth-born things
Which shall not ever die.

This writer lives in the city of San Diego. Her lines give evidence of a heart eager for beautiful expression.

• •

LAKE TAHOE

By L. E. BEHYMER

O THOU of radiant glory that must grow
Ever in beauty to the eye that sees
Thee calm in sleep, or waking to the breeze,
Or red from glories of the twilight glow,
Or gray when all about thee lies the snow,
Or blue within the border of green trees!
The beauty of such picturings as these
Shall be my solace as afar I go.

When white the dawn-star shall above thee shine,
While high hills guard thee from the morning chill,
And the bright sun warms thy bosom with its rays,
Then I shall know eternal Beauty mine,
And feel its wonder to be with me still,
To greet me with dear witchery all my days.

The Author, long the impresario of the West, patron of Art and benefactor of artists, finds time even with his many duties, and burdened with sickness, to write for Overland Monthly-Out West Magazine.

• •

COMMONPLACE

By EDITH BOYDEN HOLWAY

A LITTLE cottage, through whose window-pane
Shine friendly lights amid the driving rain;
Some well thumbed books, a chair where one may rest
And rock a babe to slumber at her breast.

I can see beauty in the commonplace,
The meadows carpeted with Queen Anne's lace,
Dim forest aisles, where I may softly tread,
And in God's out-door temple, bow my head.

• •

IMPROMPTU

Harvest Time Thoughts

By OSCAR RUDERMAN

WHEN jonquils lift up to the sun
And streams that glisten, slowly run
Through fresh fields, in fragrant hay
Joyfully small rabbits play.

When linnets to their nests have flown
And the swollen moon is freshly blown,
Through dim forests waters leap
But small rabbits, silent, sleep.

• •

BORDERLAND

By GRACE REINI

I WONDER why they said you died;
My heart knew better though I cried
A requiem at your bier. I knew
You lived. Death can not touch the you
That lingers here. I press your hand
That pushes back the borderland.
At shadowtime you come so near
I feel your breath, your voice I hear
Singing, singing at my side:
I wonder why they said you died?

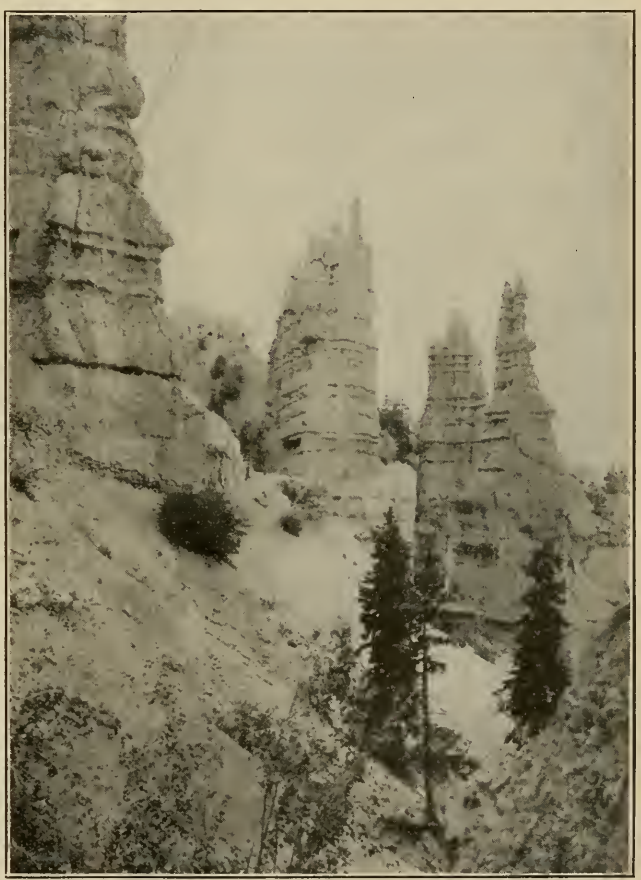
Bryce Canyon

By NORMAN CLYDE

ONE of the most beautiful and impressive spectacles in the United States with its great amphitheatre of exquisitely tinted formations in an endless variety of fantastic forms that enthrall the beholder gazing upon them from a projecting eminence, Bryce Canyon is worthy of a more intimate acquaintance that that gained from a panoramic view of it. There is a rare fascination in threading one's way through a bewildering multitude of marvelously colored and still more marvelously carved figures, sometimes standing singly, but more often in imposing groups. In no other way can one adequately appreciate their statuesque and architectural beauty. Although only a few miles in diameter and all portions of it comparatively accessible to those accustomed to scramble about in rough country, there are still parts of it that are rarely visited. Only one who does so can see to best advantage the bizarrre multitude of architectural forms—Greek, Gothic, Moorish and Hindoo in almost endless variety of form and color. In one place he will come upon isolated masses with the symmetry of a Greek Temple; in another, with the imposing mass of Gothic Cathedral or with a great congregation of Gothic spires; in still another, that of a great number of Moorish minarets or Hindoo temples, all having endless grace of detail and tinted with exquisite blendings of beautiful colors—white, yellow, green, rose, lavender, amethyst and many others.

As one strolls along the open flats, the basin or the canyons and narrow defiles he meets numerous oddities of vegetation. Examining some pibcturesquely warped trees scattered about on exposed slopes and ridges, he recognizes the foxtail pine which he thought he had left behind in the boreal altitudes of the Sierra Nevada and other Pacific ranges. As he threads his way among narrow defiles he is somewhat surprised at encountering specimens of the Douglas fir, denizens of a moister clime, and is astonished at seeing the mountain hemlock on the canyon floor far away from its usual habitat in the mountains. This alpine flora, apparently strangely out of place, contrasts with the prevailing arid or semi-arid types, with the yellow, limber and pinyon pines, mountain mahogany, scrub oak and juniper growing on the floor of the basin, on the slopes rising from it and on the rim.

Of course the primary attraction of Bryce Canyon is not the flora, which is sparse at best, but it is an appreciable embellishment. The pines and firs clinging to shady slopes below arrays of gor-



A Close-up Summer View near South Rim of Bryce Canyon
—Charles Griffin Plummer photo.

geous pinnacles and temples, or pending in isolated niches along their walls with their green verdure and spiry forms, set off the architectural and sculptural beauty of its myriads of forms, tinted with indescribable shadings and blendings of most exquisite hues. The forest of yellow and limber pine that advances to the rim add the charm of the forest to a place which is of unsurpassed beauty of color and rock-sculpturing in an amphitheatre of resplendent beauty.

The Unseen Hollywood Revolution

By LESLIE BAIRD

MARK this in your notebook: if nothing comes of the Hoover Depression other than improved moving pictures, let us be thankful. For, verily, it has come to pass: the nickleodeon entrepreneurs who for years have enjoyed relatively easy sledding in the hills of Hollywood are finally menaced by a frankenstein of their own molding, viz., the public isn't quite as dumb as the movie-makers supposed. The bigwigs are aghast and they don't quite know what to do.

Along with their worries anent receding mobs of morons who keep the movie queens in caviar and champagne, there is the Hollywood Red Menace which has entered the very confines of Levy's remarkable Tavern and the stuffy, insufferable Brown Derby of Hollywood's bright avenue —Vine Street. The Red Menace. Something sinister is in the air. Amen!

The foreign pictures—when shown—have been popular, especially the Russian brand. Thus Moscow's shadow is cast across the Land of the Moom Pitchurs.

Of course, the Amkino (American distributors for the Soviet films) will fall short of supplying American movie houses. They don't expect to compete; Amkino releases silents—but what silents! They are shown in only a few cinema houses in the country. In Hollywood, one sees them at a place called the Filmarte.

The Russian fireeaters can make pictures so superior to the run of anything in Hollywood that the Bigwigs might as well tremble in their shoes. You'd think, at least they'd have some pride, although they send Eisenstein away, after the latter prepared a corking script for The American Tragedy, and many were the tales that circulated following his junket into Mexico.

The Soviets have displayed their mastery of screen technique in several films such as "Potamkin," "Old and New," "Ten Days that Shook the World," "Storm Over Asia," "China Express," "Transport of Fire." There are many more.

When Vidor makes an excellent picture like "Street Scene" critics compare his technique with the Russian and French, rather than comparing the Russian with Vidor! and Vidor is undoubtedly one of the few geniuses in Cinemaland who seems capable of producing real moving pictures in spite of the network of hindrances from the front office.

ONE energetic critic (who is, by the way, a story consultant at a very good fee) Mr. Welford Beaton, is one of the few voices whose critica rings true and who makes it pay. Even Beaton is taking more interest in the Red Film Menace. Beaton harps constantly on the theme of the action—camera rather than sound—dialog methods which mimic the stage, and he is probably hitting the right chord.

If Hollywood producers had more imagination and courage with a modicum of sincerity, they would do as well as the Russians in the American medium. I am not saying that Russian pictures would ever be "popular" box office vehicles in America. Quite the contrary. Their material is Russian and hence more or less incomprehensible to a public reared on Fairbanks, Pickford, Crawford stuff for years. But the Russian approach—the Russian method could well be applied in Hollywood to good effect.

It is discouraging to the few in Hollywood who are not playing the game for its monetary return only, but who have ideas, enthusiasm and good taste.

HOWEVER, the American cinema is learning by painful repetition of box-office flops. Hollywood has seen the writing on the screen; it has been mercilessly satirized in the play "Once in a Lifetime" and the book "Queer People" and the unfavorable publicity given P. G. Wodehouse, who was paid more than $100,000 over the course of a year without contributing anything of import to the studio that hired him. But Hollywood doesn't know where to turn. A few cautious steps are being made by what is called unit production, which is merely decentralizing the production scheme of a picture to a director or a supervisor instead of the present generally prevalent method of letting everyone put his fingers into the picture pie.

Hollywood is also beginning to acknowledge the writer-director combination as feasible.

If these newer plans work out, you'll see more and better pictures—in fact, pictures that contain a few intelligent ideas as well as entertainment twaddle.

Then the producers will come from their ivory tower, their unapproachable sanctum-santorium and mingle with the men on the street and depend less and less on the imported New York theatrical fraternity. Having lost the common touch, they must go to the proletariat—to the younger men, or stumble into the ash can. It is the general opinion along the Boul' that Hollywood will do some mending first.

The Literary West

OUR WORLD TODAY, by DeForest Stull and Roy W. Hatch. Published by Allyn and Bacon. 721 pages.

GEOGRAPHY has always been an enticing study. Since the Great War its significance has become even greater than before. "Our World Today," a textbook in the new geography, while intended for school use (the junior high school especially) will prove as interesting to the average adult as a modern novel. The authentic text is most fascinatingly written and added to this is a wealth of pictures showing travel scenes, manners and customs, industries and the like. The activity projects are numerous and the maps of great value. On every page is revealed the need for better understanding between peoples and for increased international cooperation.

JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN.

* * * *

BLUE MOUNTAIN, by Margaret Young Lull. Harper & Brothers, 253 pages. Price $2.00.

BLUE MOUNTAIN is a companion book to GOLDEN RIVER which received Honorable Mention in the Harper contest last year. It is full of the thrills that girls enjoy. April Armstrong, mountain girl and nature lover, helps the farmers of Blue Pocket, the little Sierra settlement where she lives, to fight for their water rights against Ivor MacGregor, lumber king who has threatened to "shave the mountains as clean as an egg."

The story is full of adventure and interest. The building of the lumber flume against Blue Pocket's opposition, April's discovery of the hermit and his hidden mine, the forest fire, and April's ride through the fire on the lumber tramway to reach Blue Pocket, all furnish thrills. The young aviator, Keith MacGregor, nephew of "Old Ivory," is the best type of present-day hero. It is a book that will interest every girl and many elders.

ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT.

* * * *

WINGS AGAINST THE MOON, by Lew Sarett. Press of Henry Holt & Company, One Parke Avenue, New York. Price $2.

WINGS Against the Moon, is Lew Sarett's fourth book of poetry. It comes as something of an anti-climax; and a master is required to make a success of an anti-climax. There can be no doubt that this latest volume is a success.

The world knows Lew Sarett as pre-eminently a teacher of woodcraft. Now he is a professor at Northwestern University. Were it not for such poems as Two Woodsmen Skin a Grizzly Bear in his latest effort, Wings Against the Moon, I should conclude that he had taught so many students that a reaction had occurred and he had grown civilized—an outcome devoutly not to be hoped for. This poem is one of his greatest.

Bateese, the author's fellow woodsman, exclaims:
Those bear, M'sieu she's biggest silvertip
That—me—I never seen. Mon Calvary!
She's weighing it thousand pound—might be—
Those thundering brute.

It's not a she, Bateese;
This monster is a he.
Bedamme, don't tell me that!
Me—I am knowing it—she's plain enough;
Those grizzly she's a he.

What slow sure power
Rippled along these bunched-up shoulder-blades,
When he went rambling through the hills; what strength
Rolled through his sliding flanks and down these muscles,
Gliding on one another, up and down
His length, like bands of lubricated steel.
When this wild creature was alive, Brazzeau,
Grim power rolled in him as in a sea,
Like combers breaking on an ocean beach.

Ocean? You're foolishness! She ain't no ocean,—
Those bloody carcass; she's only silvertip!

* * * *

Maybe, and maybe not.
Somehow, there's something more in this warm body
Sprawled on the ground, so human in every curve—

Several years ago Mr. Sarett published a very strong poem of the wild north in *Lyris West Poetry Magazine of Los Angeles*. It was awarded a cash prize. The writer of this review having been the donor of the prize, Mr. Sarett informed him that he would buy a dog with the prize money and name the dog "Ben Field." Well, the springer spaniel dog is here in this book, sure enough. It only goes to show that every dog will have his day. Also it indicates where lies the love of Lew Sarett, woodsman, poet, and nature's nobleman.

BEN FIELD.

* * * *

THE GOOD HOPE, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. Houghton, Mifflin Company. 161 pages. Price $2.00.

ONE closes the last page of Henry Sydnor Harrison's slender post humous novel, "The Good Hope," with a sudden hush in one's heart.

Here is the same message, the same philosophy, which permeated Harrison's former novels, "Queed," "V. V.'s Eyes," and "Angela's Business"; the message of that brotherhood of man which silently and unseen flows from heart to heart. That cry of little Eva Carberry, "Let me come, too. I want to go where you're going," is a familiar cry to us all.

The story of "The Good Hope" is the story of that unforgettable day in October, 1929, which brought financial ruin to many men. Said Eve Carberry, "I heard a man say yesterday it was a time that people would talk of for fifty years." Harrison has gone below the surface of the panic and revealed to us in terse, concise words, the souls of these ruined men. The people we meet

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Could Henry Snydor Harrison have written only one novel, I feel sure that he would have wished it to be this very short final one, so delicately and winsomely told, but of an enduring strength that will carry his message far.

MARY ADDISON PARRY.

* * * *

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER, by George Herbert Palmer. Houghton, Mifflin Company. 138 pages.

THE present interest in biographs has opened realms of riches to many readers who would once have been frightened away by such a title as George Herbert Palmer has given the brief, simply written account of his 86 years. In it one finds a friend, a personality who has told in straightforward fashion of the handicaps against which he has made the most of himself, and of his relation to the universe about him. His beliefs and how he has come to them will be to many the heart of the book, in a form that lends itself to frequent rereading. To others his work as a teacher, his relations with his pupils, and his methods of preparing his lectures will have greatest appeal. Those who have occasion to speak in public may wish to follow the method that has given him so lucid a style. The human interest of the story of his married life will appeal most to others.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

* * * *

Keeping Mentally Alive

EDUCATION is a continuing process. No longer is an education acquired merely in the traditional schoolroom and from required textbooks. Adults engage in educational activities long after they leave the "little red schoolhouse" behind.

The mind must be kept open and flexible if mental progress is to be made and if the individual is to acquire and retain that full enjoyment and satisfaction which comes from study and reflection and association with one's fellows.

The book "Keeping Mentally Alive" tells how this may be done. This is a volume of rare merit just from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The title suggests the attractive content of this volume of 306 pages. Ethel Cotton, the author, has made a distinct contribution, and merits and will receive the approval of thousands who will profit by reading the book and in carrying its message into practice.

The plan as set forth has been carefully developed by Ethel Cotton in the classes at her Studio of Expression in San Francisco. Young men and women, and older folks as well, lacking adaptability and ease, are rapidly taught to harmonize with their fellows; to be ready of speech, where before they were backward and hesitant; to capitalize on their own latent abilities. The book shows how courses in "Cultural Conversation" make the student master of himself. He is led to converse easily and forcefully. His remarks carry conviction.

Many well educated and financially successful men and women are at home with routine matters pertaining to their particular business or profession. Outside this, they are at sea. Under group

leadership and with special problems to master, the student is enabled to go beyond the borders of his own narrow world and to discuss with interest to his neighbor and satisfaction to himself matters of general import. Those who have thought it impossible to speak in public have in no small degree mastered this art.

All this and more is set forth in "Keeping Mentally Alive." The book is not merely interesting, it is instructive. It is anything but vague. It lays out a plan of action to be followed and the suggestions, illustrations, comments, and well chosen quotations add much to its value. The price is $3.00.

Ethel Cotton is a dramatic reader, a teacher of expression, a writer and lecturer. She is past president of the League of Western Writers, and a business executive. Her book deals in no theories but is practical in the extreme. A. H. C.

* * * *

THE BED-BOOK OF TRAVEI. By Richardson. Wright, published by Lippincott. 306 pages. Price $2.50.

IF YOU can't get to the odd and out-of-the-way places of the earth there is always some one who has made the trips and will tell you about them. The Bed-Book of Travel is a series of stories to be read at home safely in bed, or in an inn at night, or on a steamer, if you are making a trip somewhere.

Each section is divided by a short story set in Somaliland in Africa, or in a gondola in Venice, or in Siberia, or China, or in the Caribbean. It is the latter that has the three bathing paradises. There are three spots in the Caribbean that make bathing elsewhere seem a waste of time and effort.

Some years ago Mr. Wright was editor of a certain magazine in New York that told you in excellent English and with beautiful illustrations how to make and keep a garden, but he got to going

Read further on page 32



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ONE-NIGHT STANDS

Continued from page 18

WITH the expectation of the conductor an air of tension and excited movement marked the gypsy family. The three youngest huddled down in their seats while grandmother, father, and mother took the three largest children in their arms and cuddled them as if they had been babies. Strange that such big girls and so big a boy should make no objection to such an infringement of their dignity! We could not for the moment understand but with the conductor's arrival all was clear. Pater familias graciously and smilingly presented him with three adult tickets. No more were forthcoming. It was obviously an old ruse and the railway agent asked the usual question, "Sus edades," their ages? Such large children to be so young. The conductor expressed his surprise. Then he stood them up in a row and pondered the situation. With an urbanity which no American could have achieved in a similar circumstance, he then explained that regardless of the tenderness of their years, the children were too overgrown to require anything less than places for themselves and their fares would have to be forthcoming. "Pero no tengo dinero," I have no money, suavely replied the father, turning one pocket pathetically inside out. The conversation though animated was too amicable to be termed an argument. It was evident that neither side intended to be outdone. After fifteen minutes of such give-and-take the conductor went on to collect the other fares. That done, he was back with the gypsy. Never a word that could be called angry, no outside signs of irritation or ill-humor! By their tone one would have said an exchange of compliment. But at the end of the next quarter of an hour the gypsy, smiling and unashamed, drew from another pocket the necessary money and the little scene came to an end.

AS THE long afternoon drew to a close we became conscious of a steady ascent. The nutty smell of grain had long since given way to the more subtle fragrance of green leaves. Fig trees and almonds bordered our way, rich in foliage, soft in texture. The tiny unripe nuts shone among the leaves. To right and left as far as the eye could reach streached the olive groves, their trees twisted and gnarled by the ruthless touch of the centuries. In the endurance of its outlines, in the patience of it posture, in the sofe delicacy of its gray-green leafage, the olive bears within itself a balm. Trees so cruelly bent must have suffered in their bending. Nothing but sturdy courage and indomitable tenacity could explain their survival.

The marks of the struggle are ineradicable, yet as surely as the Andalusian spring dawns on the southern plains of Spain, the tender newness of young leaves arrays their branches and they show once more the miracle of procreation. Age that is eternally young, undying concord between the old and the new, the cicatrised scars and wounds of centuries touched by the renascent freshness of young leaves and tender fruit! The olive speaks to the spirit as no other tree.

The thickening darkness of the evening was rapidly blotting out the details of our outside world. Only the night wind's perfumes, faintly sweet, told of the land through which we were passing. Only the panting of the tired train told of the steep hill region into which we were going. Once our engine stopped in apparent exhaustion and into the compartment pourned a dozen or more shepherds, coming back from the hills into the town for Sunday and mass. No softness of Andalusia marked their faces. Aquiline noses, piercing eyes with the network of fine lines that bespeaks the searcher of distances, slim and straight and hard they sat or stood in the crowded space. Were we here in the presence of a Moorish strain? Whence otherwise the beak-like noses and the piercing eye, so marked a contrast from the Iberian inheritance? Long hours of sun and wind, sudden inertia after extreme physical activity, the rhythmic puffs of the struggling train and their inevitable effect. The gay banter of the men who found themselves in human company after long solitudes gave way to occasional question and answer . . . question and nod . . . nod and nod . . . nod! Bodies relaxed, hands lay loosely on wooden benches, the lethargy of sleep filled the compartment.

Through the dimness of its veil one saw suddenly before him the tall, silent figure of an ancient Moor, patrician in face, haughty in demeanor, gazing out upon the land that once was his by rigth of conquest. The brilliance of the star-lit night touched the hills and against the vividness of that nocturnal sky loomed the Sierras, a solid wall of rock like some gigantic fortress of a fairy legend. As we approached them the regularity of their line was broken. The peaks were softened by a crown of snow. I looked at the Moor. The compartment slept. With no word he beckoned me to him and back into the past we went ,a thousand years, to the days of the virtuous Jusef, the cruel Boabdil, the lovely Lindaraxa as we entered the city of Granada, set like an ancient jewel on its eminence above the plain.

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NOSTALGIA

Continued from page 16

chief of glories the Golden Gate. All these must be seen and remembered and seen again and each time disclose new beauties and fresh wonders.

By the way does anyone know of a 90 foot schooner to be picked up cheaply, something with a sound hull and a dependable kicker. The rig doesn't matter. I'll probably change that to my own fancy. There is jade in Little America, I hear of a gold strike in the New Hebrides, and I have a friend in South America who will pay well for a few cases of rifles and several machine guns. I never did like the Presidente of that country. He put me in his bastile and if my friend hadn't been near and ingenious I would have been the reason for an early morning meeting before a stone wall.

* * * *

THE LITERARY WEST

Continued from page 29

on trips abroad. When he did the Orient it became a "bummage" and coming back from his bummage in China and Japan he came third class, bunking in a special cabin with a Highland Sergeant from a regiment in Tientsin, an Irish steel worker, a Semitic super-salesman and they traveled like lords across the Pacific.

GRACE T. HADLEY.

* * * *

WINGS FOR MEN, by Frank Wead. The Century Company, 333 pages.

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IN THIS ISSUE

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE MADE TO SEE THE LIGHT
Nathan T. Porter

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON
Tells Fred Lockley, When, Why and How

ECHOES OF PROSPECTING DAYS
Charles T. Connell

GRIPPING SHORT STORIES
Eleanor Grey and Winifred Johnston

VAGARIES OF THE LAW
Editorial Comment

Vol. 90 MARCH, 1932 No. 2



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Our Change of Format

FROM July, 1868, the date of the first issue of Overland Monthly to July, 1923, the magazine was issued in the standard 8 vo. size.

Beginning with July, 1923, the size was enlarged to a three-column page, "8¾ by 11¾." With the first issue of 1932 we returned to the original size of "7 by 10."

Leading libraries throughout the country have preserved bound volumes of the magazine from the beginning. The same is true of long-time subscribers. Bound volumes are much in demand by collectors and book dealers generally. These prefer the standard 8 vo. size as more convenient and handy.

Well informed people, progressive minds, literary men and women, business and professional interests, leaders in industrial, financial and political life, those who seek advanced thought in social betterment and along educational lines and who value the historical background of California and the West,—these read and preserve the Overland files. As one writer puts it: "The history of the Overland Monthly is the history of the Pacific Coast."

Several decades ago a prominent writer on a St. Louis paper characterized the literary United States as "bounded on the east by the Atlantic Monthly and on the west by the Overland Monthly."

The Overland Monthly, now in its 64th year, acknowledges with appreciation the splendid work of Bret Harte and his associates in establishing the magazine and in laying broad and deep a foundation upon which is being builded a permanent structure. Down through the years many writers nationally known have been associated with the Overland. It is a glorious company.

In July, 1868, Bret Harte entered as a sub-title following the name of Overland Monthly the words "Devoted to The Development of The Country." The magazine still devotes itself to the development of the country—economically, commercially, politically, socially. The Overland Monthly is of and for California and the West.

Washington

By John A. Prentice

Our Nation's birth gave history your name,
Recording on its pages your great deeds.
No hesitation marred when duty came,
No clouds obscured from you your country's needs.
Pure were the thoughts you planted in man's heart,
Nor is your harvest fully garnered yet;
Still grows and thrives the tree that had its start,
In hallowed ground with honest purpose wet.
Each passing day your wisdom is revealed,
Each added year some richer promise gives;
Your presence led our fathers in the field,
Your spirit leads us still to that which lives
In Liberty and Peace, for which you fought
To gain Eternity, the goal you sought.

Permission to reproduce this poem which apeared originally in Overland Monthly was requested by the United States Commission For The Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington.

This poem was desired by the Commission for inclusion in a pamphlet of selections of Prose and Poetry for use of those who enroll in the contests and competitions. This magazine was, of course, pleased to accede to the request of the Commission.

Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine

Founded by Bret Harte—1868 *Founded by Charles F. Lummis—1894*

Arthur H. Chamberlain, *Publisher*
Editorial Director

Mabel B. Moffitt,
Secretary-Treasurer

DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Vol. 90 MARCH, 1932 No. 2

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Reminiscenses of the "Days of '49." Prospectors seeking "color" on one of the streams of the Mother Lode in the Bret Harte Country.

"Pick-Handle Dick"

Echo of Prospecting Days

By CHARLES T. CONNELL

Ribbed are the hills with silver treasure;
Seamed the mountains with virgin gold;
Coal, and copper and lead without measure—
A wondrous realm of wealth untold.—Treasure Land.

ON A RECENT visit to Tombstone to attend the annual "Helldorado" celebration, mingling with the impersonators of early-day characters and gazing with regret at the sight of crumbling, weather-beaten buildings which created a sense of funeralistic depression, I asked myself the question: "Where is the intrepid prospector of early days; that restless, visionary wanderer who was never satisfied until he had reached the promised land just over the range—an endless journey that led to nowhere; the pioneer who braved the dangers of the desert heat, the chilly blasts of the freezing blizzard, the wrath of the torrential storms and the deadly ambush of the fierce and cruel savages?"

Into the great Southwest came the Spaniard and the Mexican, followed by the intrepid gambussino, the itinerant miner—the vanguard of civilization to enrich a nation, the church, the citizen, and a King. Then came the Anglo-Saxon, who spread out over every valley and mountain range in the far west—the Rockies and the entire Pacific Coast—seeking the golden grains, silver sheets, and other precious minerals. Driven back were they, time and again, through hunger and thirst, sickness, extreme hardships, and attack by the savage forces who sought to bar their progress and retain their inland empire.

The first prospectors in the Southwest were organized in exploring expeditions for protection—the Weaver party, the Aubrey party, and a dozen other bands of adventurers who covered the western wilderness in search of virgin gold. The reports on the experiences of these frontiersmen are highly interesting, and outline the strenuous marches and hardships of the pioneer scouts of the hills.

Then came organized expeditions in search of "Lost Mines.' In the 'sixties and the 'seventies the lost mine fever was at its height. Every prospector had a lost mine vision. Every soldier, tenderfoot, and every miner was afflicted with the craze. But each of the lost mines of alleged richness was far across some sandy, waterless desert which defied man or beast to conquer; or in some isolated, rocky wilderness infested by fierce and warlike savages.

Most of the lost mines were predicated upon the Indian complex. The production of coarse and good-sized nuggets by the stolid savages, who refused to tell from whence they came but intimated the ground was covered with plenty more, astonished and aroused greed among the white prospectors. Presents of knives, tobacco, blankets, and—as a last resort—whiskey, which the Indians craved above all, failed to loosen the tongues of the wily savages.

The sight of the golden nuggets and the tale of Aubrey and his party, who, in 1854, while passing through Tonto Basin and the Cibicu country, traded a worn-out mule for about $1,600.00 worth of nuggets, and later watched the Apaches kill game with golden bullets, aroused the prospectors with a great desire to discover the fabulous regions of wealth.

All over the great western territory were mythical mines: the "Lost Padre," the lost "Soldier Mine" of 1869, the "Nigger Ben" of 1863, the "Thorne Mystery" of 1871, and the celebrated "Adams Diggins" of 1874. The trials and tribulations in the search for these mythical mines were many, and the deserts and mountain ranges were strewn with the bleaching bones of those who fell by the wayside—victims on the trail of the elusive rainbow, often victims of golden bullets.

THEN came the lone prospector, the product of California, Nevada, and Arizona; the professional prospector who appeared when the population of the west had increased and the dangers of the trail were lessened. He was the real and genuine mineral scout. The professional prospector generally worked on the "grubstake contract," a system involving an equal division of profits-grub against trials and tribulations. The contract was always verbal, but the unwritten law of the frontier was observed and generally lived up to.

The professional prospector was usually a character of unbounded faith and endless vision. He seldom mined any discovery himself, but generally sold out for a small stake, squandered the money in the halls of pleasure and, when broke, hit the trail for virgin fields, seeking a richer lode.

The outfit of the old-time prospector generally

included two meek and lowly burros for packing his kit, which was composed of a short-handled shovel, a pick, and an assortment of grub which consisted mainly of flour, baking powder, bacon, coffee, and beans, together with the ever-present two cans of tomatoes which were never opened except in cases of extreme emergency. On the burning desert the highly prized can of tomatoes has saved many a thirsty soul, for the tomato is food and drink and is held in reserve by the prospector for a "last shot."

The old-timer also carried in his pack a small mortar and pestle for hand-crushing specimens of ore which he washed out in a "spoon" made of cow's horn or the fifth of a circular sheet-iron frying pan, together with a small but powerful magnifying glass, and a bunch of blank mining location notices. Added to the equipment was the highly important pole-pick, which was the prospector's guide. It had a long handle, and the steel pick had a hammer-head on one end for breaking "float."

On the lonely trail in search of the precious metal, the old-timer walked along, punching his faithful burros, and in the crook of an elbow he carried a ready rifle. On the march he gazed afar at the towering mountains, and at night a camp was made at some water-hole or flowing spring where he hobbled the forefeet of his burros and turned them out to graze.

The typical prospector was practical—not scientific—in his operations or search for precious metals, but he did know the difference between porphyry and a cake of yellow soap, a chunk of granite from diorite, blue limestone from sandstone, yellow iron pyrites from golden nuggets, and shining cubes of lead from native silver, copper-stained rock, or whitish, mineral bearing quartz.

When a likely mountain range was located, the old-timer, with pole-pick and canteen, cross-cut every dry wash, canyon, and gulch leading from the high hills and mountain tops, looking for float washed down from the ledges above. It was remarkable how quickly the trained eye of the old-time prospector could spot a water-worn chunk of float, iron-stained and insignificant to the layman.

Quickly the float was broken with the pole-stick, and after examination, if it showed indications of mineral—gold, silver, or lead—then began a "following up" process for the ledge from whence it had come. Hour after hour the patient but optimistic prospector, with visions of glittering gold or wire silver before him, trudged along the dry beds locating and breaking similar float until he ceased to find any more.



Then began the final quest for the ledge. It might take days or weeks to find it, and it might never be found. The ledge might be a prominent outcropping and well defined, and again it might be from a blind lead covered up by the washings of a hundred years. At camp the tired and weary prospector ground the float, carefully panning it in his horn spoon, and—might be rewarded with the coveted yellow streak of gold, or the brightness of other precious metals.

WITH the professional prospector came the "phoney" prospector, who made it a rule to loaf in the vicinity where strangers gathered in every town and edge up to every newcomer, especially a tenderfoot, and draw from his well-worn pocket a smoothly worn piece of quartz sprinkled with flakes of gold, or a specimen of silver glance; with a hard luck story of being dead broke but would sell an interest for a small sum in the mine from whence the ore had been taken. Or, he

might brace the easy mark for a grubstake. This well known character to every old-timer has worn out many a good set of pockets carrying around specimens for bait to eager and willing tenderfeet, who, upon biting, were left to "hold the empty sack" while the street-corner prospector sought another sucker.

When the population of the west began to assume importance, after the advent of railroads and modern equipment, another class of prospector entered the fertile field—the promoter-prospector. In the late 'eighties and early 'nineties he arrived on the scene. Roads were opened then to the mining camps, wood roads opened into the mountains, and trails cut to flowing springs and cattle ranches across the vast and open valleys; so the modern prospectors worked in pairs, using a light wagon drawn by a span of horses that were suitable also for the saddle. With camp equipment—grub, light mining tools, and a gold pan—they drove for miles across desert stretches, and along the base of promising-looking mountains, and made their central camp at some flowing spring or stream.

From this central point the modern prospectors skirted the foothills, in opposite directions, always crossing and following up the arroyos and gulches leading from the mountains, looking for a float. This class of prospectors were really promoters on a small scale, or miners who sought to develop their own claims. If they found a promising prospect, they would locate two claims to cover their find for themselves, and the surrounding claims would be located with a third or fourth party in order to get them to put up money for development. This was an old prospector's trick, yet there were many willing victims in every mining camp. These modern prospectors located many claims on which they did not even hope to perform the annual assessment, as required by law; so they would let them ride and relocate them January first of each year, keeping it up for years unless they were fortunate enough to dispose of them.

With the prospectors of every class came the "Claim Jumper"—the vulture who hovered near the successful prospector who had made a strike. This crook of the mining camp thrived upon the ignorance of the honest prospector, and dug in on any over-length of claims, wedges, and extra widths of the standard mining claim of 600 by 1500 feet, together with staking over-lapping claims to cloud the legitimate title in hopes of being bought off or being taken care of in case of a sale. These birds of unsavory reputation were usually backed by the shyster lawyer who infested the boom camps.

WHILE watching the colorful parade of old-timers, rickety vehicles, bewhiskered men and lovely women in old-fashioned costumes; prancing steeds with whooping cowboys and demure cowladies; rattling old coaches filled with laughing girls and shouting boys; gamblers and Mexican bandits, Indians and scouts; covered wagons and emigrants, bull teams and sad-eyed burros—lo and behold! bringing up the rear was a typical old-time prospector, leading his two burros with pack outfit and trappings. And I recognized him at once as an old friend who, I afterwards learned, had been induced by his partner to take part in the picturesque parade.

It was "Pick-handle" Dick, a prospector of the old school. He was, indeed, a relic of the past—a survivor of the days of 1880. And, strange enough, I had known him well in the 'nineties when I also was a modern promoter-prospector around Tucson.

On inquiry I found Dick's partner, and we decided to visit the old-timer who was camped just outside the city limits. And when we reached him he was cordial in his greeting, but began at once lamenting the fact that there were no horse corrals in Tombstone any more—only garages.

Being an old pioneer myself and familiar with the unwritten code, I had never asked Dick what his name was—particularly what it was before he came to Arizona—but he was known only in the Southwest as "Pick-handle" Dick, because of his habit of always carrying a pick-handle when he came in to enjoy the pleasures of a wide open town; and it was said many broken heads had attested to his ability to wield the pick-handle when filled with liquid cheer.

Dick had kept away from the modern cities for years, purchasing his supplies from isolated country stores, and avoiding traffic on the highways. For several years he had had a grubstake partner in Tombstone who furnished him with ample grub without complaint.

He was about 78, tall and gaunt, and his white whiskers were stained with tobacco. But there was still the fire of optimism in his flashing old eyes. Bent, he was, but the sturdy life in the open had hardened his muscles, and the elements had tannned his leathery skin a fine deep, dark brown.

Soon, however, he began the prospector's wail. First he dwelt upon the horseand-wagon prospector who had supplemented the individual prospector and his burros and filled the roads with chuck-holes; but now it was the "flivver" prospector who had supplanted both. Instead of the dusty roads, they were now paved and macadamized highways,

Read further on page 62

Heroes—Where Are They?

By JACK BENJAMIN

HEROES constitute one of the most important elements in the structure of history. In fact, it sometimes becomes highly problematical whether history could be written without the assistance of heroes. Having imbibed so much of their deeds as books record I developed a strong desire to gaze upon one of these immortals in the flesh. I thus set forth upon my quest.

My search was for one whom I could set in a frame of choice and laudatory adjectives. One who would stand out as an example to our cynical and hardboiled youth.

But where should one seek a hero in New York? I stood at the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue and pondered the difficulty of my problem. It was 5:15 and the towering skyscrapers had discharged their cargoes of human freight. Everybody was in a hurry to reach home and nobody appeared inclined to discuss heroes.

A tough proposition—no mean job, this finding a hero. It's a simple matter when a war is on—or when some tenement is on fire. It's a cinch when a liner goes down—plenty of heroes there.

My thoughts turned to O. Henry and his "man about town." This caused my hopes to flare up a bit. My eyes searched up and down the packed lanes of pedestrian humanity, hoping, wishing, praying for something to happen and produce a hero. My kingdom for a hero!

Shrill and imperative the traffic policeman's whistle cut the air. From opposite sides of the avenue the congested groups started to navigate the crossing. Started? Rather they shot forward like a runner leaving the mark. In one single moment a struggling, packed mass covered the street.

My eye fell upon an individual in this onward rushing group, and my attention focused upon him. I wished to see how he reached safety.

There he was . . . Mr. Everyday. A bundle under his right arm . . . two small packages under his left, and a newspaper stuck into his coat pocket.

He made a good start. I've got to admit that. I began to lose interest in heroes and keep my eyes riveted on the outcome of his efforts. Before the policeman's whistle began its shrill command, he was three steps to the good, thus getting an immediate advantage of two steps over the short, fat lady behind him. But at the fourth step in his effort to reach the opposite corner, a tall, swarthy laborer knocked the package out of his grasp without knowing it and Mr. Everyday had to make a sudden stop to recover it. As he bent down, the short, fat lady turned around to see who had jabbed her in the ribs with a wooden box, and in her turning, her umbrella found its point digging energetically into Mr. Everyday's trousers. When bending down in a rushing mass (the bundle was now kicked out of his reach) the prod of an umbrella point is highly disconcerting.

Seeing his bundle kicked, Mr. Everyday lunged forward like a football player. His hand closed on it. But destiny decreed that a piece of banana peel should find itself under his foot.

One frantic attempt to regain his balance and then he was flat on his back. The mass loomed above him like a herd of galloping elephants.

But Mr. Everyday was not to be kept down. And that is the material that heroes are made of. He began a struggle to regain his feet. Perhaps that would not have been difficult had he been without bundles. I might even go so far as to wager that he would have regained full powers of his perambulating ability had the odds not been so overwhelming. It is no easy thing, as anyone knows, to battle against a herd of stampeding homegoers, afflicted with a marked degree of hunger.

I glimpsed Mr. Everyday through the rush of feet. I saw him in a posture somewhat imitative of the Dying Gladiator. A frown covered his face, that is, the part of his face that was visible; his hat had been shoved down until its brim reached the tip of his nose.

Still he fought. I watched the uneven contest, curious as to its outcome.

Ah! At last! He has regained his feet. He starts forward again. A look of frozen determination covers his face. The combat is won, now to get across. Alas, the best laid plans of mice and men, etc.

"BRILL . . . WHEE!"

Again the traffic policeman's whistle cuts the air with its sound.

The automobiles shoot forward like cannon shells. One barely touched Mr. Everyday's nose as it raced past. Another immediately followed . . . a solid line.

A Cadillac approaching at a turn threatened him with extinction.

Mr. Everyday hastily jumped back to the safety of the curb, once again to wait for the signal to attempt a crossing.

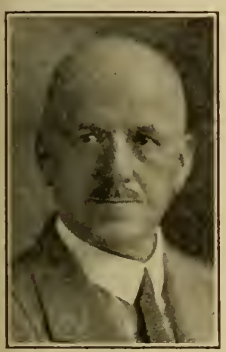
Ah, I said to myself, musing at the unheralded courage of our lowly and unsung pedestrians. There are heroes with us; but we know not where to seek them.

Business and Finance

By NATHAN T. PORTER

"Short-Selling" Curtailed

SHORT-SELLING on the New York Stock Exchange has received a telling blow. The reform was brought about by action within the Exchange itself, but such action was inspired only because of insistent public demand. Beginning with April 1st approval of customers for "lending" of securities will be necessary before they can be sold. One financial writer for Universal Service says: "The action of the Stock Exchange was interpreted in Wall Street as another attempt to satisfy the growing demand for reform or suspension of all short selling activities."



Nathan T. Porter

The Christian Science Monitor recently comments editorially under caption "A Long Setback for Shorts," thus: "In laying down the rule that brokers must obtain the expressed consent of customers before lending their stock to a short seller, the New York Stock Exchange has bowed to the public clamor that steps should be taken to curb the most notorious abuses associated with short selling. The handwriting was on the wall. If the Exchange had done nothing, as seemed likely from the series of defenses put out by its president, Mr. Robert Whitney, it was very probable that the Federal Government would have repaired the omission and instituted a much more radical restriction than might have seemed desirable."

"Bear Raids" and "Short Selling" are to be investigated by the Banking and Currency Committee of the Senate. It is more than likely that any such investigation will be so enlarged as to embrace a detailed inquiry into the entire stock market fabric, including operations of the security and commodity exchanges.

There can be no doubt about the evil effects of short selling in all its ramifications and the part such practices play in the present unbalanced economic situation. As long ago as October last, this writer in his article entitled "The Present Financial Situation—One Way Out" indicated the need for curtailment of the pernicious activities of the Exchange. He made use of President Whitney's own words that "attempts to tinker with the ancient law of supply and demand by injecting artificial measures to stimulate or depress its normal operation may well lengthen the business slump and retard recovery," to condemn such practices out of his own mouth. We expressed the hope that action in accordance with Mr. Whitney's pronouncement would be taken by the Exchange and we offered the opinion that there would never again be such an opportunity for the head of the New York Stock Exchange to turn his institution away from economic outlawry.

Our article at the time called forth bitter reproach, both for the writer and for this magazine, from a recognized leader and official of the New York Stock Exchange. The constant hammering of wise leaders and editorial writers and the crystallizing of public opinion have had results. A sentence from an editorial in a metropolitan daily is typical. "Let us have," says the editorial, "some laws restraining reckless gambling on Wall Street and the various boards of trade where prices are juggled to produce profits."

And Will Rogers, the Sage of the Sagebrush, expresses more truth than poetry when he says: "Mr. Whitney, the man in charge of all the 'faro and roulette tables' of the New York Stock Exchange, threw a scare into Mr. Hoover and some Congressmen yesterday by telling 'em if they stop speculators selling something they haven't got, why it would stop the stock exchange. And people with stocks would have to sell 'em like folks with horses, or cows or wheat, for just what they are worth. Now you can just imagine the terrible consequences of that exchange being closed. Why, it would be terrible. At least 115,000,000 out of the 120,000,000 would put on a celebration that would make Armistice Day look like a wake."

Some Favorable Signs

NUMEROUS signs of the times point to a return of confidence and a restoring of the economic balance. The various credit measures of the Federal Government intended to stimulate loans, such as the Glass-Steagall Credit-Expansion Bill, while not all that could be desired, point in the right direction.

Foreign trade is becoming stimulated. There are indications that our goods are finding their way in increasing quantities to foreign markets; and as remarked recently by a foreign trade expert, "It is a fallacy to consider distance rather than shipping cost as the determining factor in foreign trade." Both in manufacturing and in trade relations the

Pacific Coast shows marked gain over many other geographic areas.

Bradstreets reflect a more optimistic sentiment, even when business remains very much at a standstill. Charles Abbott of the American Institute of Steel Construction believes the United States is approaching a greater era of prosperity than it has ever known. "The feeling the country over has changed," he says, "from one of fear to one of confidence and hope in the future. The low point has passed." And Charles M. Schwab on his 70th birthday celebrated with the declaration that "Sentiment throughout the country is much better, and I can't see anything but ultimate prosperity before us."

Many economists and financial experts point to the necessity of enacting some such legislation as proposed in the LaFollette Reconstruction Bill. A Federal loan of $5,000,000,000, to be used in national development work, conservation, reforestation and the like, would call for the services of several million men now out of employment. Such measure, once in operation, would serve the double purpose of providing for the daily wants of the hungry and of calling money into circulation, while at the same time it would secure to the nation those permanent improvements and developments that have long been needed.

The Fourth Dimension

EVERY pinched victim of today's condition (and to be "pinched" seems to be popular) senses a ceaseless tightening of his resolution to save, to put by and to build a reserve—to be ready for come-what-will.

Each hour of financial stress gives him a new grip on his "get ready for a rainy day" instincts. The old adage appears to be coming into its own.

Never again—nerer again—never again—is a universal refrain. Saving practices and saving plans show in the spot light of human consciousness. No Neon signs are necessary to remind the individual of his obligation.

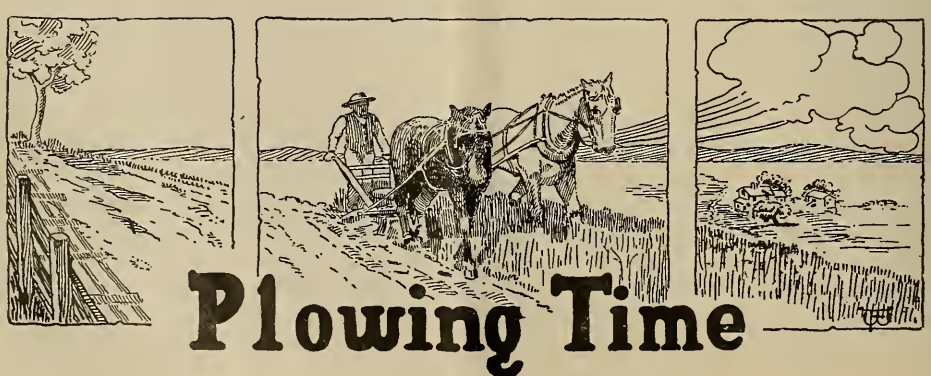
Obviously reserve building is now the vogue. Savings banks, building and loan associations, postal savings, installment houses and every accumulating structure and device are aware of a drive in their direction,—a drive not of their own making but much more effective.

While "how can I get going on a reserve program" is uppermost in the individual's mind, an intensely interesting sign shows itself on the horizon of the reserve building field. This sign bears the insignia of insurance and shapes itself as a modern *fourth dimension* in the reserve equation.

Many of the firmly established life insurance companies are already offering a thrift plan in the form of an investment policy reinforced by factors of insurance. The motive and logic back of this offering appears to be the need of the presence of a fourth dimension in the building of the individual or the corporate reserves where the individual element dominates. It has, of course, long since been recognized that an effective reserve building plan must include: First, sustained systematic plan of accumulation; second, necessary provision for the security or safety of the principal sums conserved; third, an employment of these funds in such a way as to insure a reasonable interest return and this over a substantial period of time.

Now comes the Life Insurance Company with its fourth essential—namely an insurance factor such as will complete or will at lease round out the reserve structure. Thus, there is established a safeguard to a situation that might, without the insurance element, bring the reserve building process to a dead stop and the individual to financial destruction.

So it is we have insurance as a fourth dimension in a financial reserve structure. The need for this fourth dimension the insurance companies fully recognize, and with their characteristic alertness are moving rapidly into the investment or reserve building field.



Strands of Spider Web

By ELEANOR GREY

"WOMAN'S place is in the home. I make only one request of you, if you marry me, Avis,—that you stay in it. I don't object in the least to bridge parties and all the other fripperies that tickle a girl."

Darrel Marston looked like a man who had seen a ghost as he continued to speak to his fiancé.

"I can make plenty for us to live on—maybe not plenty, but we could live comfortably anyhow."

"Of course we've been over this before. Time and again we've been over it, Darry. You know there is such a thing as a breaking point. I fear that even I might rebel against your generous tyranny."

Avis Farnsworth's voice sounded as if she had forgotten about Marston's and was talking to herself as she continued:

"Let's call off the engagement for the present, as long as we differ so vitally on this matter. We can still be friends. Can't we, Darry?"

An abstracted look came over the man's face, and his eyes were far-focused as the girl made her demand for freedom from the engagement.

"You cast the die, Avis. I know I shall just go along automatically, unless I win your love sometime. I fear I'll lose interest in things generally though. Spider webs seem suddenly to cover up what I thought was to be a sunny course for me."

After leaving Avis on this evening, Marston felt that he would like to go berserk.

He had not thought himself capable of a very deep love during his thirty years of life, but he knew better now. He had learned that lesson in the agony of losing Avis. He was suffering an intolerable longing for the girl's affection. Her provocative features, colorful eyes, always made him feel like a complete mortal; her promise of marriage to him, an immortal one.

While he was thus gloomily thinking over his poor luck in love, Sun Lee, a prominent Chinese importer of San Francisco, entered his apartment. It was not strange that the Oriental should come to him. He had often come so as to get exact information regarding his rights in bringing into the country certain articles from the Orient.

Darrel's position as captain in the Internal Revenue service frequently brought him in touch with the Chinese citizens of San Francisco, who controlled the affairs of Chinatown there.

"I—I never saw you so sad before, Mr. Marston. Maybe you're in love—not enough money—American girls—what you call 'mer-ce-nary,;" said the Chinaman as he smiled in the bland Oriental fashion.

Darrel looked noncommittal.

"And what can I do for you today, Mr. Sun?"

He spoke summarily as he faced the Chinaman, whose eyes became catlike in their steadiness.

"I think you're a fine business man, Mr. Marston, a very honest one," the Chinaman replied.

After this exaggerated expression of compliments, Sun added, "My brother brings his daughter on the next boat from China, Mr. Marston. I—I want to ask you to tell the immigration officers to be polite to them when the *Carpathea* comes into port. My brother's daughter is the most beautiful girl in Canton."

Then Sun rose with easy grace and self complacency. From his bulging pocket a package of bills fell upon the rug under Marston's desk. Darrell noticed the bundle drop, picked it up, and handed it to the importer, who again smiled his slow, secretive smile. Then with sinuous steps he began to leave the agent's quarters.

Cryptically at the same time he remarked, "You're honest I say, Mr. Marston, to return ten thousand dollars."

Darrel immediately became suspicious about the importer's careless handling of his funds, especially when he thought of the standing which the Chinaman had in the busines world—astute, shrewd, meticulously careful always. As his mind wandered back to the bills, he thought that it was the first time in his life that he had ever seen ten thousand dollars at one time.

Christmas was approaching, the time when he had fancied that Avis and he would have been happily living in their own home, secure from the generous indifference of the world. What a fraud Fate had been to him! He blamed the situation on Fate because he had played honestly his part in life. Cold perspiration broke over his forehead. He would not have felt so disgruntled if Avis had wanted money to embellish her beauty. She did not need any heightening of it. Her air of assurance, of being costly and rare, and the only one of her kind sufficed to make her beautiful in his eyes. With his loss of hopes he had become romantic about her—her looks, her vivacity—and most of all, her good sportsmanship.

On the Saturday afternoon following the break with Avis, he wandered into the Palace Hotel for lunch. He had business reasons for so doing. A well-known smuggler was making his headquarters at the place and mingling with San Franciscans of unquestionable reputation.

To his horror and amazement, he saw his man in a lunch party of which Avis was a member. She sat next to the renegade.

Upon second thought, Darrel conjured up the possible way in which she had met this plausible villain. Part of the fellow's tactics, he recalled, was to be invited to some well-known women's club, and there to cultivate some attractive member of the club. Often he would be seen in her company so as to divert any suspicion regarding him while he was carrying out his nefarious business. Avis was undoubtedly the scoundrel's victim this time.

Marston observed the customary smartness of the girl's hat, the luxuriousness of her fur as it dropped carelessly backward. "His man" was flicking a cigarette lighter, and holding it across the table toward another man in the party.

Avis's air, Darrel noticed during the progress of the lunch, was constrained—as if she pitied her luncheon escort, or as if she held him in secret scorn. It was like heaping coals of fire on Marston's head to see his sweetheart in the company of this internationally known scoundrel. Yet Darrel felt she could be depended upon to be discerning in her final conclusion about people.

The man, Marston felt, was the ultra-masculine, unimaginative type which has courage and tremendous energy, but little fine discernment. He felt sure that Avis would soon find this out, and eschew the fellow's society. Darrel considered that he could not inform her of the dangerous elements of the acquaintancy, since he himself had not been willing to take her as his fiancé on her own terms. Undoubtedly he thought the girl has penetrated the fellow spiritually without his being aware of it.

At a distance Darrel watched her. There was destiny in all this, he considered, and it was an unkind, ironical one. He had tried to put Avis away from his thoughts, when she decided to put herself away from him. Now his all encompassing love made him feel that he had to watch and guard her welfare.

As he looked toward the couple, the thought coursed through his mind that the casual observer would have estimated the girl's age as possibly eighteen, though she was twenty-four. This crook had undoubtedly made this mistake and calculated that she was less sophisticated than she really was. She was so sightly that she could easily upset the applecart of any man's judgment.

Some years ago a United States official on duty in the Philippines was instructed to put a stop to certain forms of gambling there. The experiences of this official and the pressure brought on him in the form of bribes caused him to tender his resignation. We related to the talented author of "Strands of Spider Web" the experiences of this official, and the accompanying story is the result. Miss Grey is a San Francisco girl prominent there as a member of the League of Western Writers and author of educational texts.

On this occasion the smuggler, Howard Ralston, was endeavoring to give himself as laudatory a background as posible.

"Yes, Miss Farnsworth," he said with marked self-assurance, "I've devoted my life to the most hazardous form of sport—polo, I mean, of course."

"How wonderful to be able to devote a whole lifetime to play," the girl enthusiastically replied.

"Yes, and I'd readily quit the game and tackle any work which a nice girl would suggest for me, should I be lucky enough to marry one."

"But you must have met scores of fine girls in your life, Mr. Ralston."

"No, not so many. Really fine ones are the hardest girls to marry."

"Why try then?" playfully retorted Avis.

"Why do we fall upon lovely, slippery marble steps, Miss Farnsworth?"

Even though her eyes were merry and there was a glow on her face, still she was markedly impersonal as she spoke.

Upon returning to his apartment on that same day, Darrel received a package by post for which he signed. Opening it he was both bewildered and aggravated. It contained a package of choicest Chinese tea and a small jar of barley sugar. On top of this was a bunch of twenty one-thousand dollar bills. A note was enclosed. It read: "I have thought of something better than talking to you, Mr. Marston. This is to sweeten your tea."

Marston continued to stare at the message. Even though he had just finished dinner, he was not now in good humor. Such situations had no spice of novelty for Darrel. Then the thought of the enormity of the situation dawned upon him. He recognized the hand-writing as Sun Lee's. Here he had trapped him into receiving a bribe, and the postal department had his signature for the delivery of the article.

He decided to telephone the Chinaman and find out the meaning of the whole thing.

"I know nothing about the matter, Mr. Marston. You signed for the package. You're very clever, Mr. Marston. You know what you sign your name to. The postal inspector can tell you that you received a package which came from me, which was insured for twenty thousand dollars."

"Is that a threat of exposure, Sun Lee?" Marston asked as he frowned heavily.

He now fully realized the danger of his position. If Sun Lee exposed him, his answer to the charge of receiving the graft money would not be

believed. He decided personally to see the Chinese importer.

A strained air, a somewhat vaguely reprehensible expression was on his face as he started for Chinatown. Through very solid doors of a building on Grant Avenue, up steep, dark flights of stairs, then down a long corridor he passed, until he paused before Sun Lee's office door.

Marston noticed the sleek, prosperous appearance and prepossessing manner of the Chinaman as he, upon hearing footsteps, came to greet him. As he moved with an easy grace and self-complacency, the Oriental's face was keen, even hard. A face like that of Lee marked a person who might well be able to commit murder if elected to do so, or set the forces in action. After ceremoniously giving Marston a chair, he took one himself at the other side of the desk. There he sat hunched in his chair. As he smoked and scowled the officer eyed him briefly, then smiled.

"What does all this mean anyhow, Sun Lee?"

Without lifting his eyes, the Chinaman took a radiogram from his pocket and passed it to Marston.

"My brother's message, Mr. Marston."

The captain of the revenue department read it. Then he frowned heavily and pursed his lips. He was angry.

"Very expensive niece, this most beautiful girl from Canton, Sun. Most men pay a high price for the gamble of love these days, but you don't figure the odds correctly—not such a good gambler, eh?"

The importer grinned in a buffoonish way. Then a smile was on his lips and in his dark piercing eyes.

"Maybe you like more money, Mr. Marston?" he asked gingerly.

"Well, if you're a good gambler, Sun, you'll calculate the odds exactly. I've told you."

Lee walked slowly, even guardedly, toward Darrel. There was a diabolical smile, too, on his face as Marston met his gaze. Darrel was not unaware that a hatchet man always watched from a tiny hole somewhere in Sun's office, whenever the door of it was closed.

As he stood before Marston, Lee tapped him on the shoulder in an appraising manner, and eyed him with a covert look of calculation. Then his long, slim hand felt into his pocket. Taking out a package of bills, he counted out ten one-thousand ones.

"That makes the odds thirty thousand dollars, Mr. Marston. Will that do?"

"Slave girls come high, especially beautiful ones these days, Sun. You don't think my price too much, do you?"

"I think I like things that are best, Mr. Marston."

"Well, that makes thirty thousand dollars altogether which you've given me, Sun Lee."

Immediately upon leaving Lee's office, Darrel went to the chief of the Revenue Service. During his ten years of service, Marston had been promoted regularly in recognition of his probity and ability.

The superintendent was surprised to see him.

"What's doing, Marston?" he cheerily remarked.

"Lots, Mr. Mason. Here's thirty thousand bribe money given me within the last thirty-six hours by Sun Lee, richest importer in Chinatown. Twenty of these bills were delivered to me late yesterday afternoon by mail in an innocent looking package of tea. This cryptic note accompanied it. I signed for the delivery of it. These ten bills I was handed personally when I confronted the high-binder with the fact that handsome slave girls cost money to bring in, and that twenty thousand was too low. So you see I have a way of making the wily Chinese come through.

"So that's that. I fear that three big bribes within three days is too much for me!"

"You're unusually high-priced, Marston. The boys tell me that they are frequently approached by different persons. The honesty of our force is phenomenal. Invariably the inspectors have come directly to me and shown up the whole condition. Yours is the biggest expose I've ever heard of, Marston. I congratulate you that your price is so high."

"Well, I'm through as a result of it. Maybe some day the price'd go skiting so high that it'd get me. You know what they say about each man's having his price."

Nonsense, Marston, that could never happen to you. We just can't lose men of your caliber. Be sensible about it."

"No, Mr. Mason, I've made up my mind to quit."

"What do you say if I get you a transfer to a more congenial secret service at Washington, D.C. I'm sure you'd like it there. More chance for advancement and recognition."

"Maybe. I'll think it over at that, Mr. Mason. Thanks a lot, too, for your expression of regard for me. I'll let you know in the morning about the Washington job."

Darrel looked serious.

Upon returning to his quarters, he was very disturbed in mind. The thought of going away from San Francisco and Avis filled him with a lonely tenderness for the girl. Even though she had dismissed him, he still felt that he ought to protect her, especially since he had seen her on several occasions in parties of which the smuggler was a member.

As he continued to think over the situation of

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White Cross of Monterey

By MARY HESTER McCOY

STRETCHES of white sandy shore, curved like a swallow's wing, lapped by blue, foam-crested waves, protected by a jutting point of land from harsh weather—sand dunes billowing landward, glistening with ice-plant and shimmering with color—beyond, long reaches of blue lupines and golden poppies—low hills covered with white sage and barberry, live oak trees along the hillsides, and against the sky, shouded in blue mists, the Santa Ynez Mountains.

Fifty feet from the shore, upon a slight elevation, a cross of good dimensions reached its arms to north and south, and kept its patient watch to east and west.

The arms and body of the cross were closely wound with strings of shells and fish. Upon the very top was tied a war-bonnet of eagle feathers, the once vivid colors faded to a neutral harmony by long exposure to sun and fog. At the foot of the cross were piled arrows, baskets, fish, and many stone implements.

On the sand, facing the cross but some distance away, sat an old Indian woman, and near her a young girl. The face and head of the old woman were almost completely hidden by a gorgeous blanket of exquisite workmanship, and under it her shrinkled body was crumpled together like a broken twig. The girl, Josita, wore a blanket of more brilliant colors but coarser weave. The blanket was draped about her shoulders, a becoming setting for her finely modeled face and abundant black hair.

There was eager intensity in the two pairs of eyes bent now upon the setting sun, and now upon the cross where each object caught the golden light and held it in prismatic color. The sun, a great blood-red ball, lingered a moment upon the horizon's rim, then dropped into his bed of copper, bathing in flame the white clouds that had clustered for his baptism. Every cloud pillar, east or west, north or south wore a pink mantle, or was consumed in fire. Over the mountains that rimmed the world landward were flung veils of purple, rose and amethyst.

As Josita's eyes feasted upon the spectacle her breath quickened, and a mysterious something illumined and made eloquent her expressive countenance. Yielding to something deep within her she stretched out her arms toward the sunset, and lifted her face in an ecstasy of worship. For long she stood motionless save for the rhythmic rising and falling of her bosom; stood until the fires in the west had died, and the veils of rose and purple and amethyst had faded to palest mauve. Turning at last toward the cross, Josita knelt, and after a moment fell forward upon her face, her arms outstretched.

Old Natoska, Smile of the Morning, regarded the girl interestedly for a while, then settled her body more comfortably in the sand, and resigned herself to waiting. Nature's miracle of sunset was old to her, as was the passion which bound her great-great grand-daughter. Had she not felt the same ecstasy of worship when she and the world were young? When the Great Spirit had talked to her at the sunrise and sunset of every wonderful day?

But that was so many moons ago that even the Great Spirit would forget if he should try to count. She was so old—old—old! Older, she thought, than anything or anybody except the sun and moon and stars, the mountains or the sea. And except those gnarled and twisted cypress trees that intertwined their gloomy arms upon the cliff that jutted into the water. They looked just as they had looked when she was a child, and her grandfather, the great Chief Umatilla, had sat beneath them while his warriors danced before him.

It was he, the mightiest chief of all the tribes in the world, who had put a bow and arrow into her childish hands and told her that the grand-daughter of Umatilla must learn to make the arrow fly like any brave. It was he who had told her of something wonderful he had seen when in his youth he had gone to smoke the peace pipe at a great gathering of tribes in the desert, far, far toward the rising sun.

Some men with pale faces, he said, had come among his brothers in the desert and told them about a Great Spirit who was greater than the sun and moon and stars. With much ceremony these pale-faced men had planted a sign, and taught his brothers to bow down before it. But Umatilla

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Note: In 1769 Don Gaspar de Portola erected a cross upon Point Pinos, not realizing that he had found the eagerly sought Port of Monterey. A year later Father Serra found the cross completely covered with shells, fish, and other peace offerings, upon which the phosphorescence had gathered until it glowed at night with a "strange and heavenly brightness," which inspired a veneration and awe among the Indians, who had brought their offerings to appease the "Great Spirit" of which it was the symbol.

"Pussyfoot" Johnson

By FRED LOCKLEY

When Fred Lockley interviewed "Pussyfoot" Johnson in Honolulu, the latter was making his first will preparatory to sailing for Horowrah, Bengal, India. Lockley had the pleasure of serving as a witness to "Pussyfoot's" signature. Some of the interesting experiences of Mr. Johnson are here recorded.—EDITOR.

"I AM a bird of passage," said Pussyfoot Johnson. "When my parents christened me William Eugene Johnson, I think they would have been shocked had they looked forward to the day when their son would be universally known as Pussyfoot Johnson.

When I was 18 years old my lungs went back on me. The doctor said I would have to go to a different climate and live out of doors. I was brought up on a farm and the one thing I savvied was horses, so I went to Nebraska and landed a job riding the range. If being a cowboy doesn't classify as an outside job, I don't know what does.

As a young man I taught school and later worked my way through the University of Nebraska. I then served an apprenticeship as reporter on the Evening News at Lincoln. I did free lance writing for a while. Later I did editorial work on the Voice, the organ of the prohibition party. Still later I joined the staff of the Literary Digest. I had not been there long when W. S. Woods, now the managing editor of the Literary Digest, joined the staff. I never was any ravishing beauty. I have always been a little careless about my personal appearance. One day I dropped in to see Woods about something. He took one look at me, then dug down into his jeans, got out a purse, produced a dime, handed it to me and said, "Here's ten cents, go and get a shave." I got the shave but the barber made me pay 15 cents. I had him make out a bill for 15 cents and receipt it. I took the bill up to Woods, credited ten cents on account on the bill and asked him for the other nickel. He squirmed some but I made him come through.

At still another time some of my fellow workers and myself on the Literary Digest got into a dispute. One of the editorial writers said, "I'll bet you dinners for the crowd that you're wrong." I thought I had a sure thing, so I took him up. We looked the matter up and to my surprise, I was wrong. A philanthropist had started a lunch room for down and outers. You could get a big bowl of soup and a slice of bread there for a nickel. I took the whole editorial gang of the Literary Digest to this soup house, lined them up and paid my bet at an expense of five cents per head. They were good sports and though they joshed me a good deal, they ate their bread and soup.

WHEN Funk & Wagnalls sold the Voice, I went to Europe and while there I received a most attractive offer to go to Hongkong. Stopping at Manila, with funds low, I became managing editor of "Freedom," a newspaper there. Later I ran over to Hongkong, cleaned up the investigating job there, returned to Manila and served as editor of Freedom for some time.

From Manila I returned to Washington, D. C., to do free lance work. In 1905 a group of manufacturers made me a most attractive offer to do publicity work for them. They wanted to take the tax off of denatured alcohol for industrial purposes, so I took charge of their propaganda bureau and we put the job across. Later I did propaganda work for the Grange and various other organizations. One day, while I was sitting in my office, the secretary of the Church Federation of Indian Territory came in and said, "Do you want a job?" "No, I don't," I responded. "I've got more jobs right now than I can take care of." "President Roosevelt has just got Congress to appropriate $25,000 to suppress bootlegging in the Indian Territory," he said. "He believes you are the man to take charge of this work. There is $2,500 a year in it and lots of glory if you make good." I acepted the job which brought me into frequent contact with President Roosevelt. The more I saw of him, the more I liked him. Francis E. Leup was the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post. He was an able and conscientious man. President Roosevelt appointed him Indian Commissioner. President Roosevelt, Secretary Garfield and Francis E. Leup backed me up in my work of ridding Indian Territory of bootleggers. They gave me a free hand and for the next six years I had a most lively and interesting time.

WHEN I went down to the Indian Territory with the avowed purpose of putting the bootleggers out of business, a big howl went up, not only from the bootleggers, but from the busi-

ness and professional men who made a profit from booze and gambling. They appealed to Secretary Garfield, but they didn't get very far with him, for he figured the louder they hollered, the better I was doing my job. Not long after I had taken over the job, I was called back to Washington on some routine business. When I went to see Secretary Garfield, he noticed that I had a black eye and that my broken wrist was in splints. Pointing to them he said, "What happened?" A slight argument with a bootlegger, I responded. You, Mr. Garfield, are undoubtedly hearing a good deal of criticism about my work. Are you satisfied with the way I am doing my job? "My only instructions to you," said Mr. Garfield, "are to get as many bootleggers as you can, put them in jail as often as you can, keep them there as long as you can and when they get out, put them back in jail, if you can. It's up to you to do the job in your own way."

Congress had not provided courts to handle bootlegging cases. The docket was clogged with over 6,000 criminal cases. Arresting bootleggers did no good. I discovered they would die of old age before their cases came to trial. The bootleggers and other law breakers were insistent that I carry on my work in a lawful way, which really amounted to immunity for them. I notified them that if they could break the law so could I, and that in the future I should practice knock-down and drag-out policy. I used to average two fights a week when I first took over the job of running the bootleggers out of Indian Territory. I figured that if there was no law for bootleggers, that I'd better be in the same boat. I had been down in the Territory long enough to know that the way to fight a prairie fire is to set a backfire.

What about my killing three men down there in a fight? Nothing to it—that story has followed me for the past 25 years. Here's how that story started. A mob of bootleggers and tin-horn gamblers cornered me in a saloon in Tulsa. One of them pulled a gun to shoot me. My deputy hit his arm with a billy and the bullet went into the floor. My deputy and I both grabbed billiard cues and began cracking heads wherever we saw them. When the mix-up was over three men were lying on the floor, dead to the world. The local paper in describing the incident next day said, "Johnson put three men to sleep." A year or two later an enterprising newspaper man decided to write a feature story and happened to find in the morgue of the newspaper, the story of my fight in Tulsa. He didn't know much about the west nor about western slang. When he read that I put three men to sleep in a saloon fight he jumped to the conclusion I had killed three men, so he played the story up, syndicated it and broadcast the information to the world that I had killed three men, and I have been explaining the matter ever since.

MY system of putting the bootlegging joints and gambling establishments in the Indian Territory out of business was very simple. I would drop in along about midnight, sieze all the booze in sight, as well as the gambling paraphernalia, carry it out in the street and have a bonfire. After I had raided and destroyed the property of 76 gambling houses there that were selling booze, the bootleggers and gamblers became annoyed, and began taking pot shots at me. Whenever a man pulled his gun on me, I pulled mine just a little quicker, but I never shot to kill. I would go into a joint and have one of my deputies cover my rear so if anyone started to shoot me in the back, he could put them out of business. This precaution saved my life on several occasions. One night in Sapulpa in Indian Territory, I raided a joint and seized three large drayloads of equipment. The proprietor shipped in a new lot of equipment from Kansas City and sent word to me that he would shoot me on sight. I believed he was bluffing so taking an Indian deputy with me, I raided his joint again and destroyed his equipment. A day or so later, a man came to me and said, "That bootlegger that you have raided twice, hired me to kill you. I drew a bead on you three different times but somehow or other I couldn't make up my mind to kill you." I decided it was time for a showdown. I went back to that joint and the minute I stepped in the door the crowd beat it. I went to the proprietor's room and beat down the door. The proprietor had crawled into bed with his clothes on. I said to him. It annoys me to have you hire men to shoot me. I am going to beat you within an inch of your life now and if you're not out of town by sunrise, I am going to come around and kill you. Two minutes later you could have played checkers on his coattatil.

IN 1912 I went with the anti-saloon league. While engaged in a debate in Essex Hall in London a mob of students from King's College charged the platform. They smashed chairs and though I gave a few of them black eyes, they finally put me down for the count. They put me on a stretcher and started a procession through the streets of London. Traffic was blocked for more than two hours. The human rats who hang out in cellars, came out and joined the crowd. The students found they had started something they couldn't finish. They got scared and disappeared. The police lost control of the mob. Three or four big husky London bobbies made their way to where I was lying on

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Married Regularly—A Short Story

By WINIFRED JOHNSTON

JOAN sat near a window in the big livingroom of the Jarvis home, eyes on her book, ears tuned to the sound of a certain automobile that might drive up at any moment. Some of their crowd were skating on the river. Joan wanted to be with them. If only Eddie would come! She glanced out at the bare trees. There had been upsetting news for Eddie this week. His uncle had died suddenly. Now the plans for their wedding were awry.

There was a long peal of the bell; Joan jumped up. "I'll answer it, Katie," she called to the maid.

From a table at the far end of the room where her parents were playing backgammon, her mother looked up, "Now dear, you must be firm with Edward. You can't listen to any harum-scarum plan for a wedding in Kansas. That's absurd."

"I know, I know, mother," was the impatient rejoinder; and as the front door opened: "Where have you been, Eddie?"

After a hushed conversation the two walked arm in arm into the living-room.

"Good evening, Edward," said Mr. Jarvis, looking up from the board. "A certain young lady has been very impatient." He liked Edward Ramsey's frank eyes; and the dignity with which he carried himself.

Edward looked at Joan, "She knew I'd come as soon as possible, sir."

"I'm taking Eddie into Dad's den since you two will pre-empt the living-room."

"That's right, dear," cooded Mrs. Jarvis.

"Oh, Eddie," proposed Joan as they walked into the den, "let's go skating. Everyone is out there and Tom wants us to come up to his place afterward." She dropped into a fireside chair.

"Eddie leaned down and kissed her. "Sweet girl, you're looking wonderful in that dress, and the long jade ear-rings." There was a wistfulness in his smile.

"Heard anything new?"

He nodded. "I'm leaving for Hutchinson, Wednesday, day after tomorrow."

"Really, darling?"

"That's final."

"What about the Drake's dinner dance, and the party for us at the Country Club Saturday night?"

"You know the situation." He dropped into a straight chair opposite her. "When we discussed it, you thought it wise for me to give up the advertising job here and take advantage of the opportunity opening up in Kansas."

"Yes," her face clouded. "But I never dreamed it meant giving up all our plans. Our wedding day is set for the twenty-eighth of February. That's just one week from Wednesday."

"I didn't expect this. But the assistant manager has just resigned. That leaves the store at loose ends. We may have to be married out there."

"You hinted as much before," Joan frowned.

"I hoped the fellow would stay on until I got there. Don't imagine I welcome the grind. The mercantile business is entirely new to me," he appealed directly to the girl. "Can't you see, Joan, that our whole future depends upon how I take hold."

"How unreasonable, Eddie;—as if you couldn't find time to fly back to your own wedding."

EDWARD stiffened. "Look here, Joan, this is serious. You knew I had a slash in my salary, you know I thought it unfair even to think of our marriage this year."

"Yes, but Dad would have helped us."

"Not me." He reached for a paper knife, and began to tap his palm. "Suddenly Uncle Don dies. I fall heir to a splendid business. Shall I take it or leave it?"

"We've threshed that all out before. In accepting the store I never dreamed we'd have to give up our wedding."

Edward looked bored. "I know it means sacrifices, leaving my friends, leaving this town, starting in a new line. But isn't it worth it?"

"But Eddie, a girl's wedding is so tremendously important. Do try to understand."

"I do understand. But shall I let the property go to waste? I'm losing hundreds of dollars every day that my business is without a head."

"Always thinking of money," chimed in the girl.

"We can't live without it, dear."

"Mother thinks it would be terribly unconventional for me to follow you out there to be married when I have such a nice home here."

"I'm sure your father will understand," Eddie said stiffly.

"You can't blame 'Moms.' They have lived here always. They're known up and down the valley. Moms is in everything from the Daughters of the Revolution to the Garden Club. They'd like to see their daughter married regularly."

Edward's face darkened. "That sounds more like your mother's opinion than yours."

"Oh," she flaunted, "so you think I'm a rubber stamp. Very well, you'll see."

"What's the important thing? The marriage or the frills?"

"I don't want to hurt mother or father; I'm all they have. They're broken up enough as it is," her voice failed.

He went over and sat on the arm of her chair. "Sweetheart, would you want to stay on here with them, unmarried?"

"Thanks, Mr. Ramsey, I might find a man to marry."

Edward felt the thrust. Everyone knew Burton Jones was ready to swoop down upon Joan at the slightest sign from her. "Why are you so changed tonight?"

"Who wouldn't be," she retorted, "everything ordered from the veil to the cake and I'm told that you, the bridegroom, won't be there."

Edward walked back to his chair, his chin set hard. "I might have gone on ten years in this town without a chance like this. And now you're not willing."

Joan swooped down upon him, dragged him into his chair, hopped upon his knee. "Not so serious, boy, dear. You're tired tonight. Let's drop it, and go over to Tom's with the crowd. They all know about Uncle Don, and there'll be no whoopee. Let's go."

JOAN awoke late the next morning with a sense of burden, but she recalled the luncheon Marian Towner was giving for her. She just had time to dress. It did seem unreasonable of Edward to expect her to give up the wedding with the bridesmaids' dresses all ordered. But her affairs had always turned out well before. Why worry? She hurried into her bath.

She chose a becoming old frock of chiffon with a lot of blue in it; wore her lapis ear-rings, and some new, blue sandals. With a last flick of some French talcum she was ready. Her mother was waiting for her below.

"Want a glass of orange juice, lamb?"

"No, Mom, thanks." She could feel her mother's scrutiny.

"Did you ask Edward to dinner tonight?"

"No."

"If he leaves Wednesday you're not going to have much time together."

"He's too busy packing." Joan was at the door. "Mind if I take the car?"

"Of course not, darling. Run along."

IN Mrs. Towner's attractive home with the candles, lace cloth, pretty dishes and good food, Joan forgot the problem. After luncheon they played Bridge; Joan played with keen zest.

When Marian brought Joan the first prize, a bracelet, her eyes shone. "It's too gorgeous, I can't take it."

"I hoped you'd win it," Marian said sweetly.

The girls scattered into groups admiring the prizes. Joan suddenly remembered she hadn't heard from Edward all day. She went upstairs for her wrap and then down to the telephone, in a tiny room off the library. Eddie was not to be found; she had tried two numbers unsuccessfully when a conversation in the library attracted her. Lucille's voice penetrated through the half-open door:

"What is she thinking of to let that poor boy go off alone? He looked fairly sick last night. I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life."

"Oh, she's beautiful, she lives in the town's show place and all men fall for her. What can you expect?" This retort from Dorothy.

Joan's face burned.

"Sh, girls, are you sure she's gone," Adelaide Evans warned.

"I saw her go upstairs. Might do her good to hear some truths," Katharine said. "That gorgeous man! If she lets him go to that Kansas town alone, and low in his mind I swear I'll go after him myself." The crowd howled. Joan turned cold: "Let the little flirt try to take her man away." She clenched her teeth.

"It would be just too bad if she had to be married in tailored things," sputtered Marjorie. "How she'd miss the center of the stage."

Joan waited until they had time to get upstairs. Then she let herself out by the rear door, skipped through the driveway, and out to her car parked on a side street.

EDWARD was late that night. He stayed only an hour. As they parted, Joan suggested:

"If you got back an hour before the ceremony it would give you time enough. We could leave early in the morning."

"The wisest plan is to postpone it until spring." Edward spoke quietly. Joan noticed how pale he was.

"Would you want that?"

"No, but it can't be helped."

"Shall I see you off?"

"Eight-thirty? You'll never wake up at that time," he scoffed.

"You'll see"; she kissed him, and almost pushed him out of the door.

JOAN reached the station at 8:22. It was deserted. As she came out a taxi arrived. Edward leaped out—the driver following with two Gladstones.

"Well, you made it," was Edward's greeting.

"Your train's on time," she informed him.

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Lure of the Desert

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

IN SONG and story, every one who writes about the desert employs about the same metaphor, and in their own individual way arrive at about the same interpretation. The vocabulary thus built up, descriptive of the waste lands of our great Southwest, is one of romantic and, ofttimes, fabulous illusions.

Generally speaking, novelists, poets and romanticists find the desert an abiding place of charm and beauty that often borders on the saccharine.

There is a strange allurement and much romantic charm about the desert, but, like all Sphinx-like sirens, there is much of mystery, disillusionment and even cruelty in the mingled elements that go to make up its complexities.



Sun-Drenched Mojave, by Clyde Forsythe
Courtesy Biltmore Salon

The artists who have specialized in painting desert subjects have, as a rule, arrived at a deeper meaning and a more comprehensive understanding in their translations in pigment than have the writers of fiction and verse. In their feeling for the moods of Nature, the western painters endeavor to translate something of the hidden meaning that lies back and beyond the silent masses of granite buttes, and the stern, merciless beauty of the desert. In so doing, they have given us something of the brooding melancholy, the rich mellowness, and the elusive qualities that characterize the vivid landscape.

To successfully paint this difficult type of picture, one must know the desert in all its fickle, changing moods. The artist, in order to speak with authority, must possess, or be able to acquire, a Western background.

Clyde Forsythe, an active member of "Painters of the West," whose desert subjects are always on public view at the Biltmore Salon in Los Angeles, is one of very few painters who possess a really authentic background for the difficult task he essays. He was born in California, spent his early youth roaming over a picturesque cattle ranch, studied at the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, and with the exception of a few busy years spent in New York becoming a successful illustrator, the whole gamut of his development as an easel painter has had to do with the West.

Year by year, Forsythe has lived the life he paints. It is at once evident that he has devoted much time and study to develop beyond a merely good illustrator into a painter who now promises to become a sincere and exacting interpretative artist, dealing exclusively in a definite type of subject-matter.

The mere fact that an artist paints Western subjects does not stamp him as typically a Western painter. He may draw his subjects and his inspiration from the Western landscape, yet in feeling and temperament remain far removed from the category of native artists.

EVER seeking new and untried problems in paint, the desert landscape has lured Forsythe far afield. He paints his subjects directly from Nature, usually packing in to the remote regions that he portrays—thus in close contact, he never loses sympathy with the natural elements he seeks to interpret.

In much of Forsythe's work, one feels that he is devoted to a cause. He has set an ultimate goal and is earnestly and consistently striving to attain it. Thus his work expresses many and varied conflicting emotions. His is a temperament of many hues and shades, and he sees a desert of equally many and diverse moods. Of paramount interest to his experimental intent is not only its scintillating color and dramatic outlines, but also its elemental cruelty in vivid contrast to its wistful charm.

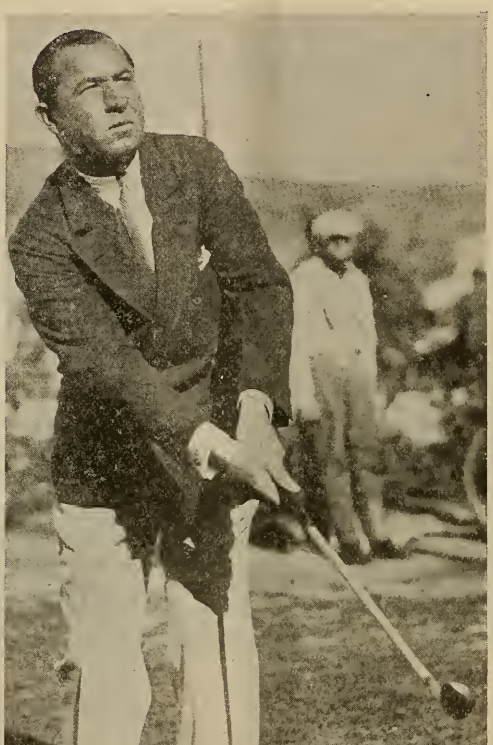
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This Athletic World of Ours

By EVERETT L. SANDERS

Golf

HOW many times in your golfing career have you been able to make a hole-in-one? Several have two, three and four to their credit but that fine old Scotchman, Sandy Herd, tops the list with eighteen. His explanation of his success is interesting. He says, "It's quite an easy matter to sink one's tee shot—IF—you know just how to hold your club—IF—you know just how hard to hit the ball—IF—you know the exact distance the ball has to travel to drop in—IF—you have in your mind it's going to drop—IF—you keep the ball on the right line, and IF you have luck on your side." Sandy Herd is 64 years young and has hopes of making his total 25 before he checks in. Herd won the British Open in 1902 at Hoylake with a score of 307 against 112 entrants and has been runner-up in four other open tournaments. Very few of the outstanding golfers in history were "ace-minded," and it is surprising to note how few of the aces recorded were made in tournament play.



Walter Hagen

As near as historians have been able to learn, golf was first played in the present form in Scotland about the year 1457. However, it remained for the St. Andrews Golf Club to really pave the way and lay the foundation for its present popularity. This Club was formed about the year 1552. From that time on it has had a steady growth until it has over-run the world with public and private golf clubs. Some of the outstanding players of all time have been the following (how many have you heard of?): Willie Park, Sr., Tom Morris, Sr., Tom Morris, Jr., to whose memory sixty golfing societies contributed a monument as the greatest golfer of the old school; Harry Vardon, one of the best of all time; J. H. Taylor; James Braid; Walter Hagen; Robert Tyre Jones, Jr. Probably the best lady golfer since 1900 is Miss Joyce Wethered of England.

Wrestling

AN entertaining sport. Better than most shows! Titles in dispute and no wrestler generally acknowledged as champion. At present there are three claimants to the Heavyweight Championship of the World: Henri de Glane, Jim Londos and Ed "Strangler" Lewis. A few years back the "Strangler" was undisputed champion but had his title claims vacated by a commission who control wrestling activities in about half of the states in the Union. Their right to name the Champion for the rest of the world is without doubt nil. However, they acknowledge Jim Londos as the present Champ. Lewis lost his title claims to Gus Sonnenberg who in turn lost to Don George. Lewis regained the most generally acknowledged title from George in a match at the Olympic Auditorium in 1931 and in turn lost to Henri de Glane in a match in Montreal. He was disqualified for biting de Glane's wrist but claimed de Glane bit himself. The fact is Henri de Glane is the present heavyweight champion of the world by succession of the title being won and lost in the ring regardless of claims and counter-claims of other wrestlers and commissions. When you ask who is the BEST wrestler in the game today, that is another question and story. The writer is of the opinion that Ed "Strangler" Lewis could take Londos, de Glane and George and win from them all in the same ring in one evening.

Editorial Comment

Vagaries of the Law

Its Interpretation and Administration

By ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

I.

IN THE great City of Los Angeles the papers recently carried notice of a police raid upon a theatre featuring a certain Greek play—Lysistrata—written more than 2,000 years ago by the renowned ancient Greek poet and playwright, Aristophanes, a master of comedy and satire. It seems that the play was adjudged unfit for popular consumption so, in the interest of public morals, the Chief of the Police Vice Squad raided the show and took the actors into custody. It was insisted by the players, and quite properly, that, good or bad, the author and producers of the play, not the actors, were responsible.

A temporary restraining order was then issued by Superior Judge Harry R. Archbald, thus making unlawful further raids upon the show until the order was removed. But in defiance of the Court's order, the doubty police captain who had led the first onslaught, is alleged to have denounced the Superior Court and to have remarked, "Who the —— is Judge Archbald," and to have gone joyfully on his way to another theatre raid. Said Captain was then convicted of contempt of court. Refusing to pay his $100 fine, he was sentenced to jail. He petitioned for a writ of habeas corpus which petition was denied by United States District Judge Paul J. McCormick, who held that "attorneys for the petitioner had conceded that the petitioner had been personally served with a temporary restraining order from Superior Judge Harry R. Archbald prior to the time he violated and disobeyed the terms of the order."

Regardless of this, the representatives of a welfare organization came forward with money to pay the Captain's fine so to release him from jail, thus condoning the unlawful act of the Captain and to that extent joining with him in defiance to the Court and to the established law. All of which indicates that a private citizen is supposed to live within the law while a police officer may with impunity ignore the mandates of our higher courts.

Charges against the players and producers have now been dismissed but the episode has cost the taxpayers of Los Angeles a pretty penny. Evidence has not yet been deduced to determine whether our friend Aristophanes is to be prosecuted.

II.

IN THIS afore-mentioned city of Los Angeles there is, it seems, an ordinance to the effect that card games played for stakes are unlawful, even when such games are conducted in the privacy of the family circle and for the enjoyment of family members and friends. These chance games frequently take the form of penny ante, and no doubt are oft-times played for larger stakes. Many such penny-ante games are entirely social, not professional.

It seems from printed reports that the police department and the city government have of late worked overtime to ferret out some of these harmless penny-ante games, have raided private homes without warrants and have lugged the offenders off to the "hoosegow" in the festive "Black Maria." At the same time the officers of the law are engaged in this laudable undertaking, the city is reeking with burglaries, hold-ups, murders, hit-and-run drivers and various other forms of misdemeanor, vice and crime.

But while the penny-ante games are being broken up and the culprits jailed or fined, equally harmless forms of amusement but embodying similar elements of chance and skill, are carried on without let or hindrance in numerous drug stores and at cigar stands. These games may take the form of punch boards, guessing or estimating numbers, snapping marbles into receptacles, playing juvenile golf and what not. Any boy or girl supplied with a nickel or a dime may play one of these games. In numerous instances, the one making the best score in competition during the day is awarded a prize.

If now we could only make it unlawful to engage in a ping pong contest or a misdemeanor for writers to participate in literary competition for money or prizes, what might not be accomplished toward elevation of the moral standard! The contestant in such a literary contest is without doubt as morally culpable as is the penny-ante player. It seems not to have occurred to the wise ones that it would be better to expend public funds in prevention of real crime and the protection of the suffering rather than in encroachment upon personal liberties and the quelling of harmless amusements and recreation.

III.

TAKE now a recent circumstance embodying a type of felony that is becoming a real menace to community and state,—one that requires most serious consideration. Forgery is a crime for which the offender, if apprehended and convicted,

is subject to severe punishment. In the city of Los Angeles, forgery is becoming an all too common practice. A case is in point:

An advertising salesman for a magazine of unquestioned reputation claimed to have secured contracts from certain business concerns whereby the latter were to use space in a given issue of the publication. This salesman turned in these contracts, bearing names of the alleged advertisers to whom space had presumably been sold. There was also turned over to the paper by the salesman, copy for the advertising that was to appear. Money was advanced by the magazine to the salesman, such advance to apply against commissions when earned. The salesman then vanished, but not until a personal loan had been secured from the publisher of the periodical.

With the printing and issuance of the magazine that carried these advertisements, the advertisers were billed for service rendered. These merchants expressed indignation at being thus billed and disclaimed any obligation. They had authorized no advertising, had signed no contracts for such service. Some of these merchants had never seen or talked with the advertising salesman. The magazine was then threatened with exposure for attempting to extort money under false pretenses.

The advertising salesman was finally apprehended in another city and brought back to Los Angeles on a charge of forgery and placed under bail until the trial date in Superior Court. The District Attorney's office prosecuted the case for the State. The defendant was represented by a member of the Public Defender's staff. The defendant requested and was given a jury trial. The Judge before whom the case was tried is known for his impartial decisions and even-handed justice. He has, too, earned reputation for pronouncing sentence when deserved, rather than for letting the culprit off with a mere reprimand. This fact was well known to the defendant and to the representative of the Public Defender's office; hence jury trial was asked.

Five witnesses gave testimony on the stand against the defendant. The merchants whose ads the salesman claimed to have secured, testified under oath that no advertising was authorized and that the signatures attached to the contracts had not been written by them. Three representatives of the magazine testified that the advertising solicitor had brought in the signed contracts and the ad copy, claiming that the advertising had been properly secured.

The defendant admitted signing the names of the supposed advertisers to the contracts but testified this had been done in the office of the publisher under his dictation and with assurance from him that such procedure was proper. The State attempted to prove only that the signatures were forged and did so prove, as the defendant admitted guilt in this regard. The State then rested the matter with the jury. Under prompting from the attorney for the defense, the defendant testified there was no intent to defraud and, experienced salesman though the defendant was, testified to an understanding that the publisher of the magazine had authority to authorize the placing of signatures of alleged advertisers to contracts. The Public Defender, in shielding the defendant, appealed to the business sense of the men and women of the jury that it was common practice for a salesman or solicitor who was securing business on contract, to bring into the office of the firm contracts in blank and there sign the names of clients or purchasers of goods without authority from the latter. The exact opposite is, of course, known perfectly well to be the fact by both prosecutor and any jury member with the least knowledge of affairs or familiarity with business methods. The spirit of the law was flouted by the attorney for the defense, himself an official of the State, thus leading jurors to such disregard of facts as might cause them to act in later and more important cases to the great disadvantage of individual or State.

After brief deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," thus exonerating the defendant of the charge of forgery which had been admitted and proved. In so doing the jury placed a premium upon such felony. Furthermore, in accepting the testimony of the accused as against that of five reputable citizens of the community, none of whom had anything to gain from the conviction of the defendant, but who were acting in the interest of the public good and the community safety, the jury virtually denounced these five witnesses as perjurers.

A court official was right. He remarked at the beginning of the trial when, instead of permitting the judge to decide the case, the defendant demanded a jury trial, that in the long run with the average case submitted to a jury, the decision could as well rest on the throw of the dice as upon the findings of the jury. And still we adhere to the obsolete jury system. We tolerate a legal procedure that permits a Public Defender to protect not merely the interests of the defendant, which he should do to the best of his ability, but that permits him as well to indulge in such distorted statements in appeal to the jury as to border upon dishonesty.

"Crime is deterred not by the severity of uncertain punishment but by the certainty of punishment sufficiently severe." Had the case been in the hands of the judge, he would in all likelihood have pronounced sentence upon the defendant, who then would probably have been placed under

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California College in China

By IVAN MELVILLE TERWILLIGER

SOME years before the present critical interest in the Manchurian situation, it became evident to a number of California citizens that the contacts between the United States and the Orient are determined in ultimate outcome by those leaders who are intelligently familiar with the civilizations of both Asia and America. It also appeared that Asia is preparing a larger number of individuals by study in the United States and at home than we are preparing by research in the Orient. This is particularly true of China.

When, therefore, opportunity arose to establish an affiliation between certain serious-minded educators and business men of California and an established school for Americans at Peiping, the cultural capital of China, it was done. And the resultant organization in 1929 was incorporated as California College in China under a state charter conferring full college rights upon the trustees.

The result has been eminently successful. The present Trustees and Overseers represent practically every major university and industry in California. They are equally divided between the north and the south; Dr. W. B. Pettus is President of the College; General David P. Barrows of the University of California is President of the Trustees, and Dr. Robert E. Swain the Acting President of Stanford is Chairman of the Overseers. Paige Monteagle is Secretary and Ira S. Lillick, Treasurer. Other officers and members of the Executive Committee include: Harry Chandler, Vice-President; Harold Dollar, Vice-President; Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, Vice-President; A. G. Beaman, Assistant Secretary; A. B. C. Dohrmann, Dr. A. H. Reinhardt, Mark L. Gerstle, Mrs. John Carruthers, E. H. Furman, Colonel Perry W. Weidner; Orra E. Monnette, Assistant Treasurer; I. M. Terwilliger, Representative of the Board of Trustees.

It is the purpose of the College to cultivate among English speaking people "a broader and more useful understanding of the literature, culture and aspirations of the Chinese people." This purpose is accomplished through two instrumentalities, the school at Peiping and the organization in California.

The Language School at Peiping, China, offers training in Chinese Language, History and Arts, the degree of Master of Arts being given college graduates upon completion of the scholastic requirements. It has a campus of four and one-half acres, with modern buildings and a vacation hotel in the Western Hills, and is free of debt. The student body consists primarily of American young people. Students come from all occupations and classes however, and include professors from American Universities. Scientists, Officers of the United States Forces in China, U. S. Consuls, Business men, Missionaries. During the past twelve months 198 individuals have been enrolled.



President W. B. Pettus moving into the Library the Great Chinese Encyclopedia—a gift of friends in Pasadena to CALIFORNIA'S OWN COLLEGE *at the Cultural Center of China.*

A hostel is also maintained offering welcome to travelers. The average number of guests during the past year has been 81, including numerous visitors from California.

At the school in found the best library in the Orient, dealing wtih China in the English language. A new 150-page catalogue of books on China is now being printed. A card catalogue of 5,000 reproductions of Chinese paintings has been made.

Nearly 50 individuals comprise the school faculty, including special lecturers from the National University. Thus individual instruction is given the student, that he may master the Chinese language in the shortest possible time. New lessons have been printed during the last year and the course of study thoroughly revised.

A service of Visiting Professors is maintained from colleges in California, Dr. Russell M. Story of Pomona being the professor now in residence. He has prepared an address on "The Struggle for Manchuria," which is in pamphlet form. Just re-

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The White Cross of Monterey

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liked not to bow down to the sign of the Great Spirit, and was filled with anger against the long-robed men who had planted the sign, so that he shot one of them with a poisoned arrow. For that he had been obliged to leave the wigwam of his brothers and never go back. But he could not forget what he had learned about the Great Spirit of the pale faces, and lived always in fear.

Umatilla had taught his children and his grandchildren to fear also. And that was why, when she had found this sign, the likeness of the one the great Chief had seen, she had brought many offerings to the Great Spirit, so that he would be kind to Umatilla where he wandered.

The eagles had nested once since she had found the sign, growing by magic out of the sand, and in all that time she had brought an offering every seventh day. A young brave had told her he had seen pale-faced men in long robes plant it there, but that made no difference—she knew it was the likeness of the sign which the Great Chief Umatilla had seen.

After much talk a young chief, her great-grandson, had given her his war-bonnet, and tied it for her on the very top of the cross. That had made her very happy, for she was sure that now the Great Spirit was appeased, and that at last the great Chief Umatilla was safe in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Now indeed was she at peace in her heart, not only because she knew the Manitau's wrath against Umatilla was appeased, but because this daughter of her most loved grandson also gave homage to the white stranger's God, and believed in the vision she had seen in the heavens.

The fires in the west turned to ashes. The snow-capped Sierra Madres lost their glow, and gloom crept over land and sea. Above the eastern mountains a silver shallop shone through clouds of mist. One by one stars pricked the blue heavens. A fog drifted in from the sea.

As old Natonka watched, the cross began to glow,—faintly at first, but growing more vividly and strangely luminous as the darkness enveloped it. In the enshrouding mists the arms seemed to reach out, and the body to grow taller until in imagination it pierced the heavens.

In trembling awe Natonka prostrated herself beside the girl, one as motionless as the other,—a part of the night and the fog, and the dismal pounding of the breakers against the distant cliffs. The cross glowed luminously above them.

Lure of the Desert

Continued from page 51

His earlier works dealt with the roving life of the lonely prospector. In many of his most popular canvases he introduces weather-beaten men plodding beside camp-wagons or pack-burros, or making a campfire of mesquite. It is just here that Forsythe often yields to sentiment, giving us a very poetic and feeling work, but one broadening upon the illustrative.

His handling of vast desert panorama, dry, barren and colorful, are, as a rule, more important, and are painted with greater direction and simplicity.

In his later work, Forythe shows a remarkable development of color sense. He has broadened his technique perceptibly and has simplified his compositions, with the result that his canvases are far more authentic and forceful.

Employing unbroken planes of color is a perilous adventure in art, but one that intrigues Forsythe's growing mastery of his medium.

We see Forsythe at his best in such a subject as "Sun-Drenched Mojave," herewith reproduced. It is a cruel mood, but truthfully and sympathetically interpreted.

Very often I find that Forsythe's desert skies are of chief interest and merit in his landscapes. Those giant thunder-heads rising tier upon tier to meet the blue, are one of the chief beauties of the desert country. No other place may one find cloud formations so fantastic or regal as in the desert regions of the Southwest. This difficult fete, Forsythe articulates with great truth and artistic facility, and it is an important factor to his ever-growing popularity and success as one of our most authentic and colorful native California painters.

In the tenth annual exhibition of "Society of Painters of the West" at the Biltmore Salon, under the supervision of Alexander Cowie, Forsythe gave us one of his most heroic, colorful and successful desert paintings, called "Distant Thunder." This brings us face to face with a new and changed vision on the part of the artist. The tonal, almost ashen pallor, of his earlier renderings has surrendered to bold outline, rich, luminous color, and forceful handling, which is destined to carry Forsythe rapidly forward to his coveted goal—an artist who knows the desert and possesses the knowledge to paint it.

MELODY LANE

BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

THE QUEST

By D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

IT IS no idle dream that hems me in;
But rather is it actuality
Which brings me to the dark reality
That beauty is not now where it has been.
There is a raucous laughter in the din
Of foreign sounds, a gross banality
Whose rending strength strikes at frugality
To strip my soul of all that it may win

No certain peace. But I shall seek again
For having known the touch of beauty's hand
It has been given me to understand
That it is only she who blesses men;
Who gives them power to fight against the dark;
Yes, even when the soul grows chill and stark.

• •

REPERTOIRE

By REHGE L. ROLLE

THERE is rebellion in my weary brain—
A haunting sense of longing, and of loss;
I want the shimmer, and the sparkling gloss
Of firelight, though it end in scorching pain:
For now this youthful heart where love might reign
Is like a well, choked up with weeds and moss;
And lethargy has been a heavy cross
Of life bestowed, but to be lived in vain.

The spell of former love envelops me;
The picture is too clear, and stays too long;
Its rhythm has the harsh audacity
Of loud, shrill-noted, and insistent gong
Quite brazen in its bald monotony;
O, let me live to learn a gentler song!

• •

DEFIANCE

By BEULAH MAY

WHEN at one last evensong
I am still,
There will bloom a crimson rose
On the hill;

There will wake a tiger cub,
Furry thing,
Stretching eager baby claws
To the spring;

There will rise a sapling oak,
Sunlit leaves,
Where the dust that was my heart,
Pulses, breathes.

WHITE MAGIC

By LEETHA JOURNEY PROBST

SNOW on the mountains!
I declare
No spring morn
Will seem more fair

Than this when I
Awake to see
The mountain's
White virginity.

Snow on the mountains—
When spring days run
They too will bring
Their benison.

But I would not have
My days all warm;
My heart like the hills
Must feel the storm.

• •

TOWERS OF DREAM

By LUCIA TRENT

UPON the waters of dream I stir
With the shore of thought a delicate blur
And the mountains of ponderous fact concealed.
I grow immeasurably healed.

For dreaming has proven human worth
And made us masters of all the earth.

And so through revery I stir
And learn that life grows lovelier
For anyone who dares to find
The towers of dream within the mind.

• •

TRUST TO LOVE

By RALPH CHEYNEY

THERE are no scentless flowers—
When bruised, a tang upcurls.
And, touched by love's own powers,
There are no homely girls.

Each sapling held a mortal
Once in pagan fee.
And some find heaven's portal
Through God upon a tree.

But trust to love and see then
No war for flesh and soul,
Toward goddesses no heathen
But God and Nature whole.

Strands of Spider Web

Continued from page 45

the proffered promotion, he decided to accept Mr. Mason's offer. First, however, on that very evening he determined to go to Avis and say goodbye. At the same time he planned to warn her of the danger of continuing on terms of acquaintance with the smuggler.

"I've always thought you the most utterly wonderful man that ever lived, Darrel," the girl said when he told her the character of the suspected smuggler. "I wish we did think alike about everything. There's only one of you. But Howard Ralston's only a most passing acquaintance of mine. I was introduced to him at the Junior League dance by one of the hostesses."

"Well, I just wanted to warn you, Avis. I know what I've told you about his past career is exact. Of course. I know you have a fine standard of values and would soon discover things for yourself.

"There's something else, too."

The look in Darrel's eyes brought Avis to her feet.

"Dear, dearest man," she said with the faintest, swiftest of quivers in her voice, "What is it?"

"I've given up my job in the Internal Revenue Service. Thought I'd try my luck elsewhere. Maybe I can get something in Washington. Don't know for sure, though."

"How wonderful! That's fine. Just what I've always prayed for you."

Marston looked nonplussed.

"You've always wanted me to give up my job and go away, Avis?"

"Yes, now I can give up my job, too, if you'll marry me. I always feared that there might be temptations connected with your work, Darrel, which could become too great, if we were married and you needed money badly for my sake, to save my life for instance, or some other dreadful emergency.

"Would you like to make a hit with me today, and tomorrow, and far into eternity?

"Then," and the man noticed in her eyes a merry but tender glow, "take me on a lifetime trip away from here with you—wherever you go to hunt your job. I'll give up my job first."

His arm went about her as he kissed her and murmured:

"Great, that ridiculous job business—I want my wife my own wife—all of her."

Slowly her face turned toward his and their eyes met. Her lips moved.

"Darling, didn't you realize that there isn't a woman alive who doesn't put something first before her job?"

"Oh, my own sweet—what?" he asked with a choke.

She laughed and looked away.

"Oh, well—what do you think?"

A lump was in his throat, and a flood of sentiment swept over him as he murmured,

"I think that I'm only part of myself. You're the rest. I love you, Avis."

Vagaries of the Law

Continued from page 54

the watchful eye of a probation officer, thus protecting both society and the culprit. Such procedure would likewise be something of a guarantee that further attempts at forgery would not be indulged in. The chances are now largely in favor of a repetition of forgery or the committing of a more serious crime.

It is significant that in announcing the verdict, the Foreman of the jury is understood to have warned the defendant against forgery practices in the future.

In the case herein cited, the money cost to the State, aside from loss to the plaintiff, covered the expense of a jury of twelve men and women for three days, the time and efforts of the Judge of the Superior Court, representatives of the District Attorney's office and the Public Defender's office, and of clerks, stenographers and bailiffs.

And while criminals are turned loose to prey upon society, there are multitudes of well meaning people who urge the abolishment of severe forms of punishment for law breakers.

The Last Straw

THE recent developments in the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, headlined as we go to press, throws into the discard all weakneses of the law as heretofore understood and applied. It appears that the organized efforts of local, state and federal forces of the law have been unsuccessful in locating and bringing to account the abductors. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh have the sympathy of the Nation—of the World—in their endeavors to secure the return of their child. But fearing for the ultimate safety of the boy, the services of two underworld characters have been secured, two

Read further on page 60

The Literary West

RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD, by Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver. Richard R. Smith, Inc. 204 pp. $2.00.

"WHAT Is Happening to the American Home." Rabbi Hillel Silver does not ask. He tells us with a clarity, a sanity, a breadth of view that makes one wish that chapter at least, in his new book, "Religion in a Changing World," could be broadcast. His method, so different from that of the writer who sets out to prove his own thesis, is refreshingly moderate.

"One should," he says, "guard himself from the subtle danger of generalization." And goes on to say that he might readily collect a body of facts on the basis of which he could build an argument altogether true so far as the facts included, but altogether false so far as the facts omitted." He proceeds to show two diametrically opposing views of America at the present time. He applies the same method to the American home. After showing finally "the vast reserves of spiritual and moral strength in the American home," he shows the social, economic and intellectual forces by which it is now attacked.

The wisdom of Rabbi Silver's words will find welcome in the hearts of many readers, those who believe much and those who believe little, for he asks for "tolerance but not indifference, enthusiasm but not fanatacism, convictions but not obsessions, independence but not isolation, conflict but not hate." The book should have wide reading.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

* * * *

THE PERFECT HOSTESS, by Rose Henniker Heaton. E. P. Dutton & Company. 160 pages. Price $2.50.

HERE is a little book that is decidedly "different." Instead of the traditional treatises on etiquette, this volume in humorous and satirical vein, gives in most interesting form some of the necessary usages of polite society.

There are menus for breakfast, dinner and luncheon. Chapters on the domestic staff, little comforts for the guest room, hints for picnics and parties, golf and the theatre, the gentle art of letter writing, and other equally interesting and important topics.

The book is enlivened by bits of verse appropriate to the particular chapter or section, and is illustrated throughout with most unique and suggestive pen and ink drawings.

* * * *

APACHE, by Will Leavington Comfort. E. P. Dutton Company. 274 pages.

"APACHE," the story of Don-ha, (Dasoda-hae-he that is just sitting there—sitting to gather the wisdom of others) one lives rather than reads. We learn the motives for his actions. What he does may be cruel or hateful; it is nevertheless the working out of his well-considered plan.

The picture of the Apaches here given does not evade or deny the harsh and cruel character ascribed to the tribe as a people. It has always been acknowledged that they are very different from the Navajos. Comfort so motivates his action with the accepted beliefs and customs of the tribe that we all see against its proper background, and this he has done with a reserve most fitting to a people who are not permitted to speak their own names aloud.

Those who seek a story and only a story will do well to read the volume without reference to the two-page introduction which explains that Magnus Colorado was well known between the Rio Grande and the Colorado, a leader who was killed by Captain Cremony in 1868 "the King Philip of the Apache nation." He was probably about sixteen years older than Kit Carson, who is frequently referred to as the white man who never broke his word, Keet Kahsohn, who carried messages to the Great Father in Was-i-tona.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

* * * *

THE SILVER TREE AND OTHER POEMS, by Grace E. Bush. David H. Shol Company, Los Angeles.

GRACE BUSH of Hollywood has written about sixty poems and they are just off the press, in silver and red binding, a beautiful book.

The initial poem is entitled "The Silver Tree" and the name of the book is taken from the title of these fine lines. I quote the last four:

"Let me turn my shining side each day
To the World where I live,
And give back to others
Some of the light and joy given to me!"

Grace Bush has been doing just that for some years past in Hollywood and Los Angeles and lo—she has many friends.

Judge Guy Bush of the Superior Court must find himself happy indeed with a poet as well as a beautiful wife, in his home.

Western poems intermingle with general poems in the volume; but I cannot refrain from hailing "The Garden of the Bells," (Mission at San Juan Capistrano) the most admirable presentation in the book:

"And a tiny fountain murmured with a silver tinkle there
Like the happy murmur of a soul too near to God for prayer."

BEN F. FIELD.

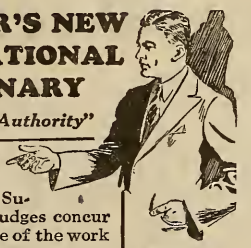
* * * *

THIS being Washington Celebration year a handy and concise book on the Presidents is most welcome. Such a book is "Our Presidents at a Glance." It is unique in that one page only is devoted to each President. In the center of the page is a splendid crayon reproduction of the executive and the text at the sides and bottom is broken by interesting pen sketches—157 in all—of scenes taken from the life and time. These pictures are lessons in themselves. The text is brief, concise and authentic, and gives in interesting manner the outstanding facts connected with the accomplishments of the thirty American Leaders who have served the United States in the White House. The cover is in the National colors of Red, White and Blue. The book is valuable for young and old alike. Publisher's price, $1.00. To all Overland Monthly subscribers the price, postpaid, is but 50 cents per copy. Order from V.-P. Service, 540 South San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

(Read further on page 61)

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"Pussyfoot" Johnson

(Continued from page 48)

the stretcher. They called a car and told me to jump in. The rioters jumped for the car. One of them grabbed one of the policemen by the trousers. The policeman hung onto the side of the door, the rowdy hung onto the policeman, the car started. We kept the policeman but the rowdy kept the policeman's trousers. While the policemen were getting me into the automobile, someone hit me in the eye, knocking my eye out, since which time I have worn a glass eye.

I have talked in every city of any size in every state in the Union, as well as every country in Europe, and in New Zealand, South Africa and India. We of the United States have never yet tackled a job that we couldn't put across. We outlawed dueling, we helped put the pirates out of business, we suppressed slavery and we are going to wipe bootleggers and their poisonous products off the map."

Married Regularly

Continued from page 50

"It would be." His eyes implied she was lovely.

A train whistled. Joan ran to her car, whisked out two bags, beckoned to the driver.

"Please take the car and the note to Mr. Jarvis." She pushed a bill into his hand.

"What does this mean?" Edward demanded.

"I'm going along."

The train thundered in. Eddie yelled, "You are what?"

"I'm going along. We'll be married tonight."

"Sure you won't miss the big doings."

She smiled bravely, "Sure not."

"Good girl! and if Uncle Don's brother-in-law will take the job of assistant we'll get back for the wedding. We'll be married twice, and once regularly."

Vagaries of the Law

(Continued from page 58)

men known as racketeers and with prison records.

It is indeed a commentary upon the law of this country and a most pathetic spectacle that the machinery of Government must be turned over to crooks and gangsters to act as go-betweens, with promise of immunity to the criminals who abducted the baby, as a last resort to secure his return. There is no country on the face of the earth, civilized or otherwise, where such a comedy could be enacted. In the matter of common sense law and its enforcement, Canada, England, the countries of Continental Europe and most of the Islands of the sea are our superiors.

California College in China

(Continued from page 55)

ceived from China, also is a booklet by Ben D. Dorfman, Traveling Fellow from the University of California, entitled "Japan's Reimposition of the Gold Embargo." A copy of either pamphlet will be sent gratis by addressing California College in China, 213 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

The College maintains offices both in Los Angeles and San Francisco, but has no physical plant in California. Its work in the State is conducted primarily by cooperation with previously existing institutions. Information is supplied not only to the Trustees and Overseers but also to a considerable group of interested friends and organizations to whom bulletins are sent and for whom meetings are held and lectures given.

The Literary West

Continued from page 59

VANYA OF THE STREETS. By Ruth Epperson Kennell. Illustrated by Michael Perts. Harper and Brothers. 208 pp. Price $2.00.

IN THE pages of this remarkable book, Ruth Kennell, a former Californian who has spent many years in Russia, records the story of *Vanya* and his companions—typical of the hordes of *besprizornie* or uncared-for children, the "wolf packs" which have roamed the vast expanse of Soviet Russia since the days of the Revolution. It wrenches the heart to read so graphic a description of the plight of these youngsters—mostly orphaned children struggling to maintain their existence by begging and stealing, living more like rats than humans, heroically enduring privation, in a great

(Read further on page 64)



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"Pickhandle Dick"

Continued from page 39

and it was not safe for a wandering prospector to travel on the main roads; instead, they had to take to the brush and travel along the foothills.

Further, Dick complained, the old-time prospector never had a chance any more, as he was eliminated by the graduates from the School of Mines —youths who did not know a mine from a hole in the ground. All they knew about prospecting was to look over an old prospect hole or an abandoned old dump, take a sample and have it assayed. The only prospecting they ever did was to visit some old and well prospected district in a high-powered machine, with box lunch and a bottle or two of Coco-Cola, examine some old dump, return home the same night and sleep in a soft bed. They never made an original discovery to add to the wealth of a nation.

He also lamented the fact that there were no saloons any more where he could spend a quiet evening raising hell! The zone of tolerance was abolished, also the Crystal Palace with its faro layout where the shrill cry of "Keno" rent the air.

DICK had not been in Tombstone for years, but his partner had sent him funds regularly. From what I gathered, he was paying his partner a farewell visit. He was on the last lap of a long journey, nearing the end of life's trail, and had surrendered at last to the progressive element.

Addressing me as an old friend, Dick said:

"Say, pard, purty tough when a feller can't find no range where he kin be alone. I can't prospect with a lotta fellers buttin' in.

"Things ain't like they was in th' 80's. Even th' sow-belly yeh git now don't taste right no more. We usta git it in slabs, but now yeh git it sliced an' put up in hiflutin' glass jars.

"Now yeh git chili con-carne in tine cans an' instedda sour dough bread cooked in dutch ovens yeh git flapjack flour in purty pasteboard boxes most ready tuh eat.

"They even try tuh sell a feller coffee with th' kick took outta it, an' th' storekeeper sez they'll soon be takin' th' wallop outta beans!

"Even th' chawin' tobaccy don't seem tuh make juice like it usta, an' now a feller's gotta go down into Sonora tuh wet hiz whissel.

"Then there's them druned flivvers what climb up th' side uv a mountin, cross gulches an' skip over th' desert in no time. They stop here an' there while th' tenderfeet swing a pick, busts a rock, takes a squint around an' beats it fer another range across th' valley.

"A coupla them tenderfeet fellers cum a hornin' in an' made camp long sidda me wun night an' I

(Read further on page 64)



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"Pickhandle Dick"

Continued from page 62

never seed sech a pile uv junk fer prospectin'. They hed foldin' cots an' a table what hunched up its laigs lika settin' hen. They hadda talkin' contrapshun what looked lika clock, an' I heered sumbuddy a talkin' frum 'Frisco, an' a gal a singin'. Then they hadda oil stove, but never cooked a durn thing an' et outta tin cans.

"But what got muh goat wuz when them burds turned in fer th' night. Both uv 'em puts on a pair of them there strip-ped pee-jammies, an' I cud hardly keep muh dog from a bitin' 'em. I cudn't sleep nary a wink frum a thinkin' what we all wuz a comin' tuh, so I ups an' broke camp afore sunup an' left them tenderfeet a sleepin' an' a snorin' like two fat hawgs.

"I couldn't stand it no more, so I ups an' hit th' trail an' punched muh burros down inta th' Sierra Madres, then swung around through Sonora, crossin' th' line an' headed fer th' high ground in th' south end uv th' Mohawk range in southern Arizony—th' durndest, lonesomest place I ever seen—tuh git shed uv them goll-durned flivvers.

"But, pardner! a couple weeks ago, jist w'en I figgered I'd shook them durned flivvers an' them tenderfeet prospectors, one day up in the hills I heered a hummin' noise over muh head.

"S' help me Moses! it wuz one uv them there crazy flying musheens circlin' over th' little mesa in th' foothills!

"Waal—th' durned thing lit an' two fellers crawled outta its belly, shed some duds, grabbed a pick apiece an' begin prospectin'. I kept tab on 'em fer a coupla hours, an' w'en they gets done they comes back with a sack uv float, jumps inta th' aireyplane an' lit out fer home.

"That wuz enuff fer me!

"I'm hittin' th' trail fer th' Pioneers' Home. I give up!

"G'bye, boys! I've swung muh pole-pick fer th' last time. I've cracked muh last chunka float.

"Purty soon they'll be hog-tyin' me an' shavin' off muh whiskers!

"I'm off fer Prescott in th' mornin where, w'en I give up th' goast, I kin git a last squint at them thar purple hills I love so well!"

The Literary West

(Continued from page 61)

many cases without knowledge of the comforts which might be theirs; hungry most of the time, poorly clothed and wretchedly sheltered.

The author has chosen for her hero the child *Vanya*. In the days of the great famine *Vanya* and his mother leave their native village in search of food; physically exhausted the mother dies long before they reach their destination. Alone, little *Vanya* continues the dreary journey. After enduring unspeakable hardships the boy finally reaches Moscow, joins an organized group of *besprizornie*, becomes a beggar's apprentice, associates with criminals and learns their ways; he is sent to a state institution, but prefers a precarious existence on the streets of Moscow to the discipline of an asylum. After innumerable exploits he is accepted into the ranks of the *Young Pioneers*, is sent to a school and learns a trade.

The author tells her story convincingly. But it is not merely for the sake of the narrative that this volume deserves notice; it pictures, better than most books describing the present Russian situation, the efforts of the Soviet government to overcome the heritage left in the wake of foreign and civil wars and of the devastating famine. Felix Flugel.

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IN THIS ISSUE

A DULL THUD
Nathan T. Porter

DEATH VALLEY TRAILS
E. J. Van Name

COLONEL JOHN R. WHITE AND SEQUOIA NATIONAL PLAYGROUND
George Woods Hicks

ROADS TO WORLD PEACE
Alvin Edward Moore

THE TREND OF EDUCATION

READERS OPEN FORUM

Vol. 90 APRIL, 1932 No. 3



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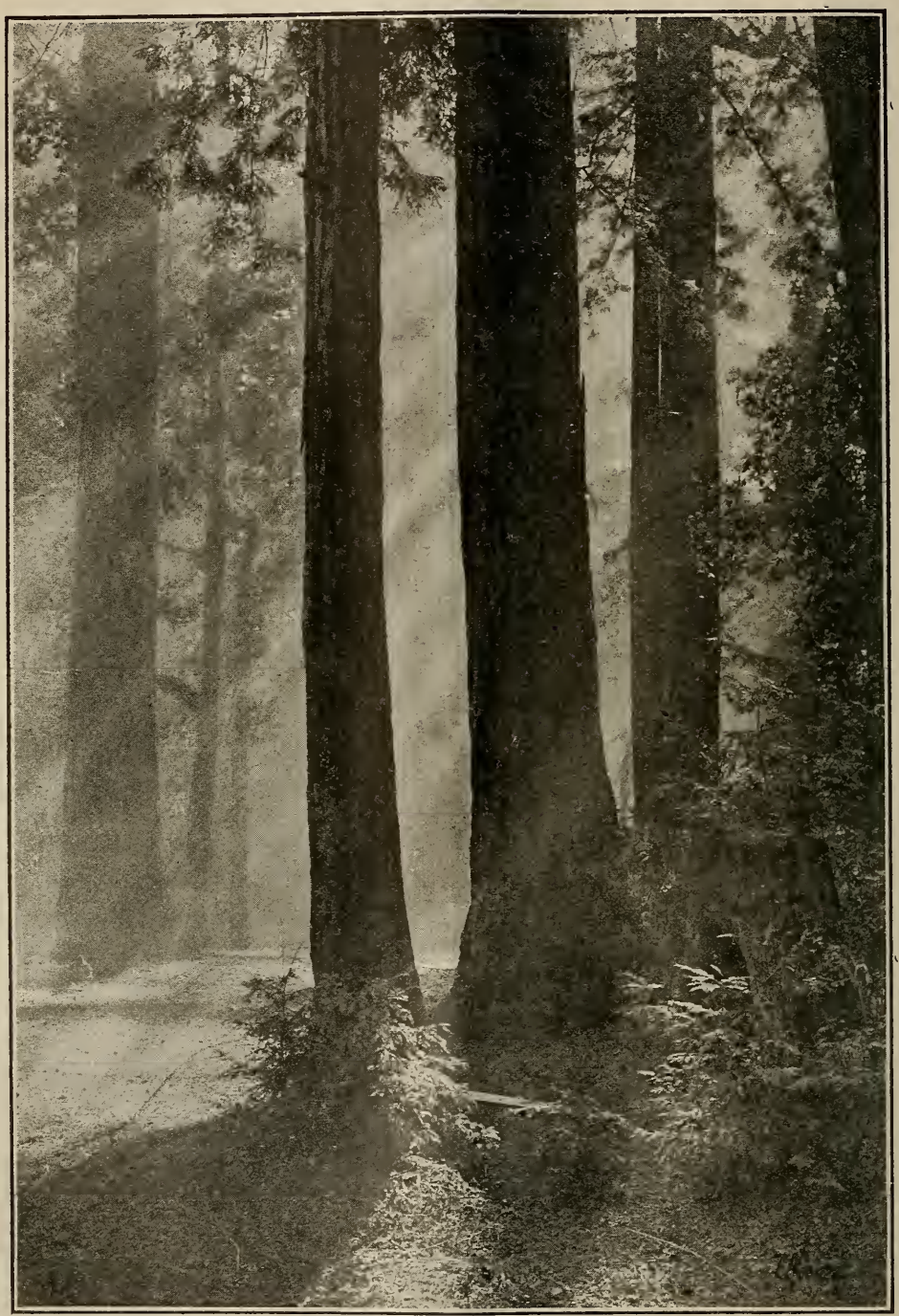
Our May Issue will be a Special Jack London Number. Material for this issue is in preparation by and the magazine will issue under auspices of the American Pen Women, Sonoma Branch.

Leading contributors will include Charmian London, who writes with understanding of the famous Jack London, and of his early contacts with Overland Monthly; Edith Granger Hawkes, President, Sonoma County Branch, American Pen Women; Celeste G. Murphy, Editor and Feature Writer; Byrd Weyler Kellogg, Journalist; Nell Griffith Wilson, Poet; Sarah Hammond Kelly, Poet; Grace Monroe Davis, Educational Writer; Grace Griffith Allison, Artist, and other well known writers.

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DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Vol. 90 APRIL, 1932 No. 3

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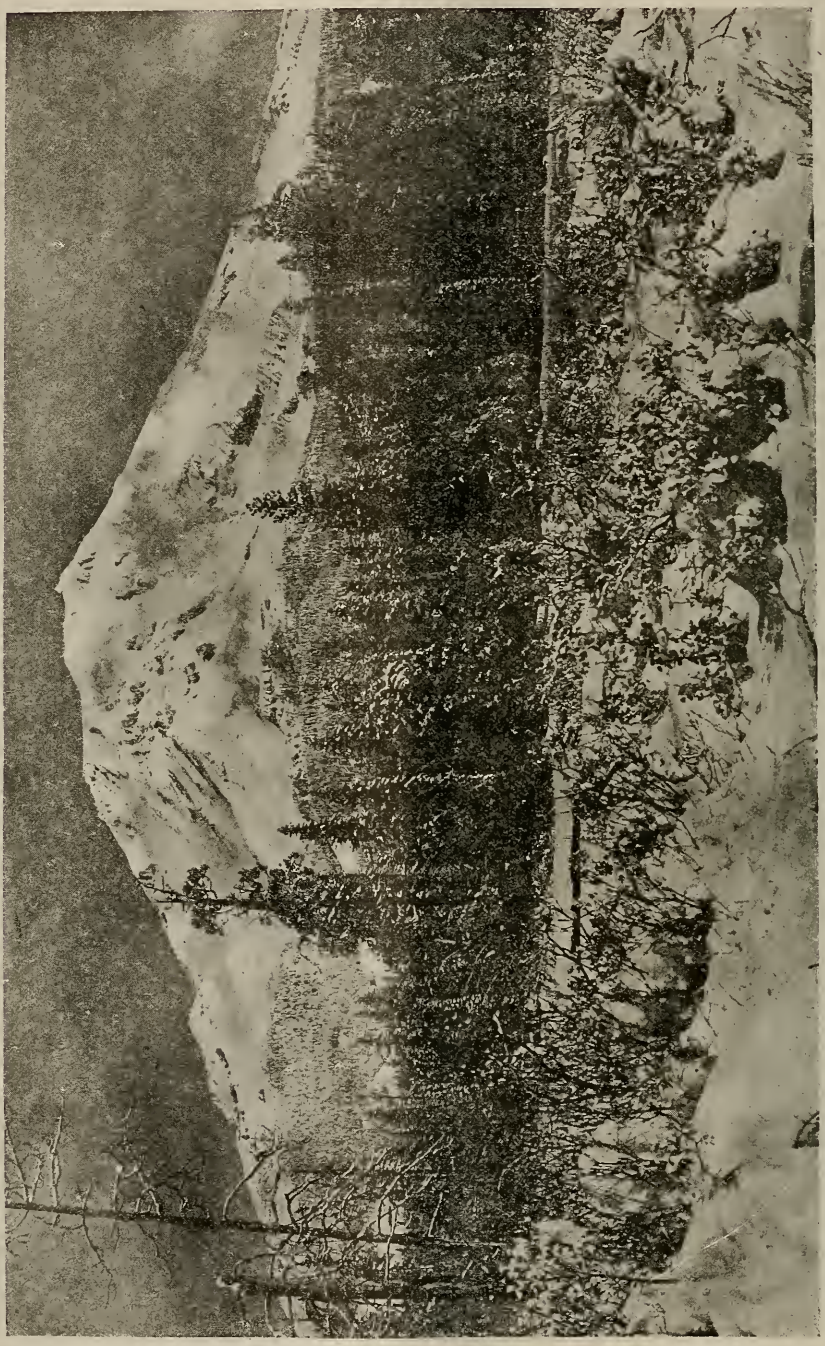
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The Mountains of California and their Glacier-covered sides furnish much water for the rich valley lands

BUSINESS and FINANCE

A Dull Thud

By NATHAN T. PORTER

WITHIN the week every "listener-in" throughout the land was put on notice of the day, hour and minute when the Head of the greatest Financial House (perhaps in all the world) would break the precendent of the generations he represented and talk to the multitude, giving them straight across advice as to what to do (and without charge).



Nathan T. Porter

The hour and the minute arrived. The voice of the oracle of finesse in Finance was heard saying, in substance: "What ought to be done in this crisis, and what you ought to do, is to go around the block, find out who is in need and make up between yourselves, and among yourselves, a purse or a provision of some sort which will just cover that need. When you do that, your block is taken care of; and when that is done in every inhabited block throughout the country, our pressing needs will be taken care of and we will be on the way."

Picture, if you can, the vision such advice would open up to the man living within the block, or immediate district, occupied by people, nearly all of whom are in dire financial distress. Then in contrast, picture the vision that would open up to the man of wealth surrounded on every side by wealth and where the percentage of distressed humans will be so small as not to even scratch or mar the picture.

Believe it or not, it will take miraculous intellectual power to reduce the advice of the great House of Morgan to even the semblance of the practical and the equitable. In the way of wisdom such advice falls with a dull thud. And to think it fell from so great a height!

Seriously and pathetically, it was a cruel blow striking the very heart of our pride of resourcefulness and business sagacity. Better, and better a hundred times, go to our good Samaritan, the Salvation Army, and ask them to show us a way out. They would make a survey of the block and find out the needs, and then go wherever help was available to supply these needs. A time-tested plan within the great field of charity which is practical, and in a measure, equitable.

On the other hand, much has been said about the dole and the humiliation of American citizenship put in the place of holding out hands for a dole from the Government. Agreed! It would mangle our pride. But on the other hand, it would be much less painful and embarrassing than to be put where we would take this dole from the hands of those who could ill afford to give.

Anyhow, this disappointing advice from our mighty in finance, makes us think, and think hard. What has happened to bring the richest country in the world, and of highest average per capita wealth, to this extremity? What of our much touted business ability, our far heralded economic foresight, our advantage in producing power, our matchless resources, our gold standard, our vaunted freedom of action, our numberless things that our pride lays claim to! And yet this almost total collapse in face of an emergency. A national, yes, a world tragedy lying in the front yard of our United States citizenship and on the doorstep of our nineteenth century civilization.

This dull thud in the way of the fall of wisdom from the wisest is just a reminder, just another witness to the pitiful poverty displayed in our business leadership.

One Way Balancing

NOTHING more common in current discussion than this matter of balancing. Balancing our budgets, family budgets, city budgets, state budgets, national budgets. Nothing new about the necessity of balancing budgets. They should be balanced, and right now must be balanced. How to balance budgets, or the two fixed moves for balancing budgets, has been common knowledge with the human race much further back than our history goes.

When we show in the red, our first thought is too much out-go and we set about to cut our expenses; or we proceed to increase our income. More logically, we begin to do both. These methods still go with the individual or with the family or with the private business unit, but they no longer go with public administration in its practice of balancing budgets. Congress is now all attention to budget balancing, that is, balancing by increasing revenues, or rather, by increasing tax-

ation. Little, very little, if anything, shows in the legislative register in the way of reduction of the cost of being governed. On the other hand every possible appeal is now being made to every human interest or concern in a frantic effort to meet increasing deficits with increasing revenues. It is proposed to meet these increasing revenues by the well known process of taxation.

Threat of federal bankruptcy has whipped our Legislative group into a state of mental frenzy. Methods or forms of taxation have ceased to be seriously considered—the only objective being to check the mad pace we have set toward bankruptcy—bankruptcy, and in this, the richest country in all the world.

But who in all, or any of our departments of government, talks about abalancing our national budget, or our state budget by reducing expenses? Everybody talks about it and not one real constructive and effective process for cutting costs has been employed. The reduction of spending does not fit in with the self-serving interests of individual legislators and administrators. Office holding is perpetuated largely through patronage controlled. Patronage controlled costs money—costs taxpayers money. To the provider of the patronage it seems worth it. It returns to him the support essential to his continuance in office. So the spending orgy goes on and the taxpayer—well, the average taxpayer is traditioned to pay. And anyway, he shows little active interest in the affairs of his government.

So the one-legged half-way system of balancing budgets continues to be employed in the conduct of national, state or municipal business throughout the land.

Over Stuffed

IF WE were to examine the directory of officials making up the personnel of the governing body in town, county, state and nation, our first reaction would be a stinging sensation that we were over-officered, over-organized and politically overstuffed to the bursting point.

This increase of organization and personnel, which comes with practically every form of government extension, has crept upon us with such stealth and steadiness that it has engulfed us unawares. Just now we are made to **stop, look and listen** through an awakening caused by a tax shock. In 1912, a trifle more than 6 per cent of our total national income was expended by federal, state and local government. The year just closed, 22.2 per cent of total income represented the cost of being governed. In ratio of amount spent by federal, state and local government, we are now spending six times what we expended in 1912. Or, from another angle, each 3 years of the past 18 years has shown an increase in cost of government equal to the accumulated increase over a previous period of 100 years. In other words, we add to our cost of government in a period of 3 years, an amount equal to that added to our cost of government in a period of 100 years. The increase in ratio or per cent of our cost of government during the past 16 years has been 12 times that of the ratio or percentage of the increase of population. This with respect to our federal government and an even greater increase in cost, in many instances, in the conduct of local government. A large part of this astounding increase is due to installation of new departments, new bureaus, new commissions and all the "what nots" that go with each new scheme for inquiry, research, regulation and report. Fertile as to investigations, barren as to results.

If this abnormal increase in cost of government could be offset on the other page of our accounting ledger with an enrichment of the citizens or taxpayer in the way of protection and contribution to individual welfare, it would remove much of the sting. But alack, in law enforcement or protection of the individual, we have not only failed to gain but we have lost much of the limited portion we had. In the matter of the individual's welfare, the record is equally unfavorable.

It is admitted that complexity of life and living adds to the complexity of government; and what super-mind is there among us that can follow through to the goal to which this insiduous and ever increasing ramification of government is leading us? We are **officially over-governed** and **pathetically under-governed.** If the depression does nothing else, it may rid us of a smug complacency which has permitted us to drift during the past decade out to the very edge of bankruptcy—general bankruptcy.

Off and On

THE Gold Standard may have much to do with a nation's financial prestige but it seems to have little, if anything, to do with improving a nation's balance sheet. Great Britain (off the Gold Standard) has reduced her indebtedness something like a half billion dollars during the past seven months, while our own United States (on the Gold Standard) is piling up indebtedness at the increasing rate of three hundred million per month.

Undoubtedly **off** or **on** the Gold Standard has far less to do with a country's credit rating than is generally claimed. The facts are, Great Britain took the common sense route, and while increasing her revenues on one side, kept busy reducing expense items on the other side of the ledger. What the United States has been doing towards balancing the budget is well known—practically nothing. Our political urge is to increase revenues only, which thus far has registered a zero, while the expense column is more than maintaining its own.

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Death Valley Trails

By E. J. VAN NAME

MUCH has been written about Death Valley. Some has been of a purely technical nature. Some has been only of the unfortunates from whom the valley derived its name. Few writers do Death Valley justice. Most of them are too appalled by its strangeness to rightly interpret their feelings, or they are overzealous in their descriptions. They endeavor to impress their readers with the vivid beauty or solemn menace of Death Valley. Some descriptions reach almost beyond the realm of the most fertile imagination. One writer speaks of Death Valley as "a crescendo of color." But this is only a wrongly analyzed impression that the valley so easily conveys to one. It is especially so with those unfamiliar with the country.

Death Valley is different from the other deserts. I mean by "other deserts" the fact that Death Valley, although a portion of the Mojave Desert, impresses one as being utterly alone and in a distinctly separate class.

It is true that its impression is vividly stamped upon one's memory. But it is not because of its vari-colored hills and mountains. There are some, to be sure, but there is not the variety of coloration some would lead us to believe.

Death Valley seems a sombre master—a master of itself as well as those who enter its domain. Its influence is commanding; its atmosphere is of solitude, while something broods in the background and warns one to be on his best behavior. Yet, when you pass out of Death Valley's influence, it is with a feeling that you have, after all, made a new friend—a wise old friend, and one for whom you are better for having met. And after one leaves the valley behind, he longs to return and bask once more in the quiet of this vast library of nature, history and romance.

IT WAS late April and the heat of the day was tempered with light breezes. But it was not sufficient to disperse the myriads of deerflies that pursued us with relentless persistance. We were the only two humans for miles around. And they were making the best of their opportunity. They attacked from all sides and there was no repelling them. Victory was unquestionably theirs and we were forced to accept them as part of our desert life.

The monotonous throb of the motor and the heat of the day had a dreamy effect upon us. There had been no words spoken for miles. We were both dreaming of the valley we were passing through. And we wondered at the gallant pioneers who had named it.

We had entered the southern arm of the valley from the west, by way of Wingate Pass, which crosses the southern end of the Panamint Mountains. Long ago the pass was known as Windy Gap. The name evolved into Wind Gate, and eventually into Wingate, by which it is known at the present time. The road through Wingate Pass is principally through sand washes and over heavy grades. It is much more easily traversed by the down grade into the valley than by using it as an exit.

One of the interesting features of Wingate Pass is the magnesium or Epsom salt beds. Some portions of the deposits yield 100 per cent pure Epsom salts. A company attempted to operate there several years ago. One of the first things they did was construct a monorail line from the Trona Rrailroad to the salt beds. However, after a few carloads of the product had been shipped, it was found difficult to obtain large quantities of the pure salts free from foreign matter. Shortly thereafter production was suspended and today the monorail line is but an abandoned streak of rust winding across the south end of the Panamints, through Layton Pass in the Slate Range, and across the dry bed of Searles Lake.

Just below the point where the Wingate Pass road joins the regular road up Death Valley, and opposite the Panamints, is located the old Ashford Gold Mill. It is the relic of a later day gold boom which took place in the year 1914. There were many locations made in the Black Mountains at that time, among them this claim by the Ashford Brothers. They didn't hold their claim long, however, before they found a "sucker" in the form of a Hungarian Count and unloaded. The count, however, was not to be taken in, and in turn sold out for almost double the price paid. The last buyers were the only ones concerned who lost out on the deal. In an attempt to regain their investment, they built a 50-ton mill, and attempted to operate the mine. The mill stands on the claim today, deserted and tumbling.

SOME 20 miles north of Wingate Pass is Bennett Wells, the spot generally conceded to be the camp site of the emigrant party led by Asabel Bennett in 1849. We reached Bennett Wells about noonday and made a brief halt to replenish our canteens and photograph the historic spot. At the present time a windmill and hand pump built over the well by the Pacific Coast Borax Company enables the traveller to more easily help himself to water.

The story of the Bennett Party is quickly told.

Early in October, 1849, an expedition pulled out of Salt Lake City and headed for California by way of that which was known as the "old Spanish trail." The expedition was made up of a number of different trains among which were the "Hawkeyes" from Iowa; the "Georgians," under Captain Townshend; the "Buckeyes"; "Bug Smashers"; "Wolverines"; "Jayhawkers"; the Bennett Party, and a number of small trains, the names of which are unknown.

A Mormon guide was hired to pilot them safely through to California, which he agreed to do for the sum of $1,000. An agreement was drawn up and the caravan proceeded. It numbered in the neighborhood of 100 wagons.

But the Jayhawkers had heard about a new way to California which was called the "Williams short-route". It was reputed to be 500 miles shorter than the old Spanish trail. The Jayhawkers was a party composed entirely of men, and were so strongly in favor of the short-route that they decided to try it. The Mormon guide expressed himself as unfavorable to the route. He said he would go that way if the whole train decided to do so, but if only one wagon remained on the old Spanish trail, he would feel it his duty to guide it over the ariginal route.



Photo by Brewer

The Sand Dunes of Death Valley.
The Grapevine Mountains in the Background.

The majority of the wagons turned off on the Williams short-route at the parting of the ways. The Mormon guide went over to the larger train and wished them all good luck, then went back to the others. His party reached Los Angeles without appreciable incident.

The other party divided into several separate trains. One party of many wagons came to an impassable canyon and turned back to the old Spanish trail. Another train turned north and reached San Francisco in good time. The unfortunate Bennett party, seeing snow clad mountains to the west, plunged down Furnace Creek Wash and into the depths of Death Valley. Near the lower end of Furnace Creek are a number of springs, near which the emigrants made one of their camps back in '49. According to Manly, one of the leaders of the Bennett Party, Furnace Creek was named in 1862 by some prospectors who built a small air furnace to reduce some ore they had found in the neighborhood. They thought it to contain silver, but upon reduction, it turned out to be lead and was too far from transportation to be available. Since this incident it has been known as Furnace Creek.

THE Bennett Party eventually entered Death Valley. They crossed the salt beds and got as far south as Bennett Wells where they were forced to camp. Manly says:

> "We had not gone long on this course before we saw that we must cross the valley and get over to the west side. To do this we must cross through some water, and for fear the ground might be miry, I went to a sand hill near by and got a mesquite stick about three feet long with which to sound out my way. I rolled up my pants, pulled off my moccasins, and waded in, having the team stand still till I could find out whether it was safe for them to follow or not by ascertaining the depth of the water and the character of the bottom.
>
> The water was very clear and the bottom seemed uneven, there being some deep holes. Striking my stick on the bottom it seemed solid as a rock, and breaking off a small projecting point I found it to be solid rock salt. As the teams rolled along they scarcely roiled the water. It looked to me as if the whole valley, which might be a hundred miles long, might have been a solid bed of rock salt. Before we reached this water there were many solid blocks of salt lying around covered with a little dirt on top.
>
> The second night we found a good stream of fresh water coming out from the bottom of the snow peak almost over our heads. The small flow from it spread out over the sand and sank in a very short distance and there was some quite good grass growing around.
>
> This was temporary relief, but it brought us face to face with stranger difficulties and a more hopeless outlook.
>
> There was no possible way to cross this high steep range of mountains anywhere to the north. The Jayhawkers had abandoned their wagons and burned them, and we could no longer follow on the trail they made. It seemed that there was no other alternative but for us to keep along the edge of the mountains to the south and search for another pass."

The oxen were killed and used for food. Not a thing was wasted. As Manly says:

> "Our civilized provisions were getting so scarce that all must be saved for the women and children, and the men must get along some way on ox meat alone. It was decided that not a scrap of anything that would sustain life must go to waste. The blood, hide and intestines were all prepared in some way for food."

William Lewis Manly and John Rogers were chosen to go on ahead to search out a pass through the mountains and bring aide. Just before leaving one of the party said:

> "If those boys ever get out of this cussed hole, they are d——d fools if they ever come back to help anybody."

But let us see what Manly thought about it. In his own words he expresses the weight of the responsibility that he felt:

> "I had no dependents to leave behind, but I felt I would be guilty of murder if I should forsake Bennett's wife and children. . ."

EVENTUALLY Manly and Rogers reached San Fernando. And they lost no time in bringing aide to their sore beset comrades. They abandoned their wagons, going on afoot or on mule or oxback. Perhaps one of the most picturesque of the party was "Old Crump," a faithful old ox who carried the children safely out of Death Valley.

Old Crump was an old bridle ox that belonged to Bennett and was selected to carry the children because he was slow and steady. The method of carrying the children was unique and is best told in the words of Bennett himself:

> ". . . we have taken two strong hickory shirts, turned the sleeves inside, sewed up the neck, then sewed the two shirts together up the tail; when these are placed on the ox they will make two pockets for the youngest children, and we think the two others will be able to cling to his back with the help of a band around the body of the ox to which they can cling with their hands."

Old Crump discharged his duty faithfully. Did ever mortal do more? Did ever the scarred battle dead deserve a monument to the memory of their noble deeds more than Old Crump? Certainly this faithful animal should not be forgotten. If he was worthy of mention in Manly's first hand account of the Bennett Party, surely he must have been one of the outstanding figures in subsequent rescue of the survivors!

Eleven persons survived the rigors of Death Valley. Upon leaving the last camp on the edge of Death Valley, Manly says:

> ". . . we took off our hats, and then overlooking the scene of so much trial, suffeding and death spoke the thought uppermost saying, 'Good-bye, Death Valley!' Then we faced away and made our steps toward camp. Ever after this in speaking of this long and narrow valley over which we had crossed into its nearly central part, and on the edge of which the lone camp was made for so many days, it was called Death Valley."

A brief word about the Jayhawkers and I am done with emigrants. They crossed the valley and negotiated the Panamints by way of Emigrant Wash and Townshend (Towne's) Pass. They crossed the Panamint Valley and eventually reached civilization, and scattered on their many ways.

AT this poin may be mentioned the story of the Gunsight Mine or Gunsight Lead. There are several stories in regard to this fabulous lost mine. It is most generally told that it was discovered by one of a party of emigrants while crossing the mountains west of Death Valley in the neighborhood of Townshend Pass. Perhaps it was the San Francisco Party. Or it may have been the Jawhawkers. At any rate, the discoverer is supposed to have been in search of water. He is said to have found a deposit of wire silver, near a spring, and with a piece of the same, fashioned a front sight for his rifle. By doing this it was believed that he could sight with the rifle and locate the mine. The fact remains that although many have left their bones to bleach in the rugged mountains about Death Valley, the Gunsight Mine is still "lost."

An excerpt from Spears', "Illustrated Sketches of Death Valley" is also interesting in regard to the Gunsight Lead:

> "How thoroughly the region was prospected during this time can not now be told, but the Gunsight Lead was never found. As a rule, mining men scout the idea of there ever having been a Gunsight Lead. Silver is rarely found pure, or approximately so, and men who are flying for their lives out of a desert land do not weigh themselves down, even with rocks that seem to have metal in them. But others say that while the mine was found, it can not now, and probably never will be located because the spring and outcropping have been buried out of sight by some cloud-burst."

It was believed by some that the Gunsight Lead had been re-discovered at last when the Panamint Mining District was opened up. According to Spears:

> "At last the time came when the prospector thought he had it, or the next thing to it, and in 1873 was organized the [illegible] crawl before

Read further on pa

Why Vote?

Looking Toward Good Government

By FRANCES N. AHL

WE ARE approaching another great national campaign. Every four years such a campaign is engaged in for the purpose of influencing public opinion for and against particular parties, candidates and issues. The pulpit, the press and the radio are already called into action. Party leaders are forming clubs. Delegates to the national conventions are being selected. Soon great quantities of literature will be distributed. The election of 1932 will engross the minds, rule the emotions and dominate the conversation of the vast multitude of American voters.

In presidential year most of the states call upon the electorate to cast a ballot in three elections, namely, the presidential preference primary in the Spring, the state primary during the months of Summer or early Fall and the final contest in November. Presidential year is the one time when the voter is most ready to give his thoughts to governmental questions. It is the one time when he is most interested in public issues and most eager to exercise the right of franchise.

On November 6, 1928, approximately 40,000,000 voters—75 per cent of the eligible electorate—went to the polls. Doubtless the outstanding feature of the last national campaign was the influence of women voters. More than 17,000,000 women voted in 1928 as compared with 11,000,000 in 1924 and 9,000,000 in 1920. In practically all of the close and doubtful states they settled the issues. Stirred by candidates that appealed deeply to their convictions and aroused by prohibition and sectarian issues, the women proved a deciding factor in the contest.

Perhaps the popular vote will be greater this year than in 1928. Perhaps the feminine tide will rise even higher than in the previous election.

It is always a problem as to how many millions of men and women can be made sufficiently interested in politics and the election to go to the polls and vote. How many of the voters will be intelligent, independent thinkers, exercising the right of franchise because of a deep sense of responsibility for the welfare of a democratic government in which the majority rules?

It is the old perennial question—why vote?

Democratic government necessitates popular participation on election day; in other words, the exercise of the franchise. Our country can not continue as a government "by the people" unless one of citizens exercise right of franchise and the of the voters are intelligent and in-

Creek was na.
who built a small air

If popular government is to endure or succeed, we must have an electorate not only educated and honest, but also alert and active. The ballot is just as necessary for the maintenance of good government in time of peace as the army and navy are in time of war.

Under a representative system such as ours, the character of the government is primarily what the voter makes it. If we are to have capable and honest men to enforce our laws, it is the task of the voter to see that such officials are nominated and elected. It is further his task to see that these officials are faithful to the performance of their duty.

Each citizen must assist his nation to make its laws as perfect as possible. He has been given the franchise in order that he may aid in the fight for good government. It is his duty to go to the polls at every election—primary as well as final, local as well as national—and vote with intelligence and independence, thereby contributing his part to the election of honest men and the adoption of wise measures.

He should intelligently express his opinion upon the various proposals submitted at election time, as well as decide upon the candidates whose names appear on the ballot. This may not be an easy matter. In 1930, the voters of California and of Oregon were required to vote on 26 propositions. But again, it is within the power of the electorate to effect a short ballot movement.

The voter must not forget that he has a duty as a lawmaker in the initiative, the referendum and the bond election. In New York a short time ago, more than half the voters who entered the polling booths were too indifferent to cast their votes on a bond issue that involved an expenditure of $50,000,000.

Suffrage is a privilege bestowed by the state upon its qualified citizens. The citizen who has the right to vote and who fails—without good cause—to exercise the privilege, is less than a patriotic citizen.

Political apathy on the part of the American voter is, in no small measure, responsible for gangland, racketeering, bossism, graft, incompetence, and corrupt politics. If each self-respecting citizen would use his power and influence on election day, nothing could prevent a peaceful revolution, an overthrow of these foes of democratic government.

It is the ideal of the good citizen to give the

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Three Roads to World Peace

By ALVIN EDWARD MOORE
Former American Vice Consul to Mexico
Author of: Problems of Mexican Immigration; Pan-American Relations, Etc.

DOES Japan's recent disregard to treaties, the power of the League and world opinion mean that the effort expended in the past few decades toward the establishment of world peace machinery has been futile? Many people are asking themselves that question.

The Sino-Japanese crisis is but one of several significant movements in the world today. Each alone seemingly indicates a failure of world peace organization. But if all are viewed together, the observer may catch a glimpse of world peace dawning, not in the theoretical, sudden fashion which so long has been advocated from the ultra-idealists' housetops, but in the slow, at times painful, evolutionary method of changing life.

Nationalism is rampant in the world today. Each nation, selfishly and patriotically, seeks to better its own national interests at the expense of other nations.

At the end of the last war each nation wanted as many burdensome mandates as possible, because it feared that the others might convert their protectorates into territories. Although they signed agreements to disarm to Germany's level, each has feared to take the initial step. They have been like rival gangs of quarrelsome little boys, each wishing to drop its heavy brickbats, but each afraid to do so because of its suspicion of the other gangs.

In fact the nations are little boys, painfully growing up. Before they can become peaceful men, they must go through that most intensively egotistic age of young manhood. Some of them will carry weapons and fight just because of their developing youth. We must expect it.

Protective tariffs, popularized by ourselves, have been adopted by all nations. Even Great Britain, in self-preservation, at last has been forced to abandon her traditional policy of free trade. Every nation on the globe is busily building tariff walls to protect its industries.

Our own world-wide industries no longer need or want such tariff protection. Our tariff walls served their purpose in building up our infant industries, but we can not now tear them down, for walls have been erected by other lands, behind which rival industries are developing. If we created a breach in our walls these rivals would charge through it and we soon would find ourselves being exploited, in the modern sense of the word. Our larger industries could survive the flood but the smaller ones probably would be engulfed. The only way to prevent this is to continue within reasonable limits the system that we have begun.

These tariff walls all over the world, if not limited by treaties, will grow higher. Each nation will become like a castle of medieval times, isolated, sustaining itself, defending itself.

THE salvation of industrial United States, as well as of the economic world unit, lies in the policy of the open door, which we have always demanded. We now have a great many treaties guaranteeing to our industries the same privileges as the best accorded to the industries of other nations. These "favored-nation" treaties may be extended to link all nations. But the tariff walls epitomizing omnipresent nationalism, will remain.

Each nation is seeking to industrialize and arm itself into a self-sustaining unit as fast as possible. Those whose development into such a unit is prevented by foreign powers are in rebellion.

Morocco has rebelled against France; India, through the boycott, against British exploitation; and China likewise against the Japanese. The British colonies already have rebelled and become established as self-sustaining units. The Filipinos, realizing that their destiny as a race of different blood and geographical position divorces their individual development from ours, are agitating for independence. Next we probably shall hear of Indo-China demanding independence from France. Japan knows all these things.

Under such circumstances the only hope for world peace at first glance seems to be in such a world union as the League of Nations.

But the League, at least for a generation or more, bids fair to fail. We struck the first blow when we refused to join it. Russia struck another by her refusal. Since then the poor old League has been dealt dozens of hard body blows, including its failure to permit one-language Austria and Germany to organize into an economic unit, its failure to disarm its victorious members, and now as the climax what appears to be a solar-plexus blow in its inability to stop the Sino-Japanese war. It would seem that the much battered old fellow would be out of the ring for some time.

IN THE face of this repeated failure, can there be any hope for world peace? There can be and there is.

A baby lies in its mother's womb a long time before being born in pain. Furthermore, no one has ever seen a child that did not crawl before it walked.

Europe now has a league for European peace and European cooperation. The League of Nations at present is not in fact a world-wide league. The apathy of its controlling European members to the present crisis between two of its far-distant associates demonstrates this fact. Before a commission from Geneva can get to a non-European scene of trouble, the trouble is either over or uncontrollable.

Let us face the hard facts. The World War was not indeed a world-wide war. It was a European war, of European origin, in which Providence, for reasons which we may not be able wholly to see, forced us and many European-dominated nations of Asia and Africa to take part.

After all the blood and treasure that we spilled in that war to end war—our net gain, at least to the generation that did the fighting, is a European League of Nations. But before we indulge in self-pity too much let us remember that France once spent blood and money in a cause that was distinctly ours. Let us stoically realize that we have repaid our debt with a great deal of interest and try to wipe our slate clean.

At least, Europe has its league—a union which should be able to settle local European disputes and thus avoid some wars into which we might be drawn.

South Africa has been agitating for independence. All Africa, being European in origin and near the mother continent, is in the European league and rightly belongs there.

When the Japanese people—or the Chinese and Russians for them—bring their imperialists to their senses, Asia will be ready for the borning of its league.

The movement is already under way. One might as well hope to stop the tides of the sea as to check it. Japan and Russia already have developed into organized, self-sustaining units; Siam, India, Indo-China and the Philippines will do the same. Then, probably as the outcome of pain in the form of a great war, their league will be born.

There has been some talk of such a union in North and South America. All we have to do is to make the Pan-American Union political as well as economic in scope and entrust to its execution the Monroe Doctrine, which is the North American-fostered declaration of inter-dependence of this hemisphere. Let us hope that this evolution takes place without the necessity of war on these continents.

When these three leagues of nations with common interests have developed; namely, the Euro-African, the Asiatic, and the American, they, as large units of organized peoples, perhaps can be brought to adhere to decisions of a world court in disputes arising between them.

This slow process seems to be the only—but very bright—hope that thinking people can entertain for world peace in the face of present world conditions.

Wars probably shall come and go before our ultimate aim is realized. All such higher organization comes through exercise of force. People could never have banded themselves into cities except by exercising force upon their recalcitrant members; cities could never have developed into small states but for the exercise of military force such as de Borgia wielded over Italy; and small states could never have become large nations but for conflicts such as our Civil War.

Idealists—that is to say, all of us at heart—would like to see world peace now existent. But our wishes are nearly always contrary to fact. The plain fact is that we have a long and stony road to travel before we come to the land of our heart's desire. The sight of that land, however, glimmering on the far-distant horizon, should give us courage to travel our little path with a song in our hearts.

But let us stick to our road, on this side of the Atlantic and this side of the Pacific. We tried the road across the Atlantic once, and found it even more full of stones than our own; we have even less practical reason now for leaping across the Pacific.



Overland Monthly Listed By American Library Association

The secretary writes:

To the Editor:

IT will be gratifying to you to know that *"Overland Monthly"* was considered of sufficient informative content to be used in making up the list of subjects on which Dr. Waples based his study "W[illegible] People Want to Read About" published recently by the American Library Association and the University of Chicago Press.

The building of a list of subjects about which people might be asked to express their interests, entailed the examination of scores of magazines over a period of ten years. The final selection of those which had the most general information to offer, included your magazine.

Colonel John R. White

Keeper of Your Sequoia National Playground, Says "Any Man Can Succeed—If He Wants To!"

By GEORGE WOODS HICKS

"I'M NOT keen on any personality stuff—except what will further the game," was what Colonel John R. White said when I suggested this personalized article to him.

Therein is contained the secret of his own success: He is more concerned about his public work—"the game"—than he is of his own personal affairs. And haven't you noticed that invariably all successful men refer to their life's work as "the game," while the man who "never gets there" nearly always considers work to be a drudgery?

One cannot be five minutes in the presence of this tall, straight, "snappy" Colonel with the keen, penetrating brown eyes, without sensing his ab-



Photo Courtesy Harr Wagner Publishing Company

The King's River Region may be enjoyed on the trip to the Sequoia National Park

sorption in the work in which he is engaged—that of "watchdog" for one of your own big playgrounds, the Sequoia National Park of California, containing some of the world's giant trees, the massive *Sequoia Gigantea* or California Redwoods.

There at Ash Mountain we strolled around the spic-an-span yards with their up-to-date garage and machine shop, rustic dining hall and artistic office buildings, blending perfectly into the natural wonders of flora and fauna about them.

The Colonel—who is always on the go—had just returned from a hike up the winding trail, where he had been investigating another proposed camp-site in the Park. He is a true nature lover and appreciator of art.

"Just look at that!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, pointing upward to the snow-capped peak of old Alta, towering to a height of 10,521 feet.

We both stood for a moment silently watching the marvellous sunset; the rainbow-hued searchlight of fire that swept slowly over the snow-covered peaks of the Sierra, running the gamut of every color of the spectrum, then fading out to the purest crystal white before darkness shut out the glorious panorama of mountain miracles.

The Colonel has a record in the Philippines which cannot be "hid under a bushel." "Who's Who" tells all about it. No wonder, then, that the most conspicuous objects that greet the eye, upon entering the snug private office, are two large pictures: one of General Leonard Wood, and the other of General John G. Pershing—under both of whom the Colonel has served.

"Here's a letter from General Pershing," he said, handing me the missive.

In it the General wrote his regrets at not being able to be present at the naming, in his honor, of one of the giant redwoods in the Park.

The Colonel showed me another personal letter from General Wood, remarking: "I'll never forget when I first met the General; I was a young captain at the time, in the Islands. I thought I knew something about fighting Moros. We had just returned from an expedition in the Island of Sulu (the isle that made the Sultan famous) where we had rounded up 600 bad Moro brigands and had converted them into 600 perfectly good Moros."

"With what result?" I interrupted inquisitively.

"Six hundred dead Moros," was the casual reply, without so much as blinking an eyelash. Then, continuing:

"The General is one of the easiest men to meet—a characteristic of all really big men. He made me feel at ease the moment I came into his presence. Instead of instructing me upon the fine art of fighting Moro brigands, he asked me how I fought 'em; then led me out to find out just what I did know about the game. That's his way. . . . Before we parted he had given me some valuable pointers about my work. He knows men."

So does the Colonel. He ought to—he has commanded several hundred thousand in his time.

I asked, "What do you consider the most essential quality in a leader of men?"

"Toleration," he whipped back instantly. "No man can be a real executive or be truly successful without it. Of course one must learn self-discipline and self-control before one can control others; but the chief factor is toleration. I do not mean that one should tolerate inefficiency—not at all. In most cases that can be cured—if one has learned to be tolerant. A weakness in one may be a strength in another. An executive must have discrimination to perceive this." Then in dead earnest the Colonel exclaimed positively:

"Why—any man can succeed—if he wants to, provided he learns self-discipline and toleration!"

I never realized how all-embracing was this good old-fashioned English word with its significant Latin origin—*tolero*: bear—until the Colonel so forcefully brought it to my attention. "Freedom from bigotry," is its explanation in one of our fat dictionaries—which I think covers the case fully.

Still speaking of this subject, the Colonel continued earnestly. "Now in my own case, for instance: one of the best things that ever happened to me was ten years of sickness. It taught me toleration. I had been made a captain at twenty-two, a full colonel at thirty-one. I had commanded thousands of men—but I was not tolerant up to that time. Then came an attack of malarial fever and complications, from roughing it in the Islands. I learned a lot—amongst other things, toleration."

THE best place to study a man is in his own home. I had that opportunity in this case. With characteristic hospitality the Colonel invited me to dine with him. We strolled over to the picturesque bungalow on the oak-clad hill. The moment we entered his home he seemed to throw off the business cares of the day. As if to assist him in this enviable habit his lively daughter, Phyllis, came bounding into her father's arms, with the alacrity of an acrobat. The way they romped together reminded me of the story told about Gladstone, when one of his peers found the "Grand Old Man" of England, playing under the table on his hands and knees with his favorite granddaughter. The Colonel threw off the last vestige of his military dignity.

Later, as we chatted easily before the cheery oak fire in the stone fireplace, Phyllis lit her father's pipe with a long twisted paper torch ignited in the blazing coals, and the Colonel punctuated his pithy phrases with numerous stabs of this stright-stemmed briar. The talk drifted again to his experience in the Philippine Islands, when

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Whiskey Flat Reforms

By CHESTER NEWTON HESS

MOST of the early roaring mining towns of California are now deserted and rotting to oblivion. "Ghost towns," they are called. And well named, too, for many the shade of prospector, gambler, renegade and honky-tonk girl there must be sauntering down echo-haunted streets in the dark of night when no souvenir-hunting tourists are about.

Among a very few others, though, there is one gold boom town of the flourishing '70's and '80's which is still very much alive. We speak of Whiskey Flat.

Scarcely anyone now but oldtimers ever heard of Whiskey Flat, or knows where it is. The reason is that Whiskey Flat reformed from a typical gold-mad, gun-free, lawless community with little but a boot hill and the ruins of the old Big Blue Mine as visible reminders of its unregenerate days.

Whiskey Flat was renamed Kernville. And as Kernville you know of it today, peacefully dozing out its destiny on the banks of the Kern River, in the Kern River Valley, Kern County, California.

An ex-badman, tamed by old age, whittling a willow stick in the sun out front of the General Store. . . .

Whiskey Flat, in the heyday of its wickedness, was one of the toughest mining towns in the West. A great part of its sanguinary reputation was owing to the publicity from the notorious Gibson-Burton feud. First one side, then the other struck in this mercilessly waged vendetta between families which, strangely enough, had intermarried.

Charlie Tibbetts, who lived in Kernville during its Whiskey Flat days, and who with amazing robustness still lives and conducts his business there, was an eye-witness to many of the town's sensational killings. He was quite willing to recall in detail most of these events out of a memory typical of most men of his type and time: A memory photographic and unfaltering, though productive of pictures somewhat thrown into the soft-focus of romanticism by the gauze of time and myriad recountings.

Even so, Charlie remembers what he knew and saw and, did space permit, the tales with which he so cheerfully regales one would be worth while recounting here. Essentially, though, Charlie Tibbetts perceives nothing theatric or significant in the history that he has seen formed. Nothing basically dramatic, as it surely was. Shootings, for instance, just happened; so-and-so pulled a gun and shot so-and-so. That was all. It was part of the life.

Such things were exciting then, of course. They turned Whiskey Flat upside down for a day or two. Everybody talked about "the killin'" and feeling ran high among sympathizers on both sides of the feud. But so far as having any conception of the romantic or glamorous side of Kernville's earlier days—well, Charlie Tibbetts (and two or three of his less articulate contemporaries) simply do not have it. And perhaps it is just as well. They recall the actual facts better.

STILL and all, it is on record that Whiskey Flat's first killing occurred on July 4, 1863, when a man named Bradshaw shot and fatally wounded Jim Bryson, a townsman. Liquor, the high excitement of the day, and possibly some personal enmity, caused the tragedy. Lacking the regular burial ground later established, citizens interred Bryson in the hillside back of the settlement. Notch number one of the devil's gun-stock.

It is not clear just what originally gave rise to the Gibson-Burton feud. Town chronicles say that Fletcher Burton was shot and killed at his cabin near the Big Blue Mine on November 27, 1892. Precise motive unknown. That same night his brother, Jim, was wounded in a saloon by someone firing through a window. Both shootings were attributed to two Gibson brothers and perhaps another man, one Ben Walker, friend of the Gibsons. As a result of the crimes, however, Will and Charlie Gibson were sentenced to penitentiary terms, and Walker left the country.

Jim Burton was destined to die a victim of the quarrel, despite his earlier escape with only a wounding. The following year in May, on the road between Whiskey Flat and Isabella, a neighboring town, he fell dead from shots fired by a friend of the Gibsons—E. L. Allison, according to county records. There were no witnesses; Allison claimed self defense, was acquitted, and the bloddy quarrel still blazed.

Still the heavier loser in the fight, the Burton clan suffered another blow in April, 1905, when Dave Burton and a friend named Bagsby were shot down on the main street of Havilah, a nearby community, by Newton Walker, history relates. By this time it was apparently well established that the Walkers, close friends of the Gibsons, were as much or more in the feud as that family. It is here that the fact comes out that Dave Burton was the husband of one of the Gibson girls. Bad blood between the families had now lasted for about 13 years.

AS TIME passed, Kernville gradually emerged into its civilized phase. Old hates were seemingly forgotten, six-shooters were put away in oiled rags. Mining activities had virtually ceased. The automobile brought the outside world close and, with prohibition, put a modern service station where the old saloon had flourished on the corner under the cottonwoods. The Gibson-Burton feul had obviously died.

Then, abruptly, without warning, the old smoldering trouble flared up anew for its last rekindling. This time with an ironic turn, for a Walker killed into his own family and therefore into the Gibson side. Motive also obscure. This was on November 21, 1924, when Newton Walker (who had shot Dave Burton in 1905), Frank Murdock and Alfonse ("Tex") Rolland were killed by Tom Walker. Walker turned the gun on himself fatally the following day in a mine tunnel. This same Tom Walker, according to town history, had killed a man named Woods in the street at Kernville in 1898.

This affair of 1924 closed Whiskey Flat's calendar of violence. And hence Kernville's. The sequestered community, as little changed by time as any in California, had given itself over by now to caring for a small tourist trade. It had definitely settled down to normal existence long before the final flareup of the old Gibson-Burton trouble. The incident did not long ruffle the civilized surface of the town. Hot blood cools with the years, and those who might have been moved to action years before, now were content to let sleeping dogs lie.

AND so Kernville, quite willing to do without the excitement of bloodshed, today goes about its business in a quiet mannered fashion, and an industrious one. Townsfolk "pass the time o' day" in the General Store, founded by Andrew Brown, whose father had discovered the Big Blue Mine in the 60's while searching for some strayed mules. The store business is carried on today by the son of the founder, in the original brick structure. The present proprietor's son, Andrew Brown, will carry on after his father, to perpetuate Kernville's retail establishment.

CALIFORNIA

Waldo H. Dunn

CALIFORNIA, glorious country,
Bordering on the Peaceful Sea,
Rich in legendary story,
Stronger with each century;
Guardian of our western gateway,
Lighted by the setting sun,
In the flag of freedom waving,
Bright a star as ever shone;
In the firmament of glory
Mayest thou long thy courses run.
From the treasures of the sunset
Thou has filched the flakes of gold,
And throughout thy wide dominion
Hidden stores of wealth untold.
Giant forests, waving grain-fields,
Mountain slopes with vineyards dressed,
Groves of orange, white, green, golden,
With such beauty thou art blest.
California, glorious country,
Ever calling unto me,
Mountain wardered, ocean bordered
Paradise beside the sea.

There is hope of starting up operations on the Big Blue Mine. The man who controls what is left of it, still runs water over the depositing trays every day or so, to keep the wood from drying out. To show me that the old Big Blue could still "run," he proudly started the ancient water wheel giving power to the huge stamps that crushed the ore. There was plenty of water in the race. The wheels turned grandly. The stamps pistoned up and down. But there was no ore to grind.

Tremendous pieces of machinery in the main buildings were gradually yielding to rust. The silence of this once noisy, busy place was appalling. High overhead a bird hopped across the tinder-dry shingles of a roof patched with bits of blue sky. The sound filled the great room, echoing among the massive iron wheels and stamp mills. Outside, one walked up to the ruin of the vault where the gold had been stored. Nothing remained save brick walls encasing a steel vault. On the metal door was still plain but faded, the customary decorative scrolls and scenic view in oils done at the eastern safe factory. Swinging open the heavy door with difficulty, the intruder surprised several pack rats which scuttled back into their retreats, leaving the trays of an assayer's scales swinging uncannily on their little brass chains. Record books, unused stationery of the mining company, mortars and pestles, bottles of testing acid, bullion molds and a fascinating miscellany covered the shelves of the vault interior. The place appeared almost as though it had been in use the previous day. Actually it had lain thus for nearly half a century.

THERE has always been talk of reopening the Big Blue. Then recently it was leased to interests which are now making a survey to determine the probable value of reclamation. The coming to life of the mine is a pleasant subject for the oldsters of Kernville to turn about their tongues. Pay ore coming out of the old hill up yonder would put new life into the country 'round about, they opine. Mebbe they might even change

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OLYMPIC GAMES YEAR

This Athletic World of Ours

By EVERETT L. SANDERS

THE National Pastime, as baseball has been known for forty years, gets under way on the Pacific Coast April 5th, and in the major leagues soon after. What is it that holds the fans' interest year after year with a constantly increasing attendance? Of course there is enthusiasm of the fan for the home town club to win, but very often we find some star that attracts the crowds far more than the desire to see the home town club win. For example we cite the case of Babe Ruth. The writer has taken it upon himself to select a team of the all-time greatest, the stars who have made baseball what it is today. You may not agree with the selection but you cannot deny a place at the top to any one of them.

Many thousands of words are written each year about the All-American in football, much space has been devoted to the best in golf, tennis rankings and the leaders in various other sports, but a comparatively small amount has been written about the all-time greatest in baseball. It is difficult to select an All-American football player, regardless of the method, because of the player's short life in the sport and the short season, while in baseball it is much easier because of the method of classification of the leagues—and of the players; the life of the player in the sport is in some cases over twenty years, they meet in competition several times each year and an accurate record of each player is kept. All in all it is a much easier task to name baseball's all-time best. The observant fan in his final selection of the player for this or that position can only take into consideration what has been accomplished by all the outstanding players for the position in question. Many players have flashed for a year or two and faded; temperament has cut short careers of many really brilliant players, and in making a selection these things must be taken into consideration. It is impossible to select a team that will meet with universal approval. This is a task no one could accomplish; regardless of how far a certain player may have outclassed the field some one will always disagree, attempt to name a better player and tell you why.

IN MAKING selections, 39 players, three owners and six managers are named; this is done to give the proper credit to players and managers who rank so close to the writer's selection that there is little choice between them. They are named in order of the writer's ranking and here set down as:

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HONUS WAGNER

One of the all-time greatest

Photo through courtesy, Pittsburgh National League Baseball Club.

Sequoia National Playground

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he was in charge of the Iwahig Penal Colony—which he placed on a "trusty" basis. I couldn't get him to talk about his own exploits. He doesn't need to—they speak for themselves. His medal for valor in leading constabulary in the crater fight at Bud Dajo, Jolo—where he was severely wounded—is but a small part of his courageous adventures. Neither did he refer to his efficient work as special representative for American Red Cross to purchase supplies in Roumania for Serbian relief, or to his responsible position as representative, War Relief Commission, Rockfeller Foundation in Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, Austria, and Scandinavia. But he did speak freely of the men under his charge in the Islands, and his revelations were a surprise to me.

"Did you find these desperadoes at the Penal Colony hard to deal with?" I asked.

"No. They were amenable to kind treatment and humane methods—as all men are. Some of them were exceedingly fine fellows. In fact I have never met a man who was *all* bad. Of course we had to deal with life as it really is. . . . Let's see! How can I illustrate my point? . . . Well, it's just as if I were painting a picture on a material background that was imperfect—in some cases absolutely rotten—so rotten that the canvas breaks and we have to stab into it with sharp needles to mend it up before we go ahead gently with soft camel's hair brushes."

Now, there's a good sample of how this man of keen perception visualizes. I thought at the time that it was a fine illustration of what one of his old chiefs used to say was the Colonel's way of "seeing the guts of things"—the inelegance of which rough military expression is more than counterbalanced by its plain moral truth.

"COLONEL," I remarked, "you are what I would call a practical idealist."

He did not seem to take kindly to this category of his qualities.

"No—no—I'm not that—exactly. . . . Most idealists have their feet in the clouds—as well as their heads. An executive man must have his feet planted firmly on solid ground. He must be balanced. Now, most idealists are unbalanced—they are too radical."

"Oh, that kind are fanatics—not practical idealists," I interrupted.

"Maybe!" he snapped. "Anyway, a practical man con't be egregious—he can't be extreme. He must be a mixer. To be a success, he must mix freely with his fellows. His mental gyroscope must be in perfect working order. . . . Now, take the mistaken idealism of many well-meaning religionists, for example, and witness their lack of mental poise; then compare with the balanced idealism of the Leader they profess to follow. He was *well* balanced. 'Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's' was a most significant and practical statement of workable philosophy. " This philosopher of the hills and practical man of the world combined, had a very deep look when he said it.

Of course the Colonel was very enthusiastic over the increased travel to the Park during this last season. "We expect many more people this coming season," he said.

And no wonder! The mystery is that so few, in comparison to the teeming population of our country, come to view the "oldest living things" on the surface of our planet—the giant sequoias, some of which were massive trees when the Master Carpenter plied his humble trade in the little towns 'round Galilee. Here in the wonderful Sequoia National Park, under the efficient management of the watchful Colonel, the comfort and welfare of the citizen bent on exploring one of his national playgrounds, is well provided for. Courteous rangers and park attendants vie with each other in an effort to help travellers who are inexperienced in the ways of the wilds. The Colonel does everything in his power to encourage a true spirit of democracy amongst the visitors, the majority of whom join together 'round roaring camp fires and listen to a far better entertainment than often can be enjoyed in a most pretentious theatre. Quite frequently the Colonel will give an interesting little talk, or genial Judge Fry—the Park Commissioner—will hold forth with one of his nature study lectures.

Sauntering again to the cozy private office of the Colonel, we chatted about a diversity of subjects, ranging from poetry to politics. This military man reminds one of Theodore Roosevelt—he is interested in everything. Keen student of human nature that he is, I was anxious to hear his reply to the last question I asked him.

Abruptly I blurted, "Colonel, what do you think constitutes an average man's success?"

Without hesitation—for he always thinks "snappily"—he replied, with rather a grim smile, "For a man to acquire competence for his family, and to do as much good in the world as he can—within the limited time he has at his disposal."

Some way or other, that grim smile of his seemed to be subconsciously directed towards the latter part of his remark: "Within the limited time he (man) has at his disposal."

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Facing a New Mecca

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

THE vast Southwest is rich in the possession of the Mojave and Colorado deserts, twin meccas of the artists of many lands. Thus it is significant that William Spencer Bagdatopoulos has turned his back upon the rich bazaars and flashing splendor of Indian and has come to live and paint in this equally alluring, sun-drenched land of golden light and purple shadows.



In the past this talented artist—employing pure aquarelle as his medium—has painted almost exclusively in India, Japan, China and Ceylon, dealing with such colorful subjects as the Great Temple and Gopourams at Maderia, the Taj Mahal, Chit Mandir, the Strand at Madras and the bazaars of Darjeeling, Kashmir and Rangoon. His impressions of Japan, China and Ceylon give us intimate glimpses of the age-old temples, garden-courts and water-ways of these far away lands.

In the future this artist will record the manifold subjects of equal beauty and historic value of this land of a thousand wonders. We feel safe in predicting that he will rise to even greater artistic heights in portraying such subjects as are to be found in Monument Valley, the Enchanted Mesa country, Rainbow Bridge, the cliff dwellings and Canyon de Chelly, for here are the ruins of a civilization that was old when Greece was young. New inspiration awaits him in the pueblos of Oraibi, Walpi and Moencopi—human habitations as old as the fallen temples of Egypt.

No artist who loves color as does Bagdatopoulos can escape the lure of such natural phenomena as the Arabian palms in Palm and Andreas Canyons, the cedars of Lebanon at Monterey, the Joshua trees at Hesperia, and the orange and violet peaks of the Coachella Valley.

Already this artist has been exploring our desert regions and has brought back a number of unusually truthful records of his discoveries. As evidence of his rare ability to interpret the spirit of a new locale, this painter recently showed several striking pueblo Indian studies at the Biltmore Salon, which were lately painted at Taos, and which were unmistakable in their western atmosphere and feeling.

Mr. Bagdatopoulos has chosen Santa Barbara

as his studio headquarters and will specialize in portraiture, a branch of painting in which he excels.

This artist is also equally celebrated as a dry-point etcher, and his recent showing at the Los Angeles Ebell Club proved his rare ability in a difficult medium.

Dealing at this time with his work in pure aquarelle, we find here revealed a deft technician who completely understands his medium. He has the skill and dexterity to record, swiftly and accurately, his chosen subject, yet his work is characterized by a reality and intimate articulation, highly specific yet never forced or over emphasized. Often his efforts appear detacher, although upon closer examination they are boldly impressionistic, yet are never carelessly painted. While sufficient detail is employed to depict the natural qualities of an ornate subject, the artist never falls below a highly artistic result.

Here we find directness attained by means of subtle indirectness—a strange anomaly. Early academic influences are felt in his most highly specialized canvases, and mannerisms peculiar to the artist sometimes are noticeable. These combined attributes add individuality and personality to his work.

Painting directly from nature, Bagdatopoulos possesses a rare facility for graphic line and brilliant color sense. His ability to draw the human face and figure is astonishing in techniquel dexterity, as is clearly shown in his studies of Pueblo Indians, and his colorful East Indian figure compositions. Needless to say his desert Indian studies are among his most pleasing and successful canvases, and we feel sure that this versatile painter will find new delight in our many and varied subjects to be found throughout California, Arizona and New Mexico.

The study of a court-yard herewith reproduced, while in distant India, is strongly suggestive of our own mission patios in California, and shows the inspiration and source of the Spanish-Mexican style of architecture, so extensively employed by the early builders of the Southwest.

William Spencer Bagdatopoulos was born in Zante, of Greek and English parentage, but spent his childhood in Holland. At the time he entered the Rotterdam Art Academy, he was the youngest student there. At he age of sixteen he went to the Near East, paining in Egypt and Palestine. He later went to Constaninople and attended the Athens Academy. During 1924-26 he toured India in behalf of "The Times of India," studying and painting in all parts of the country. He first came to the United States in 1928 and since that time has exhibited in all the leading galleries.

THE LONG ROAD

By Beulah May

THE orchards all are full of bloom, as white as maiden's throats,
With rabbits leaping through the grass and birds on all the trees,
But I must go the long road that leads down to the boats
That raise their rusty anchor chains and scud before the breeze,
To call with them at every port on all the Seven Seas.

Corinna's voice is like a lark's and Lucy's low and sweet,
But I must harken to the drums within a Mongol town,
Where all The East stands chaffering along the narrow street,
A gypsy singing at a Kahn in ragged scarlet gown,
The camels jangling through a pass where Asia's mountains frown.

For some may bide at home in peace, but I must wander far,
Wherever fortune leads me and take what she may send,
With for my wine a running brook, my candle-light a star,
The rugged earth my counselor and every wind a friend,
Out upon the long road, the road that has no end.

The Author does editorial work and promotes the interests of poets. Santa Ana is her home place and Overland-Out West readers are familiar with her creative writing.

Indiana's Departure—A Short Story

By WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

INDIANA PERKINS, bad man with a reputation for fast and business-like holdups, was no tenderfoot, despite his brief residence in the Big Bend district. Most of his gunplay had occurred in other climes far from the simmering wastelands of the Texas border. He hailed from the Hoosier state, which accounted for his nickname "Indiana," by which he was known throughout the mining camps of Alaska.

Indiana came to the Big Bend district with a two-gun reputation. He was credited with numerous bank robberies in the Corn Belt, but a sheriff got so close on his trail that the bad man sought the white silence of the Northland as a safer field for his operations.

Indiana was reputed to have staged a gunning rampage in Nome one night after a poker shark had filled two royal flushes at the same "sittin"! When the smoke cleared away a good sized job was left for the undertaker and the bad man sought a more friendly climate. A few weeks later he reached the Big Bend district of Texas.

Perkins had gone to Alaska with the hope of amassing a fortune at his favorite game of hijacking but he was more successful in acquiring a tremendous thirst. This he brought to Texas with him. Indiana had been in Texas only a week when he saw climb right out of the ceiling an elephant of pinkish hue. Closely following the elephant was a camel and a few other creatures that belonged to the jungle or the desert. Right there Indiana took an oath never to touch liquor again. And he seriously intended to stick to his resolve. One such parade of miscellaneous animals was sufficient punishment to make Indiana sign the pledge or do most anything else demanded of an ordinary human being.

Three days passed. The loneliness of the Big Bend wasteland crushed the soul of Indiana Perkins. He craved most of all things in life a drink of whiskey. Then he remembered the parade of jungle creatures across his bed and hesitated.

"Nope," he said to himself, "never will I touch liquor again."

He peered from a window into the simmering distance. There lay the shifting sands of the wasteland grim with silence, with here and there a cactus or bit of sagebrush. Looking skyward he saw a lonely cloud floating aimlessly through the azure blue. Mile high, a buzzard was circling above an arroyo.

THE loneliness was too great to conquer. Indiana surrendered. A few minutes later he entered the Ace-in-the-Hole saloon and ordered straight whiskey. The liquor was set before him and he gulped it down, and a smile of growing confidence formed about his face. Indiana sized up the situation and, urged on by the fire of the liquor, figured a hold-up wouldn't be hard to stage. Poker players dozed at the tables, while the barkeeps were lazily waiting on the few thirsty customers.

Indiana went into action. A six-gun sprung from his hip as he growled: "This joint is held up —you pole cats reach for the sky . . . I'm Indiana Perkins and I'm out for blood!"

Poker sharks, barkeeps and faro dealers obeyed. They saw in Indiana's eye a brooding look that denoted gunplay.

Meanwhile Silent Owens, cow puncher from the Triple-X outfit, who had entered the saloon a minute before, reached for the glass of liquor that he had ordered. Silent was a little hard of hearing and, for this reason, seldom engaged in conversation. He had not heard the robber's orders to "stick 'em up."

Owens lived a solitary life. His deafness caused him to remain alone and he had few close friends among the riders of the desert wastes. But he had a companion that accompanied him on all his lonely rides—Tamales, a horned toad. Tamales found shelter in Silent's shirt sleeve. There, the ugly horned creature brooded in silence while Owens rode the wastelands in search of yearlings. Silent had acquired a deep affection for his pet and found in the horned toad a solace for the companionship of men lost to him through his deafness.

"Hey, you coyote," yelled Indiana at Silent, "I said 'stick 'em up'; reach for the sky before I get nervous and start shooting."

Owens realized that a hold-up was taking place. He dropped his whiskey glass and slowly raised his hands. Meanwhile Tamales had grown restless. The unusual noise and the apparent nervousness of Silent Owens had caused the toad to crawl from the sleeve to investigate.

Indiana Perkins saw crawling toward him on the bar a hideous looking creature. In all his life the gunman had never looked a horned toad in the face—he didn't believe such an ugly beast existed.

For just one second Indiana was silent. Then he yelled: "Got 'em again . . . got 'em again . . . seein' things . . ."

The hold-up was over. Indiana Perkins dropped his gun and ran from the saloon like a mad man. Astonished denizens of the Ace-in-the-Hole saloon

Read further on page 94

The Poetical Education of Edwin Markham

By CYRIL CLEMENS

THERE sat Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man With the Hoe," by our fireside—his mass of snow-white hair and his flowing moustache and beard; strong and active and robust as the day he was born, although that day was four-score years ago.

"There is a spiritual substance in a rose," he was remarking when I entered the room, "but just how that differs from the soul of a dog or cat we do not know. It seems, however, that man alone reaches self—consciousness, only he is able to project himself on a sort of mental screen and there examine himself."

Markham had in his hand a book of poetry that contained his favorite, called *Virgilia*. As Markham prepared to read this, he said with his customary humor: "Listen not only with your ears, but with your whole body. I have been asked if this poem is a personal experience. It can not exactly be called that, but it is the heart cry of an artist. It expresses aspiration more than anything. I believe that love is at the basis of the universe. Without doubt there is romance in Heaven."

The great poet became so engrossed in his subject that he stood up before the fire, an inspiring figure over six feet tall with his long beard and snow-white hair parted in the middle. After having closed his eyes for a few minutes he continued without reopening them: "We do not change our natures because we die and pass into another world. Those who have worked hard in attaining a character are certainly allowed to keep it, and those who have done little will realize the error of their ways: 'The tears and the years will be forgiven'."

To the question, what first aroused his interest in poetry, Markham replied as follows: "When I was a boy we lived five miles distant from a school, and three months out of the year I walked the five miles in the morning and in the evening. I had a voracious appetite for knowledge. Every piece of print that came my way I devoured forthwith.

A DREAMER one day appeared upon the scene—a man named H. G. Hill from Alabama. He was a dreamer of dreams, a builder of castles in Spain and like all such, he was unable to earn a penny and was continually on the verge of starvation. He looked over the whole school, and for some reason became interested in me—perhaps because I was a more dreamy boy than the others. The first thing he taught me was Tennyson's *Tears, Idle Tears*. Never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he recited the poem; it made every line vibrant with meaning. This dreamer also introduced me to Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. And with great feeling Markham recited the first line of the famous poem: 'So live that when thy summons comes to join that invisible caravan.'

In a month or two we were reading old Tom Moore who wrote a poem called *Lallah Rook*.

At this time I was tending sheep on my mother's ranch situated some distance from San Francisco. One day I went to my mother who was sewing and said: 'Mother, I want you to buy me a copy of the poetry of Bryant, Tennyson, and Moore, and an unabridged dictionary.' 'Nothing doing,' replied my parent. 'If you want them you must buy them yourself.' So the next day I went over to a neighbor who needed some help, and ploughed 20 acres for a dollar an acre. Then I took the $20.00 to my mother and said: 'When next you are in San Francisco, mother, please buy me the books that I need.'

The books were bought when mother made her next trip, and I started off my library with seven books, and was infinitely prouder of those seven volumes than I am of my present library of 13,000 books which take up so much room in my house in Staten Island, that I am scarcely able to turn around.

MY childhood home consisted of but one large room. The area of the kitchen was curtained off, and also a space that served as my mother's bedroom. At one end of what we might call the living room there stood a corner cupboard which had not been opened for seven or eight years. A tremendous amount of dust—the bloom of time—had collected on everything. While I was poking around in the dust and cobwebs one day what should I discover but the *Iliad* and 10 volumes of Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*! These were all devoured by me in very short order.

Byron I enjoyed a great deal despite his muddiness at times. Being so objective—not at all subtle or intricate—he taught me many things that a future poet needed to know. Byron is a poet that

Read further on page 90

The Trend of Education in Home —School—Community

Thrift Education

VALUES IN THRIFT

By Mrs. Ella Carruthers Porter,
Chairman Thrift Committee, National Congress of Parents and Teachers

DURING the World war, our national government realized as never before, our need, as a nation, for education in thrift and economy—and did all in its power to impress this need upon our people. At the close of the war the government placed this responsibility in the hands of the parents and teachers of our country with a strong appeal that we continue the work they had undertaken. Are we making good in this sacred trust?

Many superintendents and principals in our public schools are doing all in their power to give this instruction to our children; others are indifferent, and some say to us there is no place for such instruction—it cannot be done!

The great majority of our parents and teachers are coming to realize that training in thrift and economy is a force that must be reckoned with and that education must be measured in terms of *products* rather than in terms of *processes*. When 75 per cent of our people are economically dependent at 60 years of age, there is something wrong with our *processes*. How little we realized twelve years ago that our "bread line" of unemployed men would reach around our entire nation today. Shall we blame the war, wholly, for our present financial depressions? Had our past generation been well grounded in thrift and economy the imperative need that a certain per cent of our income should be laid aside for the inevitable "rainy day"—our community chests and welfare organizations would perhaps not be taxed beyond their limits, as at present, to say nothing of the deplorable break in the morale of our people.

So, if the teaching of thrift and economy is ever to be thoroughly effective, it must be made an integral part of our public school curriculum; and this instruction should not define thrift merely in terms of money making and money saving—for *money* is only the symbol of wealth—its true value is to be measured by its constructive contribution to human welfare.

Instruction in thrift and economy should teach the child how to earn, how to save, how to invest, how to give, and how to spend money. He should also be shown how wasted time may be used for profit and pleasure, how health and moral cleanliness make strong bodies and healthy minds, how the resources of our country—trees, fuel, and water—may be converted to constructive uses.

That this instruction may be most effective, the teacher himself must know how to present the subject—and be able to weave it into *every* subject being taught.

Thrift and economy is one of the most worthwhile phases of education to be discussed, as to needs and methods, at teachers' meetings both locally and nationally.

What will it profit a child to know English, mathematics, and geography, if he lacks that knowledge of how to make his life economically sound?

The Children's Charter evolved by the White House Conference on Child Welfare, called by President Hoover, states in its fifteenth declaration that the home must be economically sound if the child is to be protected from social and educational handicaps.

How *can* that home be made *economically sound* if instruction in thrift and economy is not well grounded into the education of the children of today?

THE NATURE OF THRIFT EDUCATION

By Vierling Kersey,
Superintendent of Public Instruction for California

THE desirability of developing appreciations, attitudes and specific habits of practice with respect to thrift and conservation is universally recognized. The present economic depression forces us to a more acute realization of the necessity of making provision for thrift education as a part of our educational program. To be most effective in real life situations, adequate thrift habits must be established early in life and should be developed in the lives of children during their public school experience.

Thrift is concept with quite broad meaning; in a general way it may be defined as the avoidance

of waste in all things. In teaching and learning thrift, it is necessary to recognize its broad nature, and through analysis to isolate the specific factors that, taken together, go to make up the general concept of thrift. Thrift education must concern itself with the establishment of a large number of specific habits, all of which, when viewed as a whole, characterize the thrifty person.

Like character education, thrift education cannot be viewed as a separate subject in which there may be set up a special course of study which is unrelated to other subjects of the curriculum. On the contrary it must be taught and practiced in connection with all school activities. It would be possible to learn *about* thrift through special courses in which could be included vast quantities of information *about* thrift and its desirability. This however is not the real objective of thrift education. Rather it is the development of specific habit sof thrift that are constantly practiced and that become vial forces in he lives of people.

The only method for forming habits consists in the practice of the acts making up those habits. Habits of thrift must be learned through situations calling for practice in these habits. Thrift education, then, must be concerned with providing situations in which there are elements whose nature demands the exercise of thrift habits. Such situations will naturally arise in connection with most school activities. The skillful teacher will utilize these situations for the purpose of providing the type of practice which will produce the right kind of thrift habits.

The economic crisis through which we are passing offers an added motive for the development of habits of thrift at this particular time. Our boys and girls who develop these habits now will continue to possess them when times are better. The values accruing to the individual and to society from the practice of thrift and conservation are inestimable.

THRIFT AND CHARACTER BUILDING

By William H. Hanlon,
County Superintendent of Schools, Martinez, Cal.

CHARACTER building education has been recognized as a necessary part of every school curriculum. Thrift and conservation are ordinarily included under this heading and usually have been taught in conjunction with other subjects. The average teacher, however, especially in the rural schools where every teacher has several grades, is inclined to slide over such an abstract sounding subject as thrift.

Thrift in its broader interpretation can be made into a very practical subject. As such, it is worthy of a definite time on the school program at least once a week. A half hour period on bank day, for example, would afford an excellent opportunity for giving factual knowledge as well as practical applications of money and banking principles.

Considered in this aspect thrift becomes a course in elementary economics adapted to the capacities and experiences of the grade pupil. Besides discussions on personal thrift, the course would include a simple history of money, why it is used and the different kinds; the various methods of investing the money that the pupil is being taught to save and a consideration of budgeting in order that the money may be wisely spent. This leads to a consideration of governmental budgeting and affords an excellent opportunity to discuss government costs, beginning with that which is most familiar to the pupil, namely the school; taxes, why they are raised and methods of raising them, and the pupil's part as a member of the community in the wise spending of that money.

In all its phases there are many analogies between personal and public thrift and the alert teacher should be able to find many examples in the local community which would be of interest to the students and at the same time have instructional value.

TEACHING OF THRIFT AND CONSERVATION IN THE SCHOOL

By George C. Jensen,
Asst. Supt. of Secondary Schools, Sacramento

THRIFT and conservation involve both understanding and attitude. Thrift, understanding, conservation, and attitude may be developed in school. This means that the school has a responsibility.

The methods for developing these matters lie in the field of research and conference. The steps are as follows:

1. Bringing the student to a realization that there is a great American problem in the field of thrift and conservation.
2. Causing the students to isolate each important phase of the general problem.
3. Assisting the students to gather all available facts around the isolated phases of the problem.
4. Assisting the students to arrive at logical conclusions by the proper use of the data gathered.
5. Assisting the students to make a careful study of the difficulties involved in putting their conclusions to work.

The above prescription will be the application of the scientific method to social problems. This is the next great step needed if we are actually to have democratic government. In the absence of such a step there can be only guessing, prejudice, and opinions, instead of logical conclusions based upon premises.

The Reader's Open Forum

Contributions intended for these columns should be addressed to the Open Forum Department and should be reduced to fewest possible words. The magazine welcomes free discussion on pertinent matters but can not guarantee space, and reserves right to brief communications when necessary. We take no responsibility for the accuracy of statements herein printed.

General John C. Fremont

David Rhys Jones writes:

My dear Editor:

IN A recent number of your magazine you published as your leading article "Historic Expedition of Col. John C. Fremont and Kit Carson to California, 1843-1844," by one of the leading citizens of California.

As you well know, the people of California are spending considerable money in the commendable enterprise of educating the youth, and this endeavor extends into the field of History, including a feeble attempt to familiarize the next generation with the history of the Far West. Much of this effort is being counteracted unwittingly by just such articles as the one you recently published.

The article in question is written in excellent diction. Unfortunately, it has nothing else to commend it. Its geography is abominable; and its history is worse. A generous estimate of its historical reliability could not secure for it a rating of 50 per cent on factual authenticity, and it is more than 90 per cent false in the emotional appreciations which it would convey.

No man who figured distinctively in the history of the West has suffered more at the hands of his enthusiastic admirers than has Fremont. His detractors have done him less harm than his admirers. His detractors have been willing to confer on a hundred worthy Americans the credit that is due them, while the admirers of Fremont have (either through zeal or through ignorance) endeavored to heap upon him the laurels that he himself disclaimed. I am afraid that Fremont's over-enthusiastic admirers have been responsible to a great extent for the unforunate attitude which has affected many persons who once believed the heroic tales about Fremont then, through further study, found that they had been misled into a sort of hero-worship. These persons seem to wish to take it out on the helpless individual who was wrongfully portrayed to them in their youth.

Let us look at a few of the geographical statements in the article referred to:

Klamath Lake is not on the Columbia River, as the article states, but hundreds of miles away from it. Fremont did not see the lake on this journey.

South Pass is not in Idaho, as this article states, but in Wyoming.

The Buenaventura River, according to the article, did not exist. The stream did exist and continues to flow in the exact course described by the pre-pioneers. Errors of location or failure to identify it correctly on the part of map-makers did not cause the river to vanish. Its correct location appeared on one map six years before Fremont first saw the Rocky mountains.

The article states that Fremont "discovered and named many of the lakes of southern Oregon." This is absurd. Peter Skene Ogden's trappers had discovered every lake Fremont saw in Oregon 16 years before Fremont visited this region. When Fremont "discovered" and named Rhet Lake ("Tule Lake") on his second trip to the Klamath Lakes region, the lake Fremont discovered was plainly marked on a map that was in print at the time! This is New Year's lake, where Ogden had spent New Year's Day in 1827. Hundreds of American and British trappers had traveled along the route past this lake between 1830 and 1845!

THE article in question states that this was the first exploration of a vast region, etc., and does not define the region explored but leads the reader to infer that Fremont was the first to explore a vast region, which the reader may interpret to be the Great Basin. Fremont's voyage took him in his lost wanderings over a small stretch of this region only, and some of this area was well represented on maps of this time almost as far south as Pyramid Lake. The Indian Bureau in Washington had received a good description of the area and of the Indians from the unnamed Sierra to the Rockies, from Smith in 1827, or fifteen years earlier than this article would have us believe.

The article mis-states the reason for Fremont's venture across the Sierra.

The article fails to indicate how many, many times Americans had successfully crossed the Sierra before Fremont was compelled to do so in order to save his own life.

As in many other articles on this subject, Fremont is portrayed as a man of great courage.

Read further on page 96

Poetical Education of Edwin Markham

Continued from page 86

has two tendencies: sometimes he is at the gate of heaven, and again he is at the gate of hell. Yet he quitted the stage with a fine flourish when he threw away his life for the liberation of Greece!"

Someone asked Markham his opinion of Shelley. "He is a much finer character than Byron," replied the poet. Shelley often urged his friend Byron to tone down his writings a little but without much success. Shelley was the sort of a fellow who would give up his own log if he saw a friend sinking near him in the sea.

When I read these poets I had no idea that I would become a poet myself. A strong desire to express myself in verse came upon me, however, and when I was fifteen I wrote my first poem calling it *A Dream of Chaos*. It is the only poem from my early years that will be reprinted next year in my *Collected Works!*"

"Did you have the Bible in your early library, Mr. Markham?" someone asked. "I should say I did," the poet replied. "The gospels of Jesus have had a tremendous influence upon my whole life. And after the gospels, a book by Victor Hugo called *The Man Who Laughs* has had the most influence. It is a powerful political tract in the form of a story, showing how callous the rich can be of the sufferings of the poor. Since reading this book and the gospels I have always been a champion of the underdog."

When asked if he were a socialist, Markham replied: "I should say I am. Why, I couldn't be anything else!"

Probably he is right. I do not feel that the author of *The Man With the Hoe* could logically take any other stand.

Public Schools Week

THE dates April 25 to 30 have this year been set aside for observance in California of Public Schools Week. The State Committee in charge of the week's activities is planning a program which will bring the school people and the public to a better understanding of the mutual problems of each in the educational up-bringing of our boys and girls. The General Chairman of the Committee is Charles Albert Adams of San Francisco.

To Our Readers . . .

The Contents of this magazine are copyrighted. The articles are listed in the Readers Guide to Periodical Literature and International Index. This furnishes the best reference possible as these publications are on file and available in every library in the country.

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E. C. EPPLEY President, CHARLES B. HAMILTON Vice President & Managing Director

The Literary West

DREAMERS' HOUSE, by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent. Robert Packard & Company.

THIS is a book of poetry which is a sheer joy to review. Not a note of carping criticism shall find a place in the sincere appreciation which is my pervading emotion in this attempt to introduce "Dreamers' House" to Western readers. Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent, in their everyday work, are devoting themselves to the cause of poetry in America, so that we often think of them as editors, forgetting that they, in their own right, are poets whose creative work is best revealed in lyrics of earth and love such as these comprised in their latest collection.

There is something primitive and alluring as the age-old enchantments of earth and sea and sky in these poems and yet, despite the fact that they ring the changes of the most ancient themes of home, love, sex, motherhood, and human aspiration, they are modern. Sincerity is apparent. Beauty is not distorted. Form is not violated. There is nothing of the bizarre or freakish to call for censure or excite our aversion to all that savors of the tyro in poetry who can command attention only by the "stunt" of queer punctuation or unorthodox printing.

The opening stanza of the first poem in the book strikes the note which prevails through the entire volume:

"Oh, let me make my love a reed
On which to pipe an endless song
With rippling music that shall feed
The heart when shadows throng."

I would like to share with you some of the ecstasy of "Beyond Frail Touch," the vivid phrasing in "Country Girl," the surety of faith in "The Real Unreal" and many other selections in the book which have intrigued me. Indeed, I would like to quote in full Mr. Cheyney's "Ancient Query, Modern Creed," or "Empty Dusk" by Lucia Trent (the latter poem won a prize, in 1930, awarded by John Galsworthy).

However, I shall leave the readers of *Overland* to discover the treasures in "Dreamers' House" for themselves. Most heartily, I commend it to them as an unique volume of authentic and beautiful lyrics by two of America's most lovable poets. Incidentally, the best way to show appreciation of your poets is to buy their books.

A. M. STEPHEN.

* * * *

Are You Reading

Comment by LAURA BELL EVERETT

ALDER GULCH GOLD?

A TALE of bad men on the edge of the coulee, of fights with the Indians, robbing of caches, murder and a trial—but it makes so much difference who writes it. "Alder Gulch Gold" is by James Willard Schultz, author of "The Sun God's Children," the man who was made a member of the Blackfoot tribe and who knows the Indians and the life of the old West. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, $1.50.)

THE VOYAGE OF THE MARTIN CONNOR?

WHOLLY delightful sailing. Captain Matthew Hawks, Crummet, the mate, who tells the story, Cert'nly Wilfred, the cockney cook, Captain Esterkay and Twocents and the rest of the interesting people aboard the "Martin Connor" are all worth knowing. The readers, and they are many, who like sea stories with some of the horrors left out will keep "The Voyage of the Martin Connor" for frequent rereadings. Oswald Kendall's style has something of Frank R. Stockton's humor. Give it to your convalescent friends and see how it hastens their recovery. Interesting illustrations. The book has for several years been such a favorite that it receives the reward of inclusion in The Riverside Bookshelf. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, $2.00.)

* * * *

THE OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE?

EVERYONE wonders what effect radio and other modern inventions and improvements will have upon the literature of the future. What about the writers of the future? What about future forms of writing? What changes will take place in the English language? What about American literature?

Professor Ashley H. Thorndike of Columbia University has discussed these and related questions with a breadth of view and a familiarity with the less as well as the greater phases of his subject, and withal a clear and pleasant style that makes the reader his friend. (The Macmillan Company, $1.50.)

"And I looked into the future
Far as human eye could see,"

We turn with perennial interest to those who tell us what they foresee.

* * * *

IN DEFENSE OF TOMORROW?

ROBERT DOUGLAS BOWDEN was awarded the John G. Agar prize of $3000 for the best book on the Soul of America in a contest sponsored by the National Arts Club. The author feels that our great danger is not the standardization concerning which so much is now said. Standardization, he says, is more truly a liberator than an agent of slavery, for it relegates individual problems to the field of routine and leaves creative faculties for the larger problems of culture and growth. His faith that a truer and higher culture will develop in response to the needs of man's nature is convincingly presented. The book is interestingly written and should be widely read. (The Macmillan Company, $2.00.)

* * * *

OLD MOTHER MEXICO?

THE mystery of Mexico, the beauty, the sorrow, these Harry Carr sees, feels, interprets in words that hold the reader. The best writer on the Coast, as Will Rogers called the columnist of the Los Angeles Times, has presented "Old Mother Mexico" as he has seen her, in a delightful volume illustrated by Arthur H. Ruhl. Mr. Carr has the gift to be desired by all writers of travel books, that of taking his reader along with him. The author is not satisfied merely with seeing. He

Read further on page 94

Ben Field in Havana

THE Havana Post of March 20th, says: "Mr. Field, who is at the Hotel Plaza for a month's stay, is one of the best known magazine writers in California. He has been writing for the Overland Monthly for the past 25 years, and last year was named Associate Editor. This magazine was founded by Bret Harte in 1868 and is one of California's home periodicals of which she is proud."

Mr. Field sailed recently for New York via Panama Canal on the Santa Cecelia. He was honored with election to the Magazine Committee and Editor of "Sea Breezes" published en route. Mr. Field's literary and editorial ability are shown to excellent advantage in the publication. We hope later to reprint some of the Sea Breezes' material.

THE DUNES

By Gavin Arthur

THE white Dunes! . . .
like the moon's crust
carven into curves
scimitar sharp,
strung taught as harpstrings
in the deep reserves
of Heaven.

The white, transparent
alabaster Dunes! . . .
the light of myriad moons
immaculate
is not so white,
so chaste and continent,
as the inner brightness
of the Dunes at noon.

The Author has traveled, Bohemian-like, over half the world and is now living in the Dunes near Santa Barbara—carving his niche in the hall of literary fame.

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LONG BEACH CALIFORNIA

This Athletic World of Ours

Continued from page 81

The All-Time Greatest

Owners—Benjamin F. Shibe, Charles A. Comiskey, Barney Dreyfuss.

Managers—Connie Mack, John J. McGraw, Miller Huggins, Frank Chance, Fred C. Clarke, Hugh Jennings.

First Base—Hal Chase.

Second Base—Napoleon Lajoie, Edward T. Collins, Rogers Hornsby.

Third Base—James J. Collins, William J. Bradley, Frank L. Baker.

Short Stop—John P. (Monus-Hans) Wagner, Joseph B. Tinker.

Outfielders—Tyrus Raymond Cobb, George Herman Ruth, Tristian E. Speaker, Edward Delehanty, Willie Keeler.

Catchers—Gordon Cochrane, John L. Kling, Roger Bresnahan, Raymond W. Schalk.

Pitchers—Walter Johnson, Christopher Mathewson, Denton T. (Cy) Young, Robert M. Grove, George E. (Rube) Waddell, Grover C. Alexander, Charles Radbourne, Joseph Wood, Edward A. Walsh, C. A. (Chief) Bender, Joe McGinnity, Edward S. Plank, Amos W. Rusie, Adrian C. Joss, Arthur C. Vance, George (Nap) Rucker, Edward M. Reulbach, Herbert J. Pennock, Urban C. Faber.

Honus Wagner

JOHN P. (Honus-Hans) WAGNER—the king of them all in his position. Much water has passed under the bridge since 1871, the beginning of the first Major League (National Association) and many fine players have passed on since, but none to menace the throne of the mighty "Flying Dutchman." Honus was able to anticipate a play in advance and had a knack of executing his plays that was wonderful to see. His fielding was of a high order but he is remembered more by his terrific hitting. He lead the National League in hitting eight times with a high average in 1900 of .380. The photograph on the preceding page was furnished through the courtesy of the Pittsburgh Baseball Club which has the writer's thanks. Following are some of the feats of the Great Wagner:

Hit .300 or better for seventeen consecutive years, which is the best National League record for consecutive hitting. Holds the record jointly with Tris Speaker for having played one hundred or more games per season for nineteen years, which is the all time record. Honus played in 2,785 games in the National League, which is also "tops" for games played (21 years). He was at bat 10,427 times in his career, which is more times than any other player ever faced National League pitching. Naturally he should lead the same league in the scoring of runs which he did with

1,740 to his credit, and the remarkable thing is that out of the 10,427 times at bat as above mentioned, the "Great Honus" was able to manufacture 3,430 hits—some mark for the present day players to "shoot" at!

He holds the records in the National League for the most extra base hits, with 998 to his credit and was leader in this class of hits for seven years. The 3,430 hits Honus pounded out were good for 4,878 bases. Oh yes! Wagner also leads in two-base hits, with 648, and in triples, with 250. These are all National League records and not in all cases "tops" for both major leagues. As a matter of fact, if it were not for than man Cobb, Wagner would have no rival! And then that man Ruth is coming along himself! But—be that as it may—Wagner is Wagner, the King of them all at short stop! Without question he has well earned his title as "The All-Time Greatest" in this position.

Joseph B. Tinker was picked by Wagner in his all-time selection as the greatest. Tinker was great without question, but hasn't the record that is Wagner's. He led the National League for five seasons and was a member of one of the greatest teams of all times, the immortal Cubs, led by Frank Chance. Tinker would be the first choice if it were not for Wagner.

It would require all the space in the Overland Monthly to give our reasons for the various selections as we did that of Wagner. However, in later issues the feats of such stars as Ruth, Johnson, Cobb and Mathewson will be covered.

Allen's Foot-Ease



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The antiseptic, soothing powder for the feet in a handy and convenient container for the dressing table and traveling bag. Sold everywhere. For Free Sample and Walking Doll address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N.Y.

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Death Valley Trails

Continued from page 73

amint Mining District, while a roaring camp of thousands sprang into existance in what was called Surprise Canyon, on the west side of the Panamints.

"There never was a canyon more appropriately named. The prospector was surprised when he found the lead, the mining sharps were surprised to hear of his luck, the growth of the camp was more surprising still, while the way the bottom dropped out later on fairly took the breath of everybody concerned."

IN connection with the Panamint District is an interesting story of Senator Stewart's activities and an amusing experience with bandits.

The "Narrows" of Surprise Canyon is so called for the very good reason that the canyon at this point is just wide enough to admit the passing of a stage coach. Highwaymen operating in the district were not slow to take advantage of this point and stage coach holdups were frequent. A group of outlaws had several claims in the neighborhood but as most gentlemen of the profession, would not stoop to the labor of mining. They accordingly sold their claims to Senator Stewart who began immediate operation. The bandits sat back and smiled and awaited the first shipment of silver from the Senator's property. Their scheme was working perfectly. They had cashed in on their claims once, and there would be nothing else to do but wait at the Narrows and cash in a second time when the stage brought out the silver.

The holdup was accordingly staged. But when the bandits went to take the silver they found themselves completely balked. The Senator, sensing something like this, had had the ore cast in spheres weighing several hundred pounds each. Try handling a heavy, large sphere and you will appreciate what the bandits were up against. It is a significant fact that the Senator's silver reached its destination in due time. And the balked highwaymen raised the cry extraordinary: The Senator "wasn't playing fair!"

Continued in next issue

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Business and Finance

Continued from page 70

Liquifying At the Top

THE new Finance Corporation recently projected with so much pronouncement as to what it would promise in the way of results, appears to be operating tragically true to what we predicted. Big loans to utilities to repay big loans by our giant houses of finance, is most certainly thawing out our financial structure at the top and leaving the wide reaches at the base of that structure, over which the life and finance of the commoner is spread, just as cold and as rigid as before.

The interested reader's attention is called to the article entitled "One Way Out," in the October, 1931, issue of this magazine.

Indiana's Departure

Continued from page 85

finally realized the hold-up had been brought to a premature finish. Card sharks resumed their game and barkeeps returned to duty. Silent Owens picked up Tamales with gentle care and returned the toad to his shirt sleeve.

"Tamales, ol' boy," Silent whispered, "the gentleman didn't seem to like your looks!"

Meanwhile Indiana Perkins had vanished. When last seen he was "footing it" over the desert, yelling: "I've got 'em again!"

Sequoia National Playground

Continued from page 82

His reply struck me as being too good to let go without more amplification.

"Of course," he added, "for a man to make a *real* success, there must be service—true service; and that always brings satisfaction to the one who serves—a satisfaction often far apart from the mere pleasures of sense alone. Sometimes, of course, a man may attain a mediocre success without being tolerant, but in that case it is generally a pseudo-success which is not lasting."

Are You Reading

Continued from page 91

must find in a fascinating land the destinies of the peoples. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, 270 pages, $3.00.)

* * * *

LEADING A DOG'S LIFE?

A BOOK that ought to go straight to the heart of every lover of dogs. Arthur T. Walden tells the story of his wanderings and adventures from Maine to Alaska from the point of view of his dog. The excellent illustrations are by A. L. Ripley. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, $2.50.)

Whiskey Flat

Continued from page 80

the town's name back to Whiskey Flat! And again they might not. . . .

But the mine talk isn't excitement. It's just words. Excitement comes to Kernville now and then, though, because the movie people find it an ideal location for "westerns." So pleased were the townspeople at the prospect of having a real moving picture company in town, that some folks got together and built a real old-time street, almost as it appeared in Whiskey Flat days. In fact, the old schoolhouse where P. Sumner Brown of the General Store learned his three R's, was part of the set. And at the end of the street—there was the old gray church with its steeple, and bell that used to peal out so seriously of a Sunday morn.

But the movie locations are always short and far between, and then life must go back to the usual. Charlie Tibbetts comes walking down the main street in the shade of the poplars, unaware through long intimacy of the gently falling snow of cottonwood seed fluffs which constantly ground, gathering in little drifts everywhere. Down in the river on the edge of town boys are swimming in the same hole where dived and splashed their fathers, and their fathers' fathers. . . .

Then dusk, and dark close following. In bedrooms about town matrons and misses alike are applying last-minute touches to their evening costumes. For there is a dance tonight at the Pavilion. Music from Bakersfield.

Why Vote?

Continued from page 74

best within him to interpret the common sense and high purposes of the American people. It is his desire to leave the world a little better than he found it. Intelligent votings is one of the best ways to attain this ideal.

The burden and duty of helping to govern the nation rests upon the individual. The vote of the good citizen is necessary to cancel the vote of the corrupt; the vote of the intelligent, to destroy the vote of the ignorant. No patriotic man or woman lets election day go by without willingly exercising the right of franchise. Eternal vigilance on the part of each and every voter is the price of good government.

The voter not only owes it to his country to cast his ballot, but he also owes it to himself. He who votes wisely and discriminately on election day is a bigger and better American. He exercises a direct part in his government and therefore has a direct interest. He has a deeper appreciation of the gift of freedom and the democracy he enjoys.

Finally, he has an inner satisfaction of a duty well done, for he has contributed his integrity, his power, his civic loyalty and intelligence in building a finer and richer life for his community, his state, for American and the world.

See page 85 this issue for announcement of the Jack London number.

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Family rooms having two double beds, with bath, four four guests, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 per day, $18.00 and $21.00 per week.

The Reader's Open Forum

Continued from page 89

Courage is a relative virtue. If we choose to regard Fremont as a man of great courage, we are compelled to regard hundreds of Americans who preceded him to the West as super-courageous; for Fremont was the only one of all who was so fearful as to seek protection from a 12-inch brass howitzer manned by three men under a non-commissioned Prussian officer.

The old, old political slogan of "pathfinder" is repeated in this article. Pathfinders did not go around map in hand seeking to follow where others have led. If the title of "pathfinder" must be conferred upon anyone, let it be conferred upon those Americans, whoever they may be, who first traveled the unknown trails. Fremont will be included in this list, but he will not compare in achievements with any one of a dozen others. A good illustration is found in the effort of someone to have South Pass named Fremont's Pass. You recall that Fremont, in the fall of 1842, visited this pass and climed Fremont's Peak, and this 16 years after the Americans had begun to stream west through this Pass and six years after an American bride had ridden west in a mule-drawn buggy past the base of the Peak! As Fremont stood upon this peak, with an American flag attached to a ramrod, he was gazing down upon the spot where the covered wagons and the milch cows of Sublett had been in camp 12 years before Fremont first saw the Rockies.

IN VIEW of the well-known facts of history, why convey an emotionally wrong impression by attributing to Fremont's actions here, or elsewhere, a significance which they did not have? It should not be discouraging to any person in our American democracy to learn that the feats so commonly attributed to heroes were feats actually accomplished by the rank and file of the people who make up that democracy. The hero-worshipper often harms his hero. He always does a grave injustice to his fellow men whose noble deeds are attributed to the hero.

Perhaps a hero is, after all, a human invention, like a mannikin, who shall be clothed with the garments of man's ideals and man's accomplishments, to be a personification of noble aspirations and to be the inspiration of high endeavor. If this be the reason for the creation of heroes out of the deeds performed by others, it would seem to have some grounds for justification. It has been the only effective instrument in developing martial patriotism. Without it, war would be inglorious.

The author of the article in question was not writing history. He was, like the silversmith of Ephesus, engaged in the manufacture of idols. The subject of his article may be the particular object before whose shrine he finds satisfaction in reverential devotion. If so, it would be both cruel and sacriligious to remove from the object of his devotion the resplendent garments which tradition have hung upon him and place them upon the forms of those who actually performed the heroic deeds attributed to the hero in question.

A day is bound to come when Californians will learn of the wonderful exploits of Americans in the West between 1826 and 1846. When that time comes, we shall have no reason to think that Joaquin Miller exaggerated when he wrote, "Giants were there, great men were there." We shall find in the achievements of these men every heroic quality which the author of the article in question was pleased to credit to Fremont, and far greater deeds than he attribued to his hero. And no one shall have the occasion to laugh at our credulity or charge us with idolatry, for the truth of western history is more remarkable than the fiction which has been accepted by us as historical fact, and it is not to the discredit of Fremont, that the achievements of many Americans far outranked those of Fremont. This is the essence of our democracy. We are not a nation of a few heroes.

SIESTA

Theo. H. Scheffer

THE desert noon with drowse is filled,
Its breeze dole spent;
From tenting sage the heat is spilled
With pungent scent.

Insistent flings the robber fly
Its challenge brisk;
As flash of light that shuttles by,
The basilisk.

In crackling flight the locust stirs
Colliding wings
And shriller yet, in rhythmic whirs,
Cicada sings.

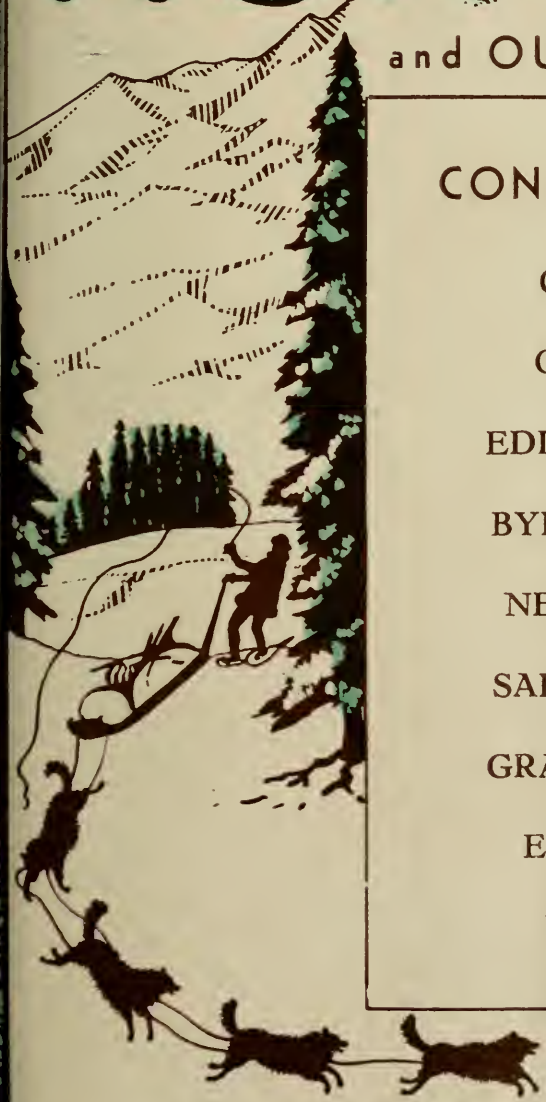
Unsteady swims the sky line there
Where basalt breaks—
Why sleep, though lang'rous be the air,
While desert wakes?

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Our Jack London Number

By Arthur H. Chamberlain

FREQUENTLY during past years we have considered a Jack London issue of Overland Monthly. Numerous letters from London's admirers come to our desk urging such a number and asking that we re-publish those stories of his that first appeared in our columns. Recently we discussed the matter with a literary group, and on November 10 last received from Celeste G. Murphy, well-known writer and newspaper woman of Sonoma, a letter from which we quote:

> "Would your magazine consider a Jack London Number with material and copy supplied by the Sonoma County Branch, American Pen Women? They are enthused over the idea, so write me your reaction."

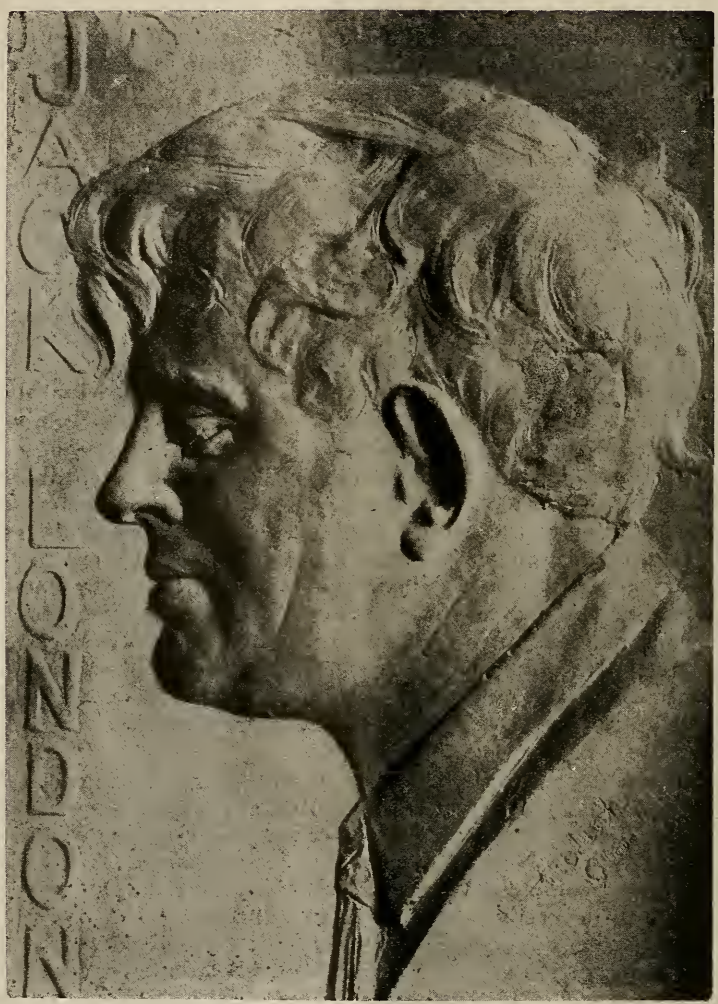
Immediately the wheels were put in motion. The kindly assistance of Charmian London was gladly given, and her article entitled "My Husband—An Old Contributor" is a valuable contribution to the symposium. In this she brings out interesting sidelights on the life of the famous author and his early connection with Overland Monthly.

Edith Granger Hawkes, President of the Sonoma Branch of the American Pen Women, is represented in the number through a noteworthy article in which the life of London is sketched in admirable fashion. Celeste G. Murphy, Vice-President of the organization, refers interestingly to the "Valley of the Moon" and reveals the inner literary yearnings of Jack London through an intimate introduction of readers to his wonderful library. Nell Griffith Wilson tells of a pilgrimage to Jack's grave and honors him with some strong verse. "Treasures From the Snark's Cruise" is the suggestive title of an article by Byrd Weyler Kellogg, of the Press-Democrat and Santa Rosa Republican. There are notable poems by Sarah Hammond Kelly and Grace Monroe Davis, while the highly artistic sketches by Grace Griffith Allison add much to the value of the issue.

The various pictures of Jack London and his wife, Charmian London, will be appreciated by our readers. Charmian London, herself an author of wide fame, has to her credit such volumes as "The Log of the Snark," "Our Hawaii," "The New Hawaii" and "The Book of Jack London," a biography in two volumes. These volumes are vividly descriptive and are widely read and do credit to the name of London.

To those who have made possible this Jack London Number, we extend our sincere thanks. Overland Monthly admits pardonable pride in the part it played in the unfoldment of the genius of that artist-craftsman, Jack London. And too, the magazine rejoices that it continues to have a part in perpetuating the memory and the work of one of California's foremost literary sons. It bows as well to Charmian London—she who, as wife, associate and successor, has achieved literary fame in her own right.

It has been thought proper to include in this symposium the first published story from London's pen, "To the Man On Trail," which appeared originally in the Overland Monthly of January, 1899. From that time until 1916, London contributed to magazines and periodicals some 350 articles and stories, and sent out to the world half a hundred volumes, —a record difficult to parallel.



Bas Relief from Life by Finn Frolich

Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine

Founded by Bret Harte—1868 *Founded by Charles F. Lummis—1894*

Arthur H. Chamberlain, *Publisher*
Editorial Director

Mabel B. Moffitt,
Secretary-Treasurer

DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Vol. 90 MAY, 1932 No. 4

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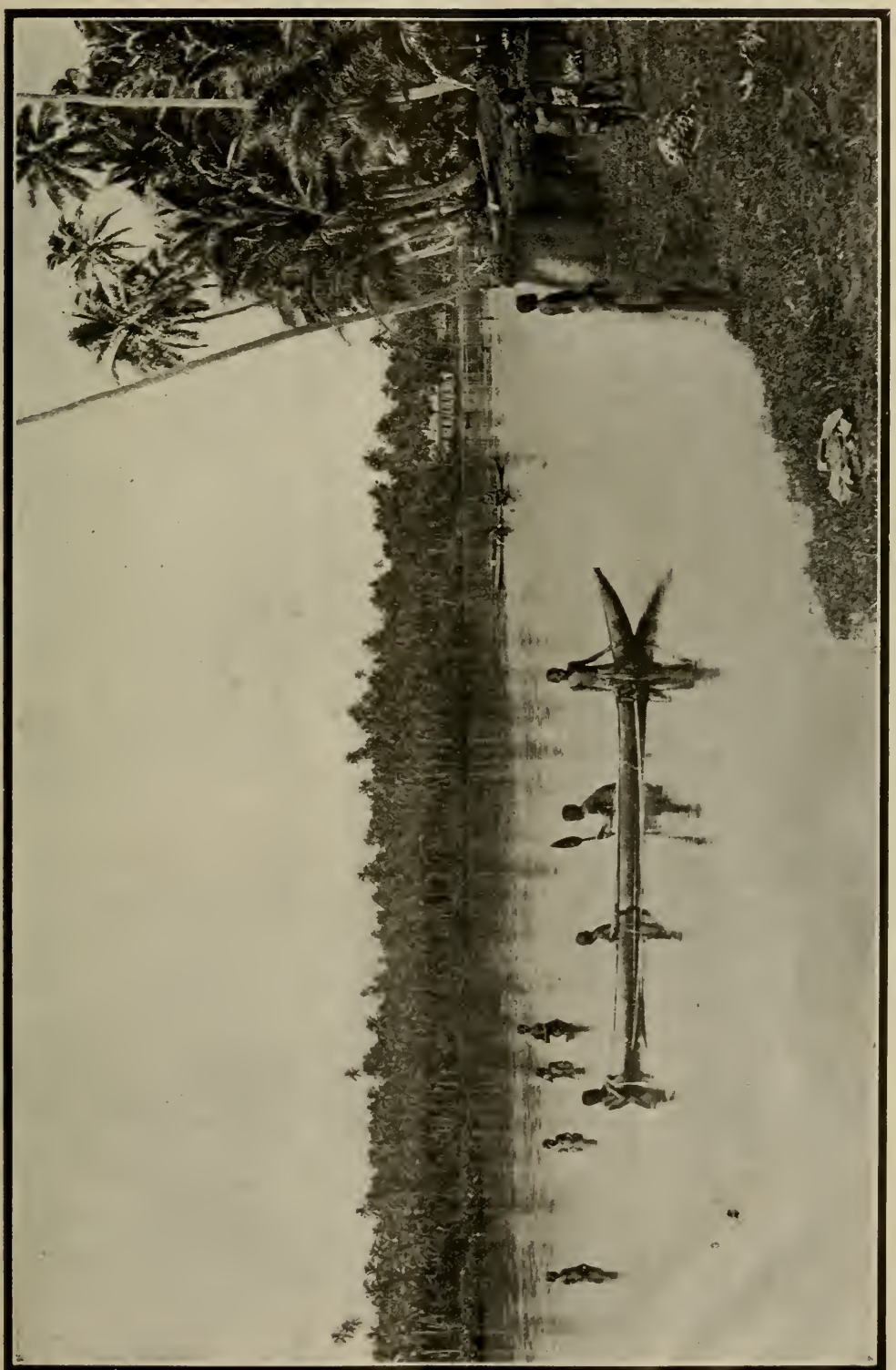
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Many venturesome and hardy souls braved the perils of the frozen North, but to Jack London belongs the honor of recording in gripping word pictures the story of the trials and conquests of the Alaska Trail.



From Alaska to the South Seas and home again, the hardships and joys, the glories and glamours shared alike by Charmian and Jack

In Memory of Jack London

By NELL GRIFFITH WILSON

A Pilgrimage to His Grave on October 18, 1931

IT WAS one of those blue, misty days of autumn when a caravan of automobiles made the winding ascent from the Valley of the Moon to the picturesque, wooded hills of the Jack London estate, already bronzed by the first soft coloring of fall. Members of the Redwood Empire Association were to pay tribute at the grave of the famous author, and to visit the ruins of the "Wolf-House," that beautiful palace of boulders which was unfortunately destroyed by fire on the eve of its completion.

Very quietly and thoughtfully they ascended the hill where the ashes of Jack London repose under a large boulder—"Jack's little hill," as it is affectionately termed by his widow, Charmian London. And there on the rustic tomb had been placed a large spray of rich persimmon leaves, their gorgeous coloring blending with the dark red of the boulder. Moss and tiny ferns clung to its sides as if to lend a modest decoration.

Mrs. London did not join the group, but Mrs. Eliza Shepard, a sister of Jack London, and her son, Irving Shepard, were present.

As the friends stood quietly about the stone upon the little hill, through the trees which encircled it could be seen the valley below, blue under its veil of autumn haze, that valley which the pen of Jack London has pictured to the world. Very eloquently and earnestly was Jack London extolled as an author, a neighbor and a friend. A poem was read in his memory, and a large wreath placed reverently upon the boulder. Then the simple ceremony closed with that beautiful song of rest by Robert Louis Stevenson:

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

The Stone Which the Builders Rejected

WHEN Jack London's famous "Wolf House" was being built of the large boulders of volcanic rock, there was one large stone for which there seemed to be no place. This one Jack London ordered thrown aside, saying that they would find a place for its later on. Today that same large boulder marks the place where his ashes rest on a little hill overlooking his beloved Valley of the Moon.

"The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."—Mark 10-12.

LONG had I slumbered on the mountain's breast,
A massive stone, rough-hewn by age and cast
From nature's mighty furnace to find rest
In shadowed quiet as the seasons passed;
Long had I known gold day and silver night,
Before the builders roused deep hope and pride
That I should grace with pillared joy and might
A house sublime—But I was cast aside.

A greater destiny was mine to know—
I mark a sacred place upon a hill
And hold the wreathes that reverent hands bestow,
While bared heads bow, and whispering trees are still.
A dreamy hill, all silent and alone,
Of world-swept fame, I am the cornerstone.



"Jack's Little Hill"

Drawing by Grace Griffith Allison.

To The Man On Trail

A Klondike Christmas

By JACK LONDON

"DUMP it in."

"But I say, Kid, isn't that going it a little too strong? Whiskey and alcohol's bad enought; but when it comes to brandy and pepper-sauce and ——"

"Dump it in. Who's making this punch, anyway?" And Malemute Kid smiled benignantly through the clouds of steam. "By the time you've been in this country as long as I have, my son, and lived on rabbit-tracks and salmon-belly, you'll learn that Christmas comes only once per annum. And a Christmas without punch is sinking a hole to bedrock with nary a pay-streak."

"Stack up on that fer a high cyard," approved big Jim Belden, who had come down from his claim on Mazy May to spend Christmas, and who, as every one knew, had been living the two months past on straight moose-meat. "Haint fergot the *hooch* we uns made on the Tanana, hev yeh?"

"Well, I guess yes. Boys, it would have done your hearts good to see that whole tribe fighting drunk—and all because of a glorious ferment of sugar and sour dough. That was before your time," Malemute Kid said as he turned to Stanley Prince, a young mining expert who had been in two years. "No white women in the country then, and Mason wanted to get married. Ruth's father was chief of the Tananas, and objected, like the rest of the tribe. Stiff? Why, I used my last pound of sugar; finest work in that line I ever did in my life. You should have seen the chase, down the river and across the portage."

"But the squaw?" asked Louis Savoy, the tall French-Canadian, becoming interested; for he had heard of this wild deed when at Forty Mile the preceding winter.

Then Malemute Kid, who was a born raconteur, told the unvarnished tale of the Northland Lochinvar. More than one rough adventurer of the North felt his heart-strings draw closer, and experienced vague yearnings for the sunnier pastures of the Southland, where life promised something more than a barren struggle with cold and death.

"We struck the Yukon just behind the first ice-run," he concluded, "and the tribe only a quarter of an hour behind. But that saved us; for the second run broke the jam above and shut them out. When they finally got into Nuklukyeto, the whole post was ready for them. And as to the foregathering, ask Father Roubeau here—he performed the ceremony."

The Jesuit took the pipe from his lips, but could only express his gratification with patriarchal smiles, while Protestant and Catholic vigorously applauded.

"By gar!" ejaculated Louis Savoy, who seemed overcome by the romance of it. "La petite squaw; mon Mason brav; by gar!"

Then, as the first tin cups of punch went round, Bettles the Unquenchable sprang to his feet and struck up his favorite drinking song:

"There's Henry Ward Beecher
And Sunday school teachers,
All drink of the sassafras root;
But you bet all the same,
If it had its right name,
It's the juice of the forbidden fruit."

"O the juice of the forbidden fruit," roared out the Bacchanalian chorus,—

"O the juice of the forbidden fruit,"
But you bet all the same,
If it had its right name,
It's the juice of the forbidden fruit."

Malemute Kid's frightful concoction did its work; the men of the camps and trails unbent in its genial glow, and jest and song and tales of past adventur went round the board. Aliens from a dozen lands, they toasted each and all. It was the Englishman, Prince, who pledged "Uncle Sam, the precocious infant of the New World"; the Yankee, Bettles, who drank to "The Queen, God bless her"; and together, Savoy and Meyers, the German trader, clanged their cups to Alsace and Lorraine.

Then Malemute Kid arose, cup in hand, and

London was now close to the door of fame. One after another, in rapid succession, he sent the products of his pen to various publications; but he made no great strike until "The White Silence" was mailed to Overland Monthly, which had already published one of his short stories, "To the Man on Trail."

When "The White Silence" arrived at the Overland office, the Editor-in-Chief, James Bridge, was in the East. The assistant editor, Charles S. Greene, had in his chief's absence, accepted the manuscript and the tale appeared in print. Mr. Bridge saw the story while on the train on his way home, having purchased a number of his own magazine from the news boy. He read the story and declared it great."—Henry Meade Bland in May, 1904, Overland.

glanced at the greased-paper window, where the frost stood full three inches thick. "A health to the man on trail this night; may his grub hold out; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire."

Crack! Crack!—they heard the familiar music of the dog-whip, the whining howl of the Malemutes, and the crunch of a sled as it drew up to the cabin. Conversation languished, while they waited the issue expectantly.

"An old-timer; cares for his dogs and then himself," whispered Malemute Kid to Prince, as they listened to the snapping jaws and the wolfish snarls and yelps of pain which proclaimed to their practiced ears that the stranger was beating back their dogs while he fed his own.

Then came the expected knock, sharp and confident, and the stranger entered. Dazzled by the light, he hesitated a moment at the door, giving to all a chance for scrutiny. He was a striking personage, and a most picturesque one, in his Arctic dress of wool and fur. Standing six foot two or three, with proportionate breadth of shoulders and depth of chest, his smooth-shaven face nipped by the cold to a gleaming pink, his long lashes and eyebrows white with ice, and the ear and neck-flaps of his great wolfskin cap loosely raised, he seemed of a verity, the Frost King, just stepped in out of the night. Clasped outside his Mackinaw jacket, a beaded belt held two large Colt's revolvers and a hunting-knife, while he carried, in addition to the inevitable dog-whip, a smokeless rifle of the largest bore and latest pattern. As he came forward, for all his step was firm and elastic, they could see that fatigue bore heavily upon him.

An awkward silence had fallen, but his hearty "What cheer, my lads?" put them quickly at ease, and the next instant Malemute Kid and he had gripped hands. Thought they had never met, each had heard of the other, and the recognition was mutual. A sweeping introduction and a mug of punch were forced upon him before he could explain his errand.

"How long since that basket-sled, with three men and eight dogs, passed?" he asked.

"An even two days ahead. Are you after them?"

"Yes; my team. Run them off under my very nose, the cusses. I've gained two days on them already,—pick them up on the next run."

"Reckon they'll show spunk?" asked Belden, in order to keep up the conversation, for Malemute Kid already had the coffeepot on and was busily frying bacon and moose-meat.

The stranger significantly tapped his revolvers.

"When'd yet leave Dawson?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Last night?"—as a matter of course.

"Today."

A murmur of surprise passed round the circle. And well it might; for it was just midnight and seventy-five miles of rough river trail was not to be sneered at for a twelve hours' run.

The talk soon became impersonal, however, harking back to the trials of childhood. As the young stranger ate of the rude fare, Malemute Kid attentively studied his face. Nor was he long in deciding that it was fair, honest, and open, and that he liked it. Still youthful, the lines had been firmly traced by toil and hardship. Though genial in conversation, and mild when at rest, the blue eyes gave promise of the hard steel-glitter which comes when called into action, especially against odds. The heavy jaw and square-cut chin demonstrated rugged pertinacity and indomitability of purpose. Nor, though the attributes of the lion were there, was there wanting the certain softness, the hint of womanliness, which bespoke an emotional nature—one which could feel, and feel deeply.

"So thet's how me an' the ol' woman got spliced," said Belden, concluding the exciting tale of his courtship. " 'Here we be, dad,' sez she. "An' may yeh be damned,' sez he to her, an' then to me, 'Jim, yeh—yeh git outen them good duds o' yourn; I want a right peart slice o' thet forty acre ploughed 'fore dinner.' An' then he turn on her an sez, 'An' yeh, Sal; yeh sail inter them dishes.' An' then he sort o' sniffled an' kissed her. An' I was thet happy,—but he seen me an' roars out, 'Yeh, Jim!' An' yeh bet I dusted fer the barn."

"Any kids waiting for you back in the States?" asked the stranger.

"Nope; Sal died 'fore any come. Thet's why I'm here." Belden abstractedly began to light his pipe, which had failed to go out, and then brightened up with, "How 'bout yerself, stranger,—married man?"

For reply, he opened his watch, slipped it from the thong which served for a chain, and passed it over. Belden pricked up the slush-lamp, surveyed the inside of the case critically, and swearing admiringly to himself, handed it over to Louis Savoy. With numerous "By gars!" he finally surrendered it to Prince, and they noticed that his hands trembled and his eyes took on a peculiar softness. And so it passed from horny hand to horney hand—the pasted photograph of a woman, the clinging kind that such men fancy, with a babe at the breast. Those who had not yet seen the wonder were keen with curiosity; those who had, became silent and retrospective. They could face the pinch of famine, the grip of scurvy, or the quick death by field or flood; but the pictured sem-

blance of a stranger woman and child made women and children of them all.

"Never have seen the youngster yet,—he's a boy, she says, and two years old," said the stranger as he received the treasure back. A lingering moment he gazed upon it, then snapped the case and turned away, but not quick enough to hide the restrained rush of tears.

Malemute Kid led him to a bunk and bade him turn in.

"Call me at four, sharp. Don't fail me," were his last words, and a moment later he was breathing in the heaviness of exhausted sleep.

"By Jove, he's a plucky chap," commented Prince. "Three hours' sleep after seventy-five miles with the dogs, and then the trail again. Who is he, Kid?"

"Jack Westondale. Been in going on three years, with nothing but the name of working like a horse, and any amount of bad luck to his credit. I never know him but Sitka Charley told me about him."

"It seems hard that a man with a sweet young wife like his should be putting in his years in this God-forsaken hole, where every year counts two on the outside."

"The trouble with him is clean grit an stubbornness. He's cleaned up twice with a stake, but lost it both times."

Here the conversation was broken off by an uproar from Bettles, for the effect had begun to wear away. And soon the bleak years of monotonous grub and deadening toil were being forgotten in rough merriment. Malemute Kid alone seemed unable to lose himself, and cast many an anxious look at his watch. Once he put on his mittens and beaver-skin cap, and leaving the cabin, fell to rummaging about in the cache.

Nor could be wait the hour designated; for he was fifteen minutes ahead of time in rousing his guest. The young giant had stiffened badly, and brisk rubbing was necessary to bring him to his feet. He tottered painfully out of the cabin, to find his dogs harnessed and everything ready for the start. The company wished him good luck and a short chase, while Father Roubeau, hurriedly blessing him, led the stampede for the cabin; and small wonder, for it is not good to face seventy-four degrees below zero with naked ears and hands.

Malemute Kid saw him to the main trail, and there, gripping his hand heartily, gave him advice.

"You'll find a hundred pounds of salmon-eggs on the sled," he said. "The dogs will go as far on that as with one hundred and fifty of fish, and you can't get dog-food at Pelly, as you probably expected." The stranger started, and his eyes flashed, but he did not interrupt. "You can't get an ounce of food for dog or man till you reach Five Fingers, and that's a stiff two hundred miles. Watch out for open water on the Thirty Mile River, and be sure you take the big cut-off above LeBarge."

"How did you know it? Surely the news can't be ahead of me already?"

"I don't know it; and what's more, I don't want to know it. But you never owned that team you're chasing. Sitka Charley sold it to them last spring. But he sized you up to me as a square once, and I believe him. I've seen your face; I like it. And I've see—why, damn you, hit the high places for salt water and that wife of yours, and—" Here the Kid unmittened and jerked out his sack.

"No; I don't need it," and the tears froze on his cheeks as he convulsively gripped Malemute Kid's hand.

"Then don't spare the dogs; cut them out of the traces as fast as they drop; buy them, and think they're cheap at ten dollars a pound. You can get them at Five Fingers, Little Salmon, and the Hootalinqua."

"And watch out for wet feet," was his parting advice. "Keep a-traveling up to twenty-five, but if it gets below that, build a fire and change your socks."

Fifteen minutes had barely elapsed, when the jingle of bells announced new arrivals. The door opened, and a mounted policeman of the Northwest Territory entered, followed by two half-breed dog-drivers. Like Westondale, they were heavily armed and showed signs of fatigue. The half-breeds had been born to the trail, and bore it easily; but the young policeman was badly exhausted. Still the dogged obstinacy of his race held him to the pace he had set, and would hold him till he dropped in his tracks.

"When did Westondale pull out?" he asked. "He stopped here, didn't he?" This was supererogatory, for the tracks told their own tale too well.

Malemute Kid had caught Belden's eye, and he, scenting the wind, replied evasively, "A right peart while back."

"Come, my man; speak up," he admonished.

"Yeh seem to want him right smart. Hez he been gittin' cantankerous down Dawson way?"

"Held up Harry McFarland's for forty thousand; exhanged it at the A. C. store for a check on Seattle; and who's to stop the cashing of it if we don't overtake him? When did he pull out?"

Every eye suppressed its excitement, for Malemute Kid had given the cue, and the young officer encountered wooden faces on every hand.

Striding over to Prince, he put the question to him. Though it hurt him, gazing into the frank, earnest face of his fellow-countryman, he replied inconsequentially on the state of the trail.

Read further on page 118

My Husband—An Old Contributor

By CHARMIAN KITTREDGE LONDON



Charmian London—Shipboard photo, sent to Overland from "Somewhere in France," February 20, 1923

A JACK LONDON issue of The Overland Monthly! And, deeply gratifying to me, fashioned, at the inspired request of its editor, by the willing heads and hearts of Jack's neighbors of the Valley of the Moon—certain talented members they of The League of American Penwomen, Sonoma County Chapter.

As for me, I cannot name The Overland Monthly and dissociate it with Jack London. For on the very day of my first meeting with the glorious boy, was he not at my house in Berkeley on matters pertinent to his work for The Overland?—those matters being the serial publication of his first great Alaskan stories.

Fadeless is that memory-cameo of his short Greek face, featured so like the Damascene Wrestler I happened upon in the Vatican; his shining, appealing eyes, wide-spaced beneath an artist's brows, and merrily crowned with a mop of brown curls. Too, I can still revision the eloquent small hands—hands that talked as leaves gesturing in a light battling with the universe. It was not for nothing that Jack's distaff ancestry endowed him with an infusion of vivid Latin energy.

The Overland Monthly . . . other connotations . . . why, even I, in my 'teens, had acted a humble part in its sometimes precarious continuance. *Played* might better express it, for it was good fun, in an atmosphere of charm, and I added little to the cast, except perhaps to the gaiety of the cramped, dusty editorial rooms on Montgomery Street before the Great Earthquake and Fire.

Then, as fairly often, the periodical, nursery of genius though it had been and remained, went through strait experiences while its adherents winced from time to time in fear of its passing. And the humility of my position is best described by the humorous and lowly if affectionate sobriquet of Assistant Sub-scissors. I think it was that friendly poet in our midst, Charlie Greene, who dubbed me thus. He was an unfailing light in the none-too-well illuminated sanctum.

Now it occurs to me that I was also associated, on one occasion, at least, with The Out West Magazine. This to the extent of an article upon "cross-saddle" horsemanship for women. One modern pioneer was I in resurrecting the time-honored Amazonian bodily balance for smart usage in our benighted century—benighted in this respect beyond the Thirteenth! The western magazines



Cruising up the wide reaches of the San Joaquin River, California, 1914

and dailies were complaisant about furthering our crusade with dignified publicity.

By the time I first contacted with Jack London, my household, which had come to include the main personnel as editor and business manager of The Overland with the disturbing authority of one's elders had insisted upon book reviews from my dilatory and callow pen. It seems that I was hopelessly unenthusiastic about writing. I much preferred to entertain myself in other ways. I find I have not entirely got over that. But it happened that most of the skirted ones of my immediate kin were or had been writers, my poet-mother among them. So, it was urged, I must write. So, obediently, I wrote. And the reviews are very amusing to me now—stilted from, perhaps, that same distate to perform.

AT our second meeting, I was asked to review Jack London's first book, "The Son of the Wolf," soon to appear under the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Not recking whereof I spoke, I consented—almost gladly, for once.

On the date when the author had sent me the gravid proofsheets, I had just come home from San Francisco. Because I pounced instantly upon the printed slips, all beside including my hat was blotted out. Thus at one hatted sitting I swept amazed and broken through the sheaf of stories. Of them all but one, "An Odyssey of the North," had been or were making their *début* in The Overland Monthly.

There arrive to all of us unasked and unexpected hours when mental emotion exceeds bounds and one is shattered. So it was with me that fargone afternoon in the University town with its dreamy hill backdrop. The tales were so rare in icy rigor of scene, and in turn running the gamut of human temperament, from starkly rude and strong to depths of tenderness and sacrifice in man and woman. As well, in spirit and workmanship, to me they seemed unprecedented. For I was yet, though soon, out of Jack's abundant admiration for the elder artist, to learn my Kipling. The critics, always seeking for likenesses, promptly pronounced Jack London the young American Kipling. At any rate, each of the two men had made known in romance a virgin region to the reader living in our *fin de siécle* recurrence in eternity.

In short, with perfect clarity I recognized and averred my limitations. Some one bigger than I should undertake to write of those astonishing tales. Nor did I once waver then or ever after from my belief that I was and am much, much too small. Jack did not hear of my defection until the bound volume had been delivered. "To Charmian, my first Reviewer," is sprawled in boyish characters across the flyleaf of the first-edition he gave to me. Alas, I had not earned the treasure! I wonder. It may be that I had—by my restraint. And the refraining was the best work I ever did.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY—it takes place almost as one member of the composite family in which I developed. Many of the old guard went through our house in Oakland, and, later, Berkeley. When I was still younger than in the Assistant Sub-Scissors months, Charles Howard Shinn and his sister Millicent were among them. And Charles S. Greene—"Uncle Charlie" of a lambent poetic flame. Always suffering underneath smile and gentle Puckish humorousness.

Then there was Ferdinand I. Vassault. Phil Weaver, one of the staff, presented me with a souvenir spoon in the bowl of which the prowling Overland Bear pauses upon the fabulous overland railroad tracks that spanned the continent betwixt the oceans. The land once ox-teamed by my own among the westerning horde. And from The Golden Era Magazine came Harr Wagner; with him his dainty poet wife—Madge Morris—or did they then say *poetess?* Up from the South traveled Charles F. Lummis. Other names crowd—a long roster that contains many artists.

One Sunday a large number planted forestage on Yerba Buena—old Goat Island, where the boy Jack London found ports for his tiny craft from down the Oakland Estuary. And I was the fortunate General Kid among the Overland crowd upon marvelous yachting days in the beautiful *White Wings.* It was Dutch treat, of course. And those early bay adventures rank in my devoted memory with other white-wings, briny hazards on the same turbulent inland sea: on *Spray, Petrel, Roamer;* even to hunting and finding our Rainbow End in the South Seas, by way of the *Snark;* or lapsing around Cape Horn on the windjammer *Dirigo.* Again, Australia to Ecuador in a rusty tramp collier. The pretty *White Wings* ranks among my gorgeous voyagings with Jack London; and sweet and tender are mind-pictures of the old magazine group.

To draw together my discourse: And so, and so . . . I am pleased, I am greatly touched, by this present tribute of our Overland, through the friendly publisher and editor, to my Strong Traveler, Jack London. And one notes that the magazine has resumed its elder format, which I better like. In the late large size it meant to me "something else again"—not my own Overland Monthly.

Verse and articles contributed by these neighbors of Jack London and myself in our enchanted County of Sonoma have passed through my grateful hands. Fair and sensitive to the man the writers have striven to be. As if they have felt that biased critics had no power over his emotions.

Read further on page 120

TO JACK LONDON

By Grace Monroe Davis

We wrote of a world that had pretty grown and pale
From lack of blood. From life well insulated
We went our way. Then, like the untamed gale
That tears the bay where Suisun is mated
Unto the lusty ocean, Jack London wrote.
He told of sinewy men with passions taut,
Whose fishng skiffs like gun gray sea gulls float,
But never in the rip toothed waves are caught,
And shattered. Pirates, too, of saurian shapes
Watch for the fish catch splashed with light, as dawn
Flings flamingo flames against the western capes;
And how to picture these Jack London knew,
For in his early youth he fought with Life;
He met this Foe on the rough Suisun slough,
And cut His heart out with an oyster knife.
Though London's tales may reek with muck and mud,
And tell of men uncouth and roughly dressed;
Still racing through the drab is the red of blood.
His tales will live; they meet Time's sternest test.



MARTIN EDEN

By Sarah Hammond Kelly

"THE blaze of tropic suns was in his face",
Yet old remembered Beauty held his eyes
Remote with dreams of loveliness that lies
Beyond our knowledge in a strange, far place.
I took this well-thumbed volume from its case,
And gave him warning, since I must be wise
For eager youth. "Now read! If courage dies,
When once the end of perfect dreams you trace,
There have been others who have found the cost
Exacted for the privilege of song
Too bitter and the lonely road too long.
If courage lives—we others are the lost
Mad souls who serve and cherish, as you must,
Ashes of Truth and Beauty's fragrant dust."

Jack London

A Brief Sketch of His Life

By EDITH GRANGER HAWKES

JACK LONDON'S first published short story, "To the Man on Trail," appeared in the *Overland Monthly* in January, 1899—thirty-three years ago. That year saw the publication of seven more, all stories of Alaska. These, with "An Odyssey of the North," first appearing in the conservative *Atlantic Monthly,* made up his first collected volume, called "The Son of the Wolf." From that time until his untimely death in 1916 he poured forth writings of every kind, — stories, essays, poems, and long works of fiction and other prose, until at the end he had accomplished in these seventeen years of violent activity some 50 published volumes.

That is an amazing record. And whether one is an admirer of Jack London or not, it is a fact that must be admitted. It is the story of a vitality so great, an energy so overflowing, a driving force so tremendous, that the wonder is that he did not wear himself out long before the end came.



Aboard the "Roamer" in the confluence of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, California, 1915.

Never was there a writer who put so much of himself into all that he wrote. What he had seen, and he had seen much, he translated into terms of his own nature, and poured it forth again as stories that gripped their readers just because of that force of personality behind and within them.

The bare outer facts of Jack London's life could be told in a hundred words, more or less, but it is the motives and forces behind these facts that count. Here was a boy, the sun of "movers," as they are often called in the west. His parentage was good old American, ending finally in the father who had the pioneering streak in him, and who gave it to his son enhanced a thousandfold, although developing along entirely different lines.

This boy, born in San Francisco in 1876, grew up amid sordid surroundings, although part of his boyhood was spent on a ranch. He lived in various small places not far from San Francisco Bay, and finally his parents settled in Oakland. Here he did all sorts of odd jobs, none of them elevating, was graduated from grammar school, and learned to know the public library. His parents were poor, and his occupations drew him to the water-front with its saloons and dives, where he learned about all a boy could of human degradation. He also imbibed here an eagerness for sea life from the many sailors he became acquainted with. This hunger he tried to satisfy in small boats on San Francisco Bay, but not until he was seventeen, already an upstanding man among men on land and water, and across a bar or in a fight and earning various none too savory sobriquets, did he finally sign articles as able seaman on the schooner "Sophie Sutherland" for a sealing voyage in the North Pacific. He was gone seven months, and on his return he was a different man.

This ended one period of his life. He worked now for a few months at steady jobs. But confining over work was too much for him. He left his position, and started tramping with others back

to the east. For months he led a hobo life, begging his way, or earning a few cents, living with other tramps, and even spending a stretch in prison, thought only for "vagrancy." One authority has it that he did this with the purpose of contact with life at first hand for the sake of a study in sociology, but he himself says it was simply the wanderlust in his blood that would not let him rest. However, although this period was short, less than two years, it gave him a new impulse, which furnished the guiding-line for the rest of his life. In other words, he found that he had a brain, and decided to use it to make his way in the world. But as he had so little education, he resolved, even at his present age, nineteen, to get more, and on his return to Oakland he began to study. He did a year at high school, crammed years of work into three months, passed his exams and entered the University of California. He crammed himself full of all kinds of knowledge — historical, scientific, philosophic, economic, and literary. He began to write, anything and everything. He sent out articles and stories, only to have them returned. It was not until he returned from a year spent in the Klondike with the 1897 mob of adventurers for gold that he wrote something that was an entering wedge with worth-while publications. This was "To the Man on Trail," mentioned before.



Charmian London—One of Jack's favorite pictures

London's best books deal with Alaska, the climax being reached in "The Call of the Wild," conceded by nearly all critics to be his best work. This, as everyone must know, is the story of a fine dog who, losing his master, reverted to the life of the wolf from which his ancestors had sprung.

Everything he saw and did, every place he went, were grist for London's mill. He went to England, and "People of the Abyss" followed, with various sociological essays. The famous "Voyage of the Snark" resulted in stories galore of the South Seas, and he made a tremendous new reputation in that field. London himself said, "I carry my office in my head, and see the world while I earn the money to see it with." He wrote all the time, forcing himself, in no matter what circumstances, to do his thousand words or more a day. Before one story or article was finished, his brain was teeming with plans for the next. His fund of material seemed inexhaustible. And yet, although plots might change, and even scenes, Jack London himself was in everything he wrote,—his experiences, his views, his theories—in fact, himself.

London had a tremendous feeling for words, and a seemingly inexhaustible vocabulary, which he increased by studying and memorizing words from the dictionary, by combining words, hyphenating them, enriching them by new uses.

Pattee, in his "Sidelights on American Literature," calls attention to some interesting points: one of these is London's ability to describe a fight, —any kind of a fight, from a dog-fight to a mutiny at sea. He handles them all with the love of a fighter for the sight of others fighting. Another is the fact that his heroes are all super-men. Not one is a natural man, but a demi-god, even though he be a brute. But Pattee conceded to him that while his white women are too idealized, his Indian women, who are probably also idealized, and often unnatural, are real creations, his most original ones.

London during tramping days became a socialist in theory, although by nature an individualist. Many of his articles and books are in support of socialism, and the socialistic idea underlies much of his fiction. Indeed, although he admits that he writes solely because he wants to make money, and that is the way in which he can make it best and make the most, he had an idea that there must be an underlying purpose to every novel.

In 1905, London, who had been married and divorced, and was father of two little girls, married Charmian Kittredge, and henceforth made his home in that "Valley of the Moon" which he has

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Library Collected by Jack London

Reveals Thirst for Knowledge

By CELESTE G. MURPHY

JACK LONDON drank deep of knowledge. He wanted first-hand knowledge and was able to evaluate it. He crashed doors denied to many men and learned much in the hard school of experience. Endowed with a brain which had the power of discrimination, he coined his experiences into masterpieces of literature. Verily he is neither poor in purse nor impoverished in spirit who is conscious of the faculties of a London. The boy, Jack London, sensed his power. His brain careened in a feverish search for material that his pen might give truth to a world too smug, too stupid or busy to get what he would garner.

His search was intelligent and he studied modes of expression as Brewster's "Studies in Structure and Style." He probed the riddle of life as he scrutinized the findings of accepted philosophers. Books and libraries were the stepping stones to the heights he finally won. From these he winnowed golden grain. Books reveal souls and plumb depth of character. London, ranger of land and sea, found himself scanning viewpoints of many men, and always as ideas percolated his brain, there was reaction original and forceful. Theories crystallized. Cause and effect became epics. Prose surged out as poetry. Character was created from seamy outcroppings. Soul was glimpsed in the hopeless. Overtones were detected. Jack Lodon unearthed treasures never before equaled in the literary world. Who has plucked as wonderful a tale from the primordial past as "The Call of the Wild"? When has the master style been better developed than in this story, an accredited textbook at home and abroad in schools and colleges from which he took no degrees?

To acquire a library was one of his principal ambitions. The Oakland public library and the book shelves at U. C. meant more to him than college professors or required courses. Bookshelves or a single volume instantly captivated him. His first meeting with Charmian Kittredge, his inspiration and mate, was to exchange books and discuss them. Little did he think then or when buying shabby volumes from a push peddler's cart in big cities that he should one day come to own a notable collection of 15,000 books. As success came, he kept adding to his "tools of trade" as he called his books. They were primarily why he began to think of a massive house of stone where he might safely house his treasures; so he built the Wolf House from the red stone of the Sonoma hills with its timbering of redwood. This



At his desk at Glen Ellen, shortly before his death in 1916

noble pile was not destined to hold the books. Fortunately before they had been moved in, a fire swept the great house. London died without seeing his collection assembled. Many volumes were stored in a massive wine cellar on the Jack London ranch. The cottage which Jack and Charmian occupied held but a few of the collection; volumes in daily use filled the walls of their workroom.

What books comprised London's library and helped him in his constructive plan to sit with the gods on Olympus? Charmian London refers to many of them in her biography, "The Book of Jack London" (The Century Co., 1921).

You can trace the rise of the young giant and almost get a complete guide to his growth, and yet on the same schedule of reading it is apparent that the magic carpet would not be beneath ordinary feet. The spark of genius and combustion of a London brain turned his reading into inspired work surcharged with a personality which brought the world to acclaim him and necessitated translation of his books into many languages. Translations he read and himself was translated. Of all books of his youth Ouida's "Signa" and Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style" he credits most as his guides. Then came the days of Carl Marx, Nietzche ("Thus Spake Arathustra"), Schopenhauer, Spinoza, Darwin ("Origin of Species"). He won a thorough grounding in evolution, we are told, and was able to digest the most abstruse biologists and fathom the ideas of leading authorities on psychology and psychoanalysis. Freud, Prince and Jung were on his list. Haekel and Bergson challenged his earnest thought. Economics and political economy were a part of his "long pursued and omniverous reading." Rousseau's "Social Contract," Malthus's "Law of Population, "The Historians' History of the World" (25 volumes), "The Struggle for Success" indicate the type of books which made for the burning of midnight oil. In his correspondence with Cloudseley Johns he lists the following books as engaging his attention at one time:

Saint, "Amands Revolution of 1848"; Brewster's "Studies in Structure and Style"; Jordan's "Footnotes to Evolution"; Tyrell's "Sub-Arctics"; Bohm, "Bawerk's Capital and Interest."

Modern fiction was read with alert interest, and to quote from the Biography: "Jack read rapaciously of the meatiest and trashiest." He wanted to be informed as to the stride of moderns. Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" had its influence; Austin Lewis impressed him. Books on criminology, jurisprudence, psychic phenomenon and religion were eagerly perused. He read writers gone sour on the fair sex but they did not kill his grand passion. Weeds never crowded out the flowers from his fertile brain. He loved poetry and reveled in its reading. Shelley, Swinburne (Songs of the Spring Tides), Rosetti, Omar Kayham, and certain gems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" was an abiding joy. Kipling's heroic characters and virile style he admired and defended, and has himself been called the Kipling of the Klondike.

Jack London's library and the scope of his reading reveal widely separated themes and scenes. "Jack was not a collector of rarities. His objective was a diversified reference library," points out Charmian London. But his "tools of trade" include rare tomes, richly bound classics and volumes priceless because autographed by contemporaries.

Through research and study he paved the way for travel and political problems and was an intelligent war correspondent as well as a graphic writer of news stories. Look at his Far East references—"China and the Allies," "Reshaping of the Far East," "China's Revolution," Bereford's "Break-up of China" and you will realize the preparedness of Jack London. He was girded for every fray.

His love of the sea and books reflecting its fascinating appeal and rugged traditions are conspicuous on his shelves. "Moby Dick, or the White Whale" stirred the imagination and adventurous spirit of London, the boy. South Sea tales, books on Alaska adventuring, and expeditions to the North and South Poles by Peary, Amundsen, Nansen and other explorers, African data, and voyaging accounts by writers of many countries were valuable aids. Not content with this world alone he peered beyond and acquired many authorities on metaphysics. He was adventuring to the end. The last pages he scanned as death summoned him over the baffling horizon was a voyage tale, "Around Cape Horn, Maine to California, 1852, ship James W. Paige."

London was proud of contemporary writers whom he knew and hailed as Californians—Frank Norris, Helen Hunt Jackson, George Sterling, Gertrude Atherton, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham and others. His volumes of California history and shelves filled with books of authors sprung from his native soil were accessions of which he was very fond.

A cursory glance at the literary collection of the gifted author of the Valley of the Moon reveals books by John Masefield, Eden Philpotts, Beatrice Harradan, May Sinclair ("Divine Fire"), John Kendrick Bangs, Taine, Emerson, Vandyke, Bulwer, F. Marion Crawford, Irving, Defoe, Kingsley, Zangwill, Smollet, Tolstoi, and conspicuous because of London's theme, John Barleycorn, is a little volume "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

Problem plays, the drama, and works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Suderman, Bernard Shaw,

Read further on page 120

Treasures From The Snark's Cruise

By BYRD WEYLER KELLOGG

WHAT inspired the designs in the delicate traceries on their Marquesan blood bowl, Jack and Charmian London never completely revealed after they brought the priceless curio back to their beloved Beauty Ranch in the Valley of the Moon. Friends heard hints of its sanguinary history soon after the travelers came home from their cruise on the Snark. Later they found it hung on a wall in the London home, an axis for a group of South Sea Island weapons and calabashes.

These calabashes still seem to rotate with a swirling mass of poi-poi made from breadfruit, although it has been nearly twenty-five years since the black fingers of a Marquesas Islander touched them.

Dark, loathsome shadows lurk in the blood bowl, an oblong calabash, for from it has been drunk the blood of two shipmasters, mean men both, almost despicable enough to warrant their end. This was their fate. The natives whom they betrayed drank their blood and ate their white flesh.

For over a century human blood stained the wood, crept into the flexuous meshes of the carvings, yet the bowl is preserved in perfect state today. A long-pig trencher, which might well have been its companion piece, fell into bits as Charmain London bartered for its possession.

That vast collection of South Seas curios made by the writer and his wife, has been kept practically intact, and each specimen will eventually fulfill its proposed destiny—not in Wolf House, for which the collection was made, for that dream home burned while yet incomplete; but they will find a permanent abiding place somewhere on Beauty Ranch.

Even now some of the calabashes—great brown ones, thirty inches in diameter—form a part of the lighting system in Charmain London's home. They are the globes used for indirect illumination.

Great bowls, small ones and sizes in between serve innumerable purposes in that household. Even the season of the year dictates their use in this far distant land. One—oblong, with ends shaped like a canoe and with four squat legs—is filled with tender foliage when spring scatters its newborn green over the countryside; in the autumn it flaunts scarlet and gold souls of dying verdure.

Fashioned from heavy mio wood, and hard as stone, the London calabashes (kokas) are unsurpassed by any in private collections. Charmian London tells how they were discovered in her breath-taking "Log of the Snark." She also tells in that book the story of a hula-hula skirt of seal brown, mattress-like human hair. She even shows it worn by her husband.

Beautiful possessions, but disquieting, for they bring back memories of the original owners—humans who were sacrificed, and eaten after being despoiled of their flowing tresses for vanity's sake.

Armlets were found that matched the skirt, and an "old men's beards," which Robert Louis Stevenson describes as a Marquesan's most precious treasurer. "Old men's beards" are foot long, gray fringes, stiff and grim, and worn on the forehead. They are held by a brow band of curving sections of yellow turtle shell.

At some time during the eighteen months the Snark cruised in the South Seas, Mr. and Mrs. London must have longed for the sight of a friendly white face, yet in none of their later books did they betray this quite natural desire. But they felt no hunger for the sound of their native tongue, for they carried the voice of their own land with them wherever they went. The cargo of the Snark contained a phonograph, a big horn, and a great assortment of records.

It does not take a very active imagination to conjure up a picture of Jack and Charmian and the phonograph, surrounded by natives surprised, mystified, but pleased. Only on such occasions did the white man and his mate see the people of the South Sea Islands in their primitive state without guile, and the pretenses taught them by the white race.

The old phonograph and battered horn are still in existence. They respond to proper urging although in a phlegmatic way, for the islands have destroyed the timbre of the instrument; the voice once glamarous has fallen upon evil days. Caruso's record of Brindisi's "Drinking Song" is lost forever, worn out by a homesick soul who would listen to none other as long as the faithful machine would grind out that rollicking melody.

"I must get a new horn," Charmian says whenever she sees a visitor's eye on this mis-shapen battered old instrument, but there is no promise in her voice, and her friends know she never will. They know that even as she speaks she is back again in Taiohae watching the merry Marquesans dancing to Hawaiian music played on an American phonograph.

Admire her tapa cloths or talk about them, and Charmian London will relate how she found the center of tapa making, almost a lost art, and how she bargained for the magnificent specimens that

cover her walls and hang as dividing draperies in long narrow living quarters.

Only the best pieces have been kept in the London collection of tapas. They are white or cream, made of tutuga bark and covered with designs stamped with native dye.

A few there are who are eternal voyagers. The master and mate of the Snark were such. They returned to Beauty Ranch in the Valley of the Moon and there the demands of a new day crowded their waking hours until the old life in the South Seas became only a shadow, an alluring, fantastic dream on the borderland of their consciousness, pleading for a permanent place in their orderly life.

Then it was that the two turned to their cherished belongings, their treasure-trove from the South Seas, and through them were able to recreate a picture of that tropical land to which they would always feel akin.

A quarter of a century ago the mate of the Snark (Charmian London) gazed with appreciative and envious eyes on the carved king posts that upheld the Port Mary canoe house on the Island of Santa Ana. The canoe house was taboo to her feminine, hence defiling presence.

Her own king posts, bought from Chief Ramana of Ugi on the Fourth of July, 1908, are now taboo to all but old intimate acquaintances and a few new friends. They now guard the citadel of her secret place where she goes alone to live in memory her days of vagabondage—those days when she stood shoulder to shoulder with her own man and others and proved her right to a voice in men's councils.

Charmian's king posts have ornate poles that are half Gothic or nearly Doric, and on the top are carved figures. One shows Egyptian influence. It is a man sitting on the tips of a shark's open jaws, his square well carved hands resting on his knees.

That squat black figure has a secret significance known only to the natives. Perhaps its meaning is this: In the face of danger be calm—man is supreme.

A fitting king post indeed, for the master of the Snark's mate!



About 1909. Photo Arnold Genthe

Jack London regularly wrote about 1000 words daily. He is shown here in a characteristic pose visiting with friends following the day's work.

BUSINESS and FINANCE

"PEGGING"

By NATHAN T. PORTER

WHEN the entire membership of Boards of Directors of certain giant structures of business own less than one one-hundreth of the capital stock of the business they manage—

WHEN the Morgans, or the Kuhn-Loebs, or Dillon-Reads, or other collossal funding machines retain, or purchase for keeps, less than a decimal naught-one part of the billions in bonds they deliver broadcast to trustful investors—



Nathan T. Porter

WHEN the call money rates move up just at the time the crowd that is playing the market must employ that money, or pass out; and, when these same rates go down at the time "informed" money (our big money) is about to use this money in its carrying through—when men directing affairs in our Departments of State and in big business machines blow hot or cold as the course chartered by our financial plotters may require—when all these, and more unmentioned so cunningly set, mark the passing drama of our economic life, this business of "pegging" the market or setting prices by a timeclock device becomes more than a science—**it is an art.** In its manoeuvers and in its sequence, it out-operates any device mechanically set. It is humanly set, and how!

TO the man on the street, this wordy preface to our pronouncement on **pegging** might fall on deaf ears but for what has come out in the recent quiz of Wall Street's doings and the ways of high finance now running its course in committee hearings at Washington, D. C.

HOW easy and how simple to first lay down the barrage of favorable publicity. Casual remarks to serve as a background, are made by the high-ups as a matter of course. Interviews—assuring reports of prommissors ability to pay—hurry-up calls to act quickly—firm tones on the exchange—unexpected demands for offerings—restricted allotments—it must be good, and it is yours only if you hurry—sold out sign coming up.

THE day following, the pegs loosen and fall out one by one. All is made ready for the next pegging. The big boat has unloaded into smaller craft. The gangway of the giant liner is hauled up and all the little boats are beaten about in a rough sea. There is no way for the public holder or investor to get back to the port of safety. No anchorage—no pilotage—just waiting to be picked up. And after a time he is not up—**he is down.**

PEGGING the market to unload bond issues; pegging the market to effect mergers or hold things steady while the new issues are being passed out; pegging the market on the exchange when certain securities have reached the desired low; loosening these pegs when the market is at the point of the desired high; pegging here and pegging there along the line; pegging the public mind at the desired degree of pitch; pegging ups and pegging downs—the long-since favorite sport of the big game baggers in big finance.

THE pathetic side of this picture is the knowledge brought home to each of us that where we have been wont to put our highest trust, we are now hanging the crepe of our lowest suspicion. Even the most eminent place in the church, the most prominent place in the state, the place of the most outstanding and conspicous personage in public life, is made, perchance unwittingly, to lend itself to the craft of those who raid the belongings of mankind as they have never been raided before. From petty brigandage to grand pillaging, marks the trail of our civilization.

MORGAN, the raider of an earlier spoch; and then the Morgans raiding us now—brothers under the skin—but how petty and feeble those Morgans of the ancient time!

AND while this "pegging" is in progress; while stocks are juggled up or juggled down at the whim of the "big boys"; while men and women are hoodwinked and reputable business raided; while these merry-go-rounds of high finance occupy the center of the stage, our country is made to suffer because of the unemployment of several millions of men and women. Because these men and women are out of work, they lack the necessities of life—many have not sufficient or satisfying food, are inadequately clothed and lack the means of housing and shelter.

OUR English cousins, from whom are derived our own laws, outgeneral us in more ways than one. In England "pegging the market" is a crime. To peg is to violate England's criminal code. No doubt our financiers will claim that Britain is behind the times.

MR. B. C. FORBES makes the statement that "the most pressing, the most urgent, the most dire problem confronting America at this moment, in my humble but perhaps mistaken view, is the bringing about of such sentiment, such conditions, such reflation as will put people at work and enable them to fill their stomachs through their own efforts, not through charity, not through a soup kitchen, not through a bread line."

MR. FORBES admits that the people of this country are confronted with many and pressing problems, financial and economic. The clarification of the stock exchange, railway capitalization and other needed "reforms" would perhaps, in the opinion of Mr. Forbes, best wait on the development of confidence and the return of the full dinnerpail. Every other objective, says Mr. Forbes, should be subordinated to providing honest work for willing American workers.

PROVIDING work for the unemployed is one of the crying needs of the day. If, however, the stock market is to regain such measures of health, looked upon as desirable by Mr. Forbes and others, and if the stock exchange is to be brought to a place where it will merit the confidence of the American people, those in authority must see to it that the investigations begun, do not go the way of most other investigations of committees and commissions for which the states and the Federal Government are constantly appropriating funds.

Millionaires and Grub Street

By JAMES HOWARD BRIDGE

A BOOK under above title, written by James Howard Bridge is recently from the press of Brentano's. This book will be reviewed in a subsequent issue. We here mention one chapter only entitled "The Overland Monthly." Mr. Bridge was for a considerable period the distinguished editor of this magazine, and in the chapter on the Overland Monthly, has this to say relative to Jack London:

"One day, toward the end of '98, my Assistant Greene came into my office and said there was a man outside who had a story to sell, and wanted an immediate decision as to its acceptability. I went to the outer office and greeted him. He said his name was Jack London. 'You mean John,' I said. 'No, just Jack,' was the reply. He looked like a tramp, and nothing like a man who could have written an acceptable story for Bret Harte's old magazine. But when he said he had just come down from the Klondike, I said "Give me your story and come back tomorrow.' I took the manuscript home with me that night and had the surprise of my life. The story was called "To the Man on Trail; A Klondike Christmas." It was the first of the Malaluke Kid stories, and one of the finest things Jack London ever did. I understood that he had never published before, and that he had come into the office because he needed money—was in fact "dead broke." Of course there was no hesitation when I saw him next morning.

'We will accept your story, and pay our maximum price—$25.00—for it. If you will write us a series of six stories, I will pay for them as you bring them in, and have Maynard Dixon illustrate them, and feature them in other ways, so that you will be able to get into Eastern magazines, and get what your work is worth. For I am free to say that your work is worth more than we can pay for it."

London gratefully accepted my offer, and within the next two or three weeks finished the series and brought them in. "The White Silence," was the next, and was copied by the *New York Evening Post*. Thereafter Jack London never had need to hawk his stuff in any editorial office."

Continuing his interesting account of the *Overland Monthly*, Mr. Bridge says:

"Some years before I took charge of the *Overland Monthly* I was living on my ranch near San Luis Obispo. It was part of an old Spanish grant; and I had for neighbors several other Englishmen. One of these rode over to my place one morning as I was about to drive to Paso de Robles, to take the train for New York. He surprised me by handing me a parcel containing, as he told me, the manuscript of a book he had been writing, and he asked me to read it on the train and throw it away if I thought it was not worth offering to a publisher. He had always impressed me with his ready wit, his nice, precise habits of speech, his questioning interest in things literary; but I had no thought of his aspiring to authorship. I accepted his parcel with misgivings, and read the tale on the train. It was amazingly clever—beautifully written, well conceived and constructed, and leading to a logical, natural climax. It was *The Romance of Judge Ketcham;* its author was the now well-known Horace Annesley Vachell!

Jack London's Valley of the Moon

By CHESTER G. MURPHY

THERE is romance and magic in the name,—The Valley of the Moon,—not only in the name, for romance and magic really dwell in Jack London's homeland, the beautiful and historic Sonoma Valley, 50 miles from San Francisco.

Sonoma valley IS the Valley of the Moon despite the impression that the Valley of the Moon is a figment of the imagination, an Elysium conjured up by that wizard of words, the late Jack London.

The magic of that moon! Jack London divined it when first he drove over the wooded hills in 1903 and saw the "moon of his delight" rising o'er a vale of enchantment. Years before, in 1823 to be exact, the Mission Fathers found this moon valley of Sonoma and founded there the last and twenty-third of the Missions begun by Father Junipero Serra at San Diego. The Indians called the chosen spot Sonoma. Translated the word means *many moons*. Because of the peculiar formation of a spur of the coast range which skirts the eastern sky, the moon comes up over a crest, disappears and seems to rise again in all its golden majesty. Full seven times it seems to rise as one journeys across the valley.

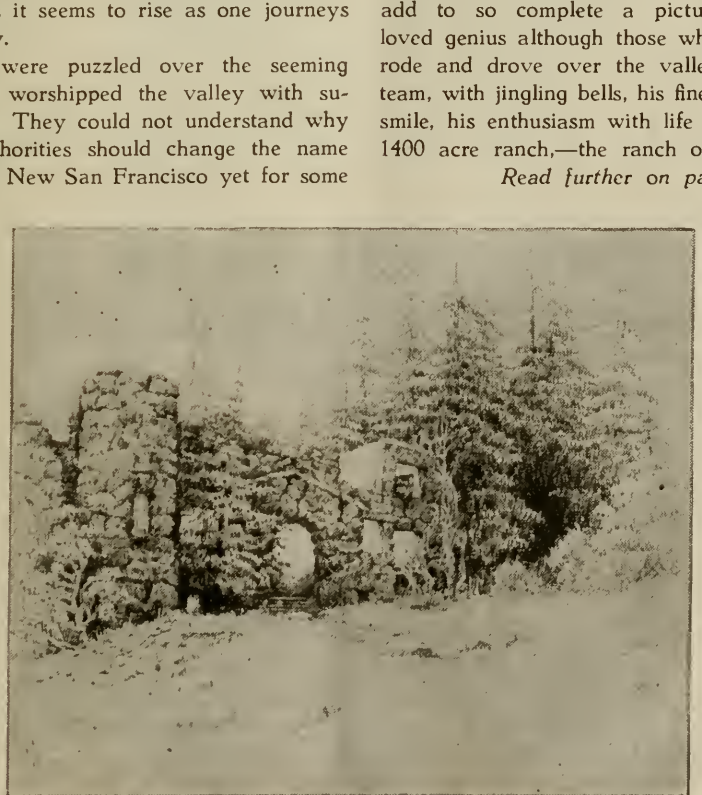
The Indians were puzzled over the seeming phenomena and worshipped the valley with superstitious awe. They could not understand why the Mission authorities should change the name from Sonoma to New San Francisco yet for some time it was so called, the intention being to eventually transfer the Mission at San Francisco to the warmer interior valley whose wood, fertility and curative springs commended it for permanent settlement. Plans were changed, however, and when mission authorities waned and the Mexican government sent General Mariana Vallejo to establish civil government and a new pueblo in the north, he restored the name to the locality, for the General was poetic and appreciated the Indians' point of view.

Then came Jack London and in 1913 gave Sonoma's translation world fame through the title of his book.

Jack London has gone from the Valley of the Moon, new worlds to conquer, but a magic moon still weaves it's spell 'oer the land he loved and left.

Charmian London, his inspiration and mate, has written a most intimate and comprehensive biography of Jack London, originally a two volume edition but now being revised into one, at the suggestion of her publishers. There is little to add to so complete a picture of California's loved genius although those who knew him as he rode and drove over the valley roads recall his team, with jingling bells, his fine horses, his boyish smile, his enthusiasm with life as he lived on his 1400 acre ranch,—the ranch of glorified pigpens,

Read further on page 128



Drawing by Grace Griffith Allison.

Jack Londons "Wolf House," destroyed by fire on eve of its completion

To The Man On Trail

Continued from page 105

Then he espied Father Roubeau, who could not lie. "A quarter of an hour ago," he answered; "but he had four hours' rest for himself and dogs."

"Fifteen minutes' start, and he's fresh! My God!" The poor fellow staggered back, half-fainting from exhaustion and disappointment, murmuring something about the run from Dawson in ten hours and the dogs being played out.

Malemute Kid forced a mug of punch upon him; then he turned for the door, ordering the dog-drivers to follow. But the warmth and promise of rest was too tempting, and they objected strenuously. The Kid was conversant with their French patois, and followed it anxiously.

They swore that the dogs were gone up; that Siwash and Babette would have to be shot before the first mile was covered; that the rest were almost as bad; and that it would be better for all hands to rest up.

"Lend me five dogs," he asked, turning to Malemute Kid.

But the Kid shook his head.

"I'll sign a check on Captain Constantine for five thousand,—here's my papers,—I'm authorized to draw at my own discretion."

Again the silent refusal.

"Then I'll requisition them in the name of the Queen."

Smiling incredulously, the Kid glanced at his well-stocked arsenal, and the Englishman, realizing his impotency, turned for the door. But the dog-drivers still objecting, he whirled upon them fiercely, calling them women and curs. The swart face of the older half-breed flushed angrily, as he drew himself up and promised in good, round terms that he would travel his leader off his legs, and would then be delighted to plant him in the snow.

The young officer, and it required his whole will, walked steadily to the door, exhibiting a freshness he did not possess. But they all knew and appreciated his proud effort; nor could he veil the twinges of agony that shot across his face. Covered with frost, the dogs were curled up in the snow, and it was almost impossible to get them to their feet. The poor brutes whined under the stinging lash, for the dog-drivers were angry and cruel; nor till Babette, the leader, was cut from the traces, could they break out the sled and get under way.

"A dirty scoundrel and a liar!" "By gar! him no good!" "A thief!" "Worse than an Indian!" It was evident that they were angry—first, at the way they had been deceived; and second, at the outraged ethics of the Northland, where honesty, above all, was man's prime jewel. "An' we gave the cuss a hand, after knowin' what he'd did." All eyes were turned accusingly upon Malemute Kid, who rose from the corner where he had been making Babette comfortable, and silently emptied the bowl for a final round of punch.

"It's a cold night, boys—a bitter cold night," was the irrelevant commencement of his defense. "You've all traveled trail, and know what that stands for. Don't jump on a dog when he's down. You've only heard one side. A whiter man than Jack Westondale never ate from the same pot nor stretched blanket with you or me. Last fall he gave his whole clean-up, forty thousand, to Joe Castrell, to buy in on Dominion. Today he'd be a millionaire. But while he stayed behind at Circle City, taking care of his partner with the scurvy, what does Castrell do? Goes into McFarland's, jumps the limit, and drops the whole sack. Found him dead in the snow the next day. And poor Jack laying his plans to go out this winter to his wife and the boy he's never seen. Well, he's gone out; and what are you going to do about it?"

The Kid glanced round the circle of his judges, noted the softening of their faces, then raised his mug aloft. "So a health to the man on trail this night; may his grub hold out; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire. God prosper him; good luck go with him; and—"

"Confusion to the Mounted Police!" interpolated Bettles, to the crash of the empty cups.

THE REBEL

By Grace Monroe Davis

A WANDERING star flung out his torch;
He bit through the darkness to cut and to scorch;
He lit up the sky with the glory of caring;
He burned in the radiance of doing and daring.
Men now rejoice in Jack London's endeavor;
His tales will stir in their blood forever.

OLYMPIC GAMES YEAR

This Athletic World of Ours

By EVERETT L. SANDERS

THE 1932 Olympic Games will see the greatest array of track and field stars ever to meet in this classic of the sports world. It would be impossible to forecast before hand the names that will go down in history as winners of the various events although one can judge fairly well on past performances what to expect.

Frank Wykoff of Glendale, California, is the best of a fine lot of runners to represent the United States in the 100 yard dash. He holds the unofficial world's record in this even with a mark of 9.4s. Eddie Tolan of Michigan is the official record holder having had a mark of 9.5s accepted by the I. A. A. F.; however, past performances cannot be relied upon as was the case in 1928 when Percy Williams of Canada won both the 100 and 200 meters run.



Helene Madison

Ben Eastman of Leland Stanford University is another star of the younger crop of athletes to whom we look as a possible point winner in the 440. Eastman has been fortunate in having such a capable coach as "Dink" Templeton who has brought him along until he is probably the outstanding 440 runner in this country.

Jules Ladoumegue, disqualified French middle distance runner, may yet enter the ranks of the French Olympic team. This French star is the holder of unofficial world's records in the 1000, 1500, 2000 meters, 2000 yards and three-quarters mile. It appears likely that his disqualification may be lifted shortly. It would be too bad to miss seeing such an outstanding star in Los Angeles this summer.

The status of Paavo Nurmi is still cloudy. This great Finnish runner starred in the 1924 and 1928 games, winning the 1500 and 5000 meters run as well as the 10,000 meters cross-country in 1924 and in 1928 he won the 10,000 meters run in 30m, 18 4-5s which is the best time for this event in the history of the games. It is hoped his amateur status may be cleared up definitely and without question. He is not a professional in the true sense of the word but may have been guilty of an indiscretion the International Federation does not approve of.

Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan rules the choice in the 16-lb. hammer throw. He won this event for Ireland in 1928 with a toss of 51.39m. In 1931 this famous Irishman had an official throw of 183.98 feet and an unofficial throw of ten feet past his best competitive mark. He is looked upon as an almost certain winner.

Helene Madison, 18 year old Seattle girl, is our bet in most any swimming event she enters for women. The past year has seen more records pass to her than any women swimmer ever broke in the same period. She has the ideal physical form for swimming; her weight is 150 lbs., height 5 feet 10 inches. She is filled with a world of youthful energy, power and endurance. She is of Norwegian descent and has inherited the firm determination and stamina of her sturdy ancestors.

IT is reported that the sale of seasons tickets for the Olympic Games is progressing favorably. Those in position to know state that the indications are favorable for an overwhelming attendance. The All-Year Club states that indications are for a 28 per cent increase in out-of-state tourists this year over the same period last year. 55 per cent of this total requested Olympic Games information.

Adventuring

(In Memory of Jack London)

By NELL GRIFFITH WILSON

WE PAUSE upon the Hill of Memory
To honor one whose far-flung light of fame
Still burns undimmed by time or circumstance
And keeps aglow the luster of his name.
Although the Great Adventure proved his last,
He lives and breathes in Pages of the Past.

He guides us valiantly on many a quest
To frozen lands where northern lights flash high,
And there we marvel at man's fortitude
To challenge death beneath a sunless sky;
Then brings the lure of some bright southern sea
Where islands float in languid ecstasy.

We venture forth in crude, sea-faring craft
Where life is hard, and brutal force prevails,
Or where relentless law of club and fang
Deals death on lonely, snow-blown mountain trails;
Then in the maze of city streets to know
The undreamed depths of poverty and woe.

And now we feel a kinship as he leads
Down sunlit paths where friendly scenes unfold,
Before us lies the Valley of the Moon,
Sonoma Mountain bathed in autumn's gold.
His homing heart knew in its final quest
Of all fair lands, this was the loveliest!

Jack London's Library

Continued from page 112

Clyde Fitch, Ibsen, Rostand, are in evidence with Moliere and classics of all time. Jack London seems to have had an urge to write drama and wrote several plays—one for Bohemian Grove production. His powerful prose surged with the dramatic element as is revealed in the screen adaptation of his books, the rights to several having been sold for handsome sums.

The carefully chosen volumes which Jack London left as best evidence of the company he kept are now housed behind massive stone walls on his Sonoma Valley ranch, and a paneled room such as would have gladdened Jack's soul is enriched and identified by a white marble bas-relief of the writer made by Finn Frolich, eminent sculptor-friend, one year before London's death (1916). The marble reflects the boyish charm of the young philosopher, friend of mankind, lover of adventure. The first editions of his 50 books as published in many languages have their special niche in the library. Such a monument no "storied urn" can equal. A rugged boulder, rich-colored as the vintage of the hills, marks a mound where Jack London's ashes mingle with the leafy earth.

The 15,000 books in Jack London's library have been catalogued and are invaluable to Charmian London in her work. After examining the collection, and reflecting on London's early struggles and brilliant self-won triumph in the world of letters, we must agree that clothes do not make the man, but books do.



Charmian in 1930

My Husband

Continued from page 107

But that he was correspondingly sensitive to comprehension and trust in his friends.

If Jack, Westerner of a wide world, could know of these combined efforts to honor the man he was, he would, wherever he might be, with me his wife, be pleased and earnestly touched by the offering in this Californian cradle of his first-born mind-children. Surely, even Paradise could be made sweeter by one's friends!

The Reader's Open Forum

Contributions intended for these columns should be addressed to the Open Forum Department and should be reduced to fewest possible words. The magazine welcomes free discussion on pertinent matters but can not guarantee space, and reserves right to brief communications when necessary. We take no responsibility for the accuracy of statements herein printed.

Under caption "Vagaries of the Law" our March issue carried an editorial regarding a recent case of forgery in Court in the City of Los Angeles, in which the defendant was adjudged NOT GUILTY. In this article we emphasized the weaknesses in the Jury System and as well, in the law of which a public defender may take advantage. We further stated that "Had the case been in the hands of the Judge, he would in all likelihood have pronounced sentence upon the defendant who would then probably have been placed under the watchful eye of a Probation officer, thus protecting both society and the culprit.

Copies of the editorial were sent to Judge B. Rey Schauer of the Superior Court, the members of the Jury and the attorneys in the case. The following from Judge Schauer addressed to us is to the point:

COMMUNICATION FROM JUDGE SCHAUER

PERMIT me to thank you for calling my attention ot your editorial comment, "Vagaries of the Law" as published in the March issue of your magazine.

I am glad you sent a copy of the issue carrying your editorial on "Vagaries of the Law" to each member of the jury in the case mentioned, and hope with you that they will thereby become better qualified for future service.

I wish that every resident of this state could read that editorial. You show an understanding of the problems and circumstances confronting us which is possessed of very few who are not actually engaged, as we are, in dealing, at first hand, with such problems.

I recall the sense of shame and futility which, as judge of the court, I felt when the verdict of the jury was returned in the case you refer to. That case, of course, is not the only one in which a similar miscarriage of justice has resulted, but fortunately it is a fact that such results occur in only a comparatively small proportion of the cases tried.

In observing the struggles of juries, and our own efforts as judges, to accomplish justice, I frequently think of the words of the late Lytton Strachey, who in telling in a modern way the old story of Elizabeth and Essex, found occasion to use this language: "No human creature can ever hope to be truly just, but there are degrees in mortal fallibility, and for countless ages the justice of mankind was the sport of fear, folly and superstition." We probably have removed all conscious consideration of superstition. Some of us, at least, believe that fear has no part in the reckoning, but how much of folly remains in the justice of today is hard to say."

I am glad that your philosophy is good enough and that you are big enough to comprehend the situation.

Sincerely yours,
B. REY SCHAUER.

SACRAMENTO TO "SWAT OLD MAN DEPRESSION"

MR. H. C. PETERSON, curator of Sutter's Fort Historical Museum at Sacramento, writes that the American Legion has appointed him Generalissimo Commandante for Saturday afternoon, July 2 next, for a parade in connection with a celebration. Peterson writes as follows:

"Here is something that may interest you—we are going to have a real old time Fourth of July celebration in Sacramento. The slogan is "Swat Old Man Depression," while the action is a parade of horribles. In other words this whole parade will consist of floats and individuals all costumed with the one idea of producing as much hilarity and good nature as possible. We are giving $500 in prizes for the best units in this parade which, from the present look of things, will be about two miles long. One section will be devoted entirely to floats and units showing how best to get rid of 'Old Man Depression'; others will be devoted to comedy take-offs on political questions, on local government, various trades and professions and so on. There will be absolutely no advertising in the parade other than nationally advertised products, and those only by inference a la Ballyhoo and Hooey. No personalities of any kind will be allowed. We want every unit to furnish amusement so that everyone will leave the city with a good taste in their mouths. I don't want you to think that last sentence refers to our bootleggers, although some of them de purvey good-stuff (so they tell me). The American Legion is putting on the parade Saturday afternoon, July 2, and if you are up in this section of the state, I hope that you will come up and take it in for, with your keen sense of humor, you will enjoy every part of it.

A Sketch of Jack London's Life

Continued from page 110

made famous. He bought up enough acreage to make a good-sized ranch, and it was his dream to make this a super-ranch, with a "Big House" and perfect conditions for workers and stock,—a "great social creation" one visitor called it, for the cultural treatment of man and beast. His partly-built dream house was, however, destroyed by incendiarism fire, and never rebuilt. Mrs. London, whose volumes, "The Book of Jack London," bring us face to face with a most intimate picture of her idolized husband, did everything possible to help



War Correspondent for Colliers—Vera Cruz, Mexico—1914

him, acting as his secretary, keeping away unwelcome visitors, and encouraging him when he was depressed.

The beautiful Sonoma Valley that London loved so well, and that he enjoyed so short a time, is described more than once in his writings, notably in the latter parts of "Valley of the Moon" and "Burning Daylight." Here mountain and canyon, valleys and creeks, over which he and his wife delighted to ride on horseback whenever there was leisure, or whenever he needed refreshment, or whenever there was business connected with the ranch, are described with a devoted love that makes it all seem very real even to those who have not sojourned there.

The life of London, so crowded full of living, of sensations, and of work, after two years of failing health, came to an end suddenly in 1916, with much work that he had planned unfinished. He was only forty years old, but had lived as much as many men of twice that age. What his final place in literature will be it is impossible to tell yet, but that he made a powerful impression on his own generation is not to be questioned, and the name of Jack London is still one to conjure with for anyone who wants to read red-blooded writing.

MRS. LONDON, in the preface to "The Book of Jack London," calls him "a virile creature compounded of curiosity and fearlessness, the very texture of fine sensibility, the loving heart and discerning intuitions of a woman, an ardent brain, and a divine belief in himself." She also speaks of "his abounding loveableness, charm and variety." In fact, everyone who knew him seems to have loved Jack London, and this in itself is testimony to many great qualities.

A few opinions of London and his writings as expressed soon after his too-early death follow:

"The keynote of Jack London's writing is manliness. He was a man's man, taking extreme satisfaction out of men's company, and exalting man's purely physical performances. * * * Jack London does not enter into an understanding of women as he does of dogs. In his pages his dogs live. His women do not. * * * We must deeply regret that London's intellectual life was not permitted to develop further. Had he lived to be eighty instead of forty, what might we not have expected from an upward transposition of his great powers!"—Wilfrid Lay, in *The Bookman.*

"In spite of the superficial criticisms Jack London's work has encountered, I venture the prediction that this feature [love for the human, evolution, and influence of environment] will more and more receive recognition, until he will be regarded not only as a master of fiction, but as a keen philosopher, ruggedly, but none the less earnestly, bent on helping upward and forward his fellow men."—George Wharton James, in *Overland Monthly.*

"As a true interpreter of the Indian, Jack London deserves to rank with Fenimore Cooper, Major J. W. Powell, Lieut. F. H. Cushing, Dr. J. W. Fewks, and Frederick W. Starr, whom I regard as the greatest ethnologists America has yet produced."—*Ibid.*

"Jack London was the ideal yarn-spinner—his spoken stories were even better than his written.

Read further on page 125

The Literary West

LOS ANGELES IN SEVEN DAYS. By Lanier Bartlett and Virginia Stivers Bartlett. Robert McBride and Company. 298 pages.

Residents of Los Angeles and old timers, to say nothing of visitors and tourists, will learn much to their interest and advantage about the "City of the Angels" in a perusal of this book. How it is possible to pack so much of sightseeing into one short week, is a mystery. And the manner of telling reflects the highest art in that line. The Bartletts certainly know their Los Angeles. If any were before in doubt that the metropolis of California was a wonder city, such doubt would be dispelled after completing the trip that begins on Monday and ends on Saturday.

COVERED-WAGON CENTENNIAL AND OX-TEAM DAYS. Oregon Trail Memorial Association. World Book Company. 318 pages.

The first 156 pages is a valuable memorial of the Covered-Wagon Centennial, 1830-1930, by Howard R. Driggs and edited by Arthur W. Procter, and illustrated with drawings by William H. Jackson. The rmainder of the volume is in three parts carrying titles "Ox-Team Days": From Ohio to the Coast; Settling in the Northwest Country: Reviving Pioneer Memories. These sections of the book are under authorship of Ezra Meeker and Howard R. Driggs. Mr. Jackson and F. N. Wilson are illustrators, and there are many photographs. To the historian and those interested in the pioneering days and settlement of the Great West, this book contains much of value.

INDIAN WARS OF IDAHO. By R. Ross Arnold. The Claxton Printers, Claxton, Idaho. 270 pages.

A most enlightening story of many campaigns against the Indian tribes of the Idaho country and embodying much of history and romance of the Northwest. The book is well written and splndidly illustrated, carries a valuable historical map of Idaho and is suitable for school, library or home use. The publication does credit to this energetic Western House.

HIGH LIGHTS ON HYMNISTS. By Caroline Leonard Goodenough, published by the author. 506 pages. $3.50.

The author has done a real service in compiling, annotating and editing this valuable book which is divided into eleven chapters with mention of typical hymns under each heading. The Patristic Hymnists (Chapter 2) is followed by a discussion of the Medieval Hymnists, Continental Hymnists, then the British, American, etc. The various hymns are chosen with discrimination and there is given the dates during which each author flourished. The opening lines of some of the best known hymns are quoted with important incidents connected with the writing of the hymn and of the lives of the authors, among whom are Isaac Watts, Lucy Lareum—nearly 900 authors all told. The index of first lines lists 1,578 titles or refrains. A valuable book for the home.

TRAILS THROUGH THE GOLDEN WEST. By Robert Frothingham. Robert McBride. 272 pages.

Carrying in 23 chapters the entrancing story of such natural wonders as Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, The Apache Trail, Death Valley, Catalina Island, Palm Springs Canyon, Yosemite Valley, Glacier National Park, and other outdoor wonders. In story form the author gives much of general information and scientific value. Numerous full page illustrations enliven and enrich the text.

LEMURIA—THE LOST CONTINENT OF THE PACIFIC. By Wishar S. Cerve. Rosicrucian Press, San Jose, Calif. 276 pages. $2.50.

Students of science and history will find this volume of much more than passing interest. It traces the first races of man in America and carries on through a dozen chapters to one on "Mysterious California." The book emphasizes the glamour and romance of the ancient land buried under the sea. The volume is a credit to author and publisher alike, and may well be used for gift or reference.

FORGOTTEN FRONTIERS. By Alfred Barnaby Thomas. University of Oklahoma Press. 420 pages. $5.00.

This is a study of the Spanish Indian Policy of Don Juan Bautista De Anza, Governor of New Mexico, 1777 to 1787. Dr. Thomas has done a noteworthy work in translating into English these valuable chapters taken from original documents that are stored in the archives of Spain, Mexico and New Mexico, and in editing and annotating so as to bring the book within the understanding of the general reader. The volume is one in "The Civilization of the American Indian" series, which is inaugurated by the University of Oklahoma Press, at Norman, Oklahoma.

FIRST STEPS IN ART AND HANDWORK. By Ella Victoria Dobbs. The Macmillan Company. 242 pages.

The author, who is Professor of Applied Arts at the University of Missouri, is well known for her books on Primary Handwork, Illustrative Handwork, and other volumes dealing with art and handwork for elementary pupils. The present volume reflects the best practices in the elementary schools today along the line of creative teaching and features picture making, design, lettering and printing, home life and house-building, toy making and other constructive activities for the home and the school. There are illustrations from actual work in the classroom and a splendid list of references.

LONE COWBOY. By Will James. Charles Scribner's Sons, 433 pages. $2.75.

The life story of one of the best known out-of-door writers and illustrators. The author takes the reader with him in depicting personal xperiences ranging from boyhood days into the outdoor life of a cowboy and plainsman. The volume is a gripping story from first to last and is characteristically illustrated with pen sketches. The book will find a place not alone in the American boy's library but on the table of the general reader. There is much of the history and glamour of the plains and the real West in the 26 chapters of the book. Lone Cowboy is to be used for a motion picture. It will be filmed on Jame's 15,000-acre ranch in Montana, the scene of many of his early adventures, which property was acquired by him years afterward.

THE LONG RIFLE. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Doran & Company. 537 pages. Price $2.50.

One of White's best novels. Here he has combined, as always in his writing, the romance and glamour of the old days, and historical facts so necessary in giving a true picture of the life of the frontier and the pioneer. The hero of the story is, of course, Daniel Boone, which traces him as a young man on his way on foot, over mountain and through trackless forests, into the then unknown land of Kentucky. In this

story, the "long rifle," given to Daniel by the old gunsmith, plays a prominent part in the exploits of the scout and pathfinder. White brings out the part played by Daniel Boone in laying the ground work for the explorations of Lewis and Clark, the making of the Santa Fe Trail and the rush of the Fortyniners at a later date.

SAN FRANCISCO—HER STORY.

San Francisco—Her Story, is a volume of more than 200 pages written by a Teachers' Committee of the San Francisco School Department. Edith Cochran, Annette Schraft, Cecilia Papini, Zoa Meyer and Marguerite Lentz are the authors. In this book they tell in most fascinating way the story of the history and development of the City by the Golden Gate—its founding, its early life, its later developments and its possibilities for the future. The book is so arranged as to be of value as supplementary in history work and can be used as a foundation in citizenship study. The volume is divided into 18 chapters and its illuminated with full page drawings, sketches and numerous color prints suggestive and descriptive of the text. The art arrangement was suggested and supervised by Elizabeth T. Baldwin, and the drawings are made by students of Galileo High School. The book is dedicated to Miss Bertha E. Roberts and Mr. A. J. Cloud, who gave untiring support to the work. It is published under authorization of the members of the Board of Education. At the close of each chapter there is a "check-up" on vocabulary, things to remember, names of people, further readings and the like. The literary development of the region is not forgotten. We acknowledge with thanks a beautiful gift copy of the book.

Chief Deputy Superintendent A. J. Cloud says in his letter of transmittal: "The book answers a demand from elementary school teachers for a volume which tells the history of San Francisco in a manner understandable to the child mind. No text of the kind has heretofore been obtainable. The book is for use by children of the Fourth Grade."

REPORTS from East and West indicate a return of the American people to the substantial thrift of the "old-fashioned" type. During and following the war period, the habit of thrift had developed into commonsense practice—a saving for the rainy day. During the glamorous period from 1920 to 1928, our people became more prodigal than ever. The conditions pertaining the past three years have brought the rank and file up with a jolt. Here was another "dull thud" to add to that mentioned in our article in the April issue of this magazine.

UFORTUNATELY, too, many of those who had built up a small savings account, are now out of employment and are forced to withdraw their savings. It is claimed that others able to do so, are now building up savings accounts against future need.

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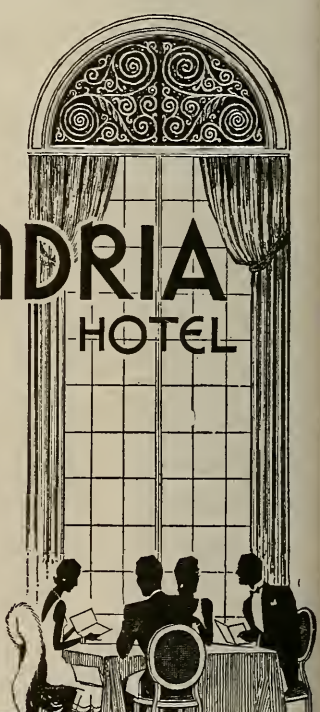
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A Sketch of Jack London's Life

Continued from page 122

* * * Like Peter Pan, he never grew up, and he lived his own stories with such intensity that he ended by believing them himself. * * * He was, I think, fortunate in the time of his death; it is impossible to think of him as an old man. I shall always think of him as the most lovable child I ever met. As a writer, I believe that also he will not grow old quickly. It is a good sign that already he is loved by the simple-minded."—Oliver Madox Hueffer, in *The New Statesman.*

And finally:

"HERE'S to you, Jack. I've loved your best,
Your finest stories from the first,
Your sagas of the North and West—
But what is more, I've loved your worst!
For, in the poorest work you do,
There's something clean and strong and true,
A tang of big and primal things,
A sweep of forces vast and free,
A touch of wizardry which brings
The glamour of the wild to me."

—From "Jack London, An Appreciation."
By Berton Braley, in *Overland Monthly.*



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Valley of the Moon

Continued from page 117

the big stallion Neuadd Hillside and his little dog, Peggy the beloved.

Out of this ranch comes a story in which both Jack and Charmian London figure, a true story of moon magic and it's lure.

In Mexico City there is a famous second-hand mart called the Thieves Market, mecca of tourists and others seeking curios, bargains and antiques. Not long ago friends of the London's left the Valley of the Moon for a trip to old Mexico and it's capital. In the Thieves' Market they were attracted to a quaint little copper bell. It had a clear, resonant tone and a fish of metal appended from a chain which dangled jauntily and rang the bell as it moved to and fro. The travelers were intrigued by the bauble which they bought for two pesos. Blissfully ignorant of bell lore, they suspected that the bell had come from a fishpeddler's cart, not a romantic origin, but withal a reminder of old Mexico; so with other souvenirs, baskets, pottery, serapes and sombrero they brought it home to the Valley of the Moon.

Some weeks later to celebrate their homecoming, the travelers gave a dinner party inviting as their guest of honor Charmian London. A festive decoration was the little bell from Mexico which was hung over the dining table. Imagine their embarassment when Mrs. London spied the bell and awe stricken cried out "where did you get it?"

The bell bought at the Thieves' Market proved to be one of four very old tree bells brought from Korea by Jack London after the Russian-Japanese war when he was a war correspondent in 1904. It had been stolen from the London ranch sometime during 1928. Evidently taken to Mexico and disposed of there, it was recently restored to Charmian London by her friends and with its companion bells again rings out o'er the Valley of the Moon.

LONDON OAK TREE

The following note is from an Oakland paper of several years ago. Mrs. London states, so report has it, that this tree is the only memorial to Jack London, in Oakland, his home town:

"With the lighting of the Jack London oak tree in the Oakland City Hall plaza, Saturday evening, the crowning of Oakland's civic decoration plan was converted into a towering Christmas tree. For several days workmen adjusted lights and electrical connections and strung the tree with colored lights. The complete ensemble is regarded as a masterpiece in decorative effect."

THE SNARK'S FATE

"The fate of the Snark," says a newspaper account, "whose stout decks carried her late owner, Jack London, into many waters bubbling with adventure, was revealed recently by officials of the Union Steamship company in San Francisco.

In a recent storm the sturdy craft was swept on a coral reef near an island in New Hebrides group, where it now remains, a forsaken and battered hulk.

A prospective purchaser of the Snark, who wanted to outfit it for a cruise in French Oceania, prompted the investigation that led to discovery of the Snark's fate. The man who hoped to sail the same seas that Jack London did is Alexis Massainoff, Russian writer and artist of Tahiti and Lake Arrowhead."

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, Of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for April 1, 1932.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur H. Chamberlain, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulation, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Editor, Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Business Manager, Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, California.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning of holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, California; James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ARTHUR H. CHAMERLAIN.
(Signature of editor)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1932. ADA DAY.

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"Flirtation," by Max Wieczorek

(See article on page 142)

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Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

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The streams of the high Sierras and those of the lower levels yield rare sport for the fisherman

California—The Unwritten Epic

By KATHERINE BROWNING MILLER

ALEXANDER POPE, in a whimsical mood, once wrote this recipe for the concoction of an epic: "Take a storm, a dream, five or six battles, three sacrifices, funeral games, a dozen gods in two divisions and shake them together until you have a frothy style."

Regardless of his levity, Pope has listed most of the dramatic and narrative requirements of the epic, but its essential element he has omitted. For, since literature began to take the place of oral achievements, there have been storms, dreams, battle fields, sacrifices, games and gods at war, and men have written of them with no poverty of frothy style and yet there have been very few great epics—no nation having produced more than one or two.

A critical reading of the really great epics would indicate that a people, before it can give birth to an epic, must have developed in individuality with some one characteristic so dominant as to determine the national tendency, desire or belief, and so marked as to manifest in its folk lore, history, religion and verse.

The theme of the epic varies. It may take the form of gods against one another; Man against God; Man against the impersonal forces of Nature; Volcanic disturbances in the Social Order; or the battle of nation against nation. It may celebrate the achievements of some great hero; be an epic of growth compiled from ballads or sagas of different authorship; or yet be an epic of Art. Religion too has its place, as in that world poem of Dante's Divina Commedia.

The Sanskrit epics—Ramayana and Mahabharata, the German Niebelungen and our own Paradise Lost are examples of cosmic conflict.

The Sanskrit epics relate the exploits of the God Vishnu in the avatar of Man. It is the story of contest—Bad contending against Good—symbolic of man's dual nature—the spiritual and the carnal in conflict with ultimate victory for the spiritual—NIRVANA at last. India being the reservoir of metaphysics, its epics are a logical output of its thought.

Paradise Lost with the same underlying thought, places the cosmic battle ground in Heaven, between God and the Fallen Angels led by Satan. The outcome of the great battle parallels that of the Sanskrit epics—VICTORY of the Right, a fundamental trait of the Protestant English mind.

In striking contrast to these epics in which Good apparently has a preordained victory, is the pagan Niebelungen in which the Gods—Good and Bad—are so evenly matched as to result in annihilation for the entire pantheon of Deities. VALOR—valor even to the death was the most pronounced characteristic of these people—ancestors of the North European nations, a characteristic derived, no doubt, from the hardships of their geographical position.

In Kalevala, the epic of Finland, the rigors of the Northland are personified as foes to man. This is the outstanding epic in which Man and Nature are lined up against each other. Long and hard may be the struggle with the Giants of Hunger and Cold, but *Man eventually triumphs* over Nature—an interesting symbolic prophecy.

The Iliad is the distinguished aesthetic epic. The Greeks fought the seven year Trojan war, not for defense or conquest, but to recover their beautiful Helen who had been abducted by the Trojan youth, Paris. Helen being the personification of their dominant ideal—BEAUTY.

Nearest of kin to the Greek Iliad is the Spanish Cid which portrays that unique condition of society known as CHIVALRY—a period of social intoxication in which it became a man's duty to go forth and right the wrongs of the world.

For epics of CONQUEST or DOMINION we find the Aeneid discovers to us the political perseverance which won for Rome the supremacy of the world; and the old Egyptian epic of Pentaur engraved on the temple walls which celebrates the conquests of Ramases II—the Pharaoh who oppressed the Children of Israel. However the failure to crush the Israelites has no part in this vainglorious poem.

Most interesting of all types from the approach of our present discussion, is the Persian Shahnameh—the epic of GROWTH which celebrates the development of the powerful Persian Empire from its most ancient beginnings.

And so through a considerable list we find the epic of first order to be a memorial of national significance.

THE question arises—have we of the United States of America the age, the requirements, the crystallized ideal necessary for a national epic of the first order, and if so, where shall the battleground be located? A thoughtful survey indicates that California is richer in essentials than any other locality because cumulative in growth from the beginnings of immemorial civilizations, up through vague records and mythical history, authentic data of conflicts and conquests, a series of renowned treks to the final dominance of a race commensurate with its inestimable worth.

Antedating legend and authentic history is the

fascinating mystery of prehistoric races who at one time inhabited our continent. From whence came they? From the supposedly submerged continent of Lemuria lying deep in the waters of the Pacific, or from that other mythical continent of Atlantis resting on the floor of the Atlantic? From the North land of Siberia to the West or Greenland to the East? Or was this the birthplace of the human race—a race which through thousands of years multiplied until its descendants spread over the whole of North America and eventually trekked southward leaving in their wake vast cities and pyramids of astounding magnificance?

We of the United States have less in the way of architectural wonders than the countries farther south, but the remains of our prehistoric structures would indicate a more remote infancy of the race. From coast to coast the mound builders erected stupendous structures for defense, sepulchral, temple, observation purposes. These mounds were often built in the shape of birds, snakes and animals—symbolic, no doubt, and always of intricate and interesting design. Quite as interesting are the cliff dwellings built on almost inaccessible ledges of rocks—homes or fortresses, we do not know—possibly retreats for the pueblo and canal builders from the mesas below. Within our original bounds are buried cities, interesting ruins, glyphs on granite walls, remains of irrigation systems which indicate engineering ability, specimens of interesting ceramics and various relics of handmade industries. In numberless ways the prehistoric races have left traces of their unique civilization and culture, but when and why they disappeared leaving no records to mark their departure is the unsolved, perhaps unsolvable mystery. The inquisitive mind finds many conjectural reasons. It may have been some devastating plague which spared but a few who afterward carried on in primitive fashion, shunning the scenes of their illustrious forbears as plague spots and eventually forgetting their connection with them; or some prolonged drought or its opposite—a tidal wave which engulfed most living things—a counterpart of the Sodom-Gomorrah Bible story. There is evidence that it may have been one or another of these. And yet another conjecture is that they annihilated one another in bitter internecine struggle much as did the Gods of the Niebelungen.

LEGEND surrounds both the name and origin of California. The name comes from the Spanish "caliente fornalla," meaning "hot furnace" from the climate. It was at first a legendary island abounding in gold and precious stones described in a Spanish romance in 1510. Later the name was applied to the peninsula of Lower California and still later to expand over a much vaster territory than our present State of California.

Much legend is resident in the songs and myths of the Indians. In many of them there is a tradition that there was once a "White God" who for some reason forsook his people temporarily but promised to eventually return. This belief is said to be the chief reason why the powerful nations of Mexico, Central America and Peru were so easily overcome by the Conquistadors. They thought the "White God" had returned with an invincible army to punish them for wrong doings.

But after these "White Gods" had conquered the original inhabitants and made the land their own, there came yet other "White Gods" to wrest that part of their territory known as "California" from the descendants of these cruel Conquistadors.

There is an old world tradition that in a remote period the Saxon-Germanic Odin was insulted by a Latin King. In anger Odin withdrew into the far north of Europe, there to become the father of a race of stalwart men and moreover, to attain the highest dignity in the pantheon of the Norse race. Story has it that the sons of Odin nursed the memory of this insult to their deity and centuries later when they had reached the perfection of physical vigor, and the Latins in the meantime had deteriorated through luxury and indulgence, these sturdy Norsemen rushed down upon the degenerate Latins and overthrew the proud city of Rome. Thus the insult to Odin was avenged but not forgotten. And so let us assume that here on the farthest shore of the farthest sea this legendary feud between these two branches of the Aryan family was revived—the Celtic-Spanish-Mexican on the one hand, the Anglo-Saxon-American on the other. As in the Norse conquest of Rome, which was a case of "the survival of the fittest," here too, in the conflict on the shores of the Pacific, the law was to hold good.

BUT long before the day the marvelous land of California was taken over by the Anglo-Saxon, it was being made ready by the adventurers, explorers and colonizers of the conquering Spaniards. Far and wide those tireless Conquistadors sought the "Seven Cities of Cibola"—the streets of which were said to be paved with gold. Eventually the quest was successful, but the disappointment overwhelming. "The Seven Gold-Paved Cities of Cibola" proved to be seven insignificant, poverty stricken Indian villages. Thus another myth was shattered and the lust for gold unsatisfied, but the expeditions were not without value in the expansive scheme for Spanish dominion of the western world. They were the pathfinders for the explorers and colonizers who came later. At the very time that the American Colonists were fighting for independence on the shores of the Atlantic, the indomitable Spaniard, Anza, with his little band of 250 consisting of colonists,

monks and soldiers of fortune was making his tedious trek over the forbidding deserts and mountains, up from the State of Sonora in Mexico to the Pacific Coast in California, on as far north as the Golden Gate. Anza was establishing colonies on the way that California might be saved to Spain from the dominion of the threatening Russians.

Religion and sacrifice contributed their part in the consecrated labor of Jesuit and Franciscan friars led by Father Francisco Kino, who first planted civilization in the South, and Father Junipero Serra, who built the chain of missions—landmarks of a religious cycle sacred to the memory of every native Californian.

Meanwhile, by sea as well as by land, explorations and discoveries were under way. Such hardy mariners as Portola, braving uncharted seas and buffeted by storms were seeking out ports along the coast and, whenever, possible, establishing colonies.

And so for a time the Spaniards owned the land, built up their fortunes and distributed with profligate hand vast land grants as gratuities or for political reasons.

SOON the pioneering spirit of the young United States began to stir. It was not enough that its frontiers had been pushed well beyond the Mississippi River—those trackless lands beyond the horizon beckoned with resistless lure and the first big adventure was headed by those sturdy pioneers, Lewis and Clark. Following the lead of an Indian maiden who acted as interpreter and peace envoy, they beat a path through unexplored wilds and treacherous Indian tribes to the Pacific Coast far to the north. For courage, devotion and sacrifice, history records no woman of like character; for romance, one need look no further than the annals of that first pathfinding expedition led by a maiden of alien race.

Soon after the way had been shown, the deserts and mountain passes were swarming with the vanguard of adventurers and pioneers. Into California they poured and it was inevitable that a conflict with the Spaniards should follow. The Mexican generals, Castro and Pico, made a brave effort to retain Spanish sovereignty, but they were contending against irrevocable destiny. Heroic figures they were—fit to stand by the side of Agamemnon and Achilles who fought and lost in the great epic of the Ilad.

And so, partly by conquest and partly by purchase, California, which had once been claimed by Sir Francis Drake for England, came again into the hands of the Anglo-Saxon.

Previous to this, gold had been discovered and then came the trek of "THE COVERED WAGON"—an epic within itself. Thousands essayed the great adventure. Across hot prairies, turbulent rivers, burnings sands, seemingly impassable mountains, beset by murderous savages, leaving now and again a cross to mark the grave of a lost hope—dauntless they pushed on, sometimes to perish almost within reach of their goal as did the unfortunate Donner Party.

When our history becomes so old as to be shaded with myth or tradition, the great "Gold Rush" of those days may become another story of the Argonauts seeking the "Golden Fleece" concealed in the ribs of the great serpent of the Sierras; guarded by the terrible dragon of Death Desert which held for its own a wide waste of land and did to death with consuming thirst all who essayed to cross its territory.

SUCH are a few of the epochal movements of one segment of an evolved and evolving nation worthy to be celebrated in verse. What country has such a wealth of unassembled values? —material fit to parallel many of the great epics of other lands. But most worthwhile would be the poem that would assemble these values into a memorial of GROWTH. Every element of Pope's formula is here—storms, dreams, battles, sacrifices, games and desires. Legend, folk lore, history and verse are bountiful. As to an underlying basis, one need look no further than the dominant characteristics of faith, courage and love of freedom which were handed down by pioneering forbears to a people not content with idle sovereignty over this land so lavish of golden possibilities and realities, but a people still pioneering into all lines of endeavor and discovery and even reaching out into the remote boundaries of stellar space.

It awaits the pen of a Master Poet to do for us what Firdusi did for Persia in his Shahnameh —celebrate our GROWTH in a great memorial poem—the EPIC OF CALIFORNIA.

THE BUILDERS OF CALIFORNIA
(A Prophecy)

By MORRISON PIXLEY

BUILDERS by the Western Sea
Where the golden rivers run,
Scarcely has your work begun,
Greater still your tasks shall be!
Here at end of all the world
Lies the goal of Empire's course;
Here, centripetal the force
Round which Nations shall be whirled.

In the Crater of the Moon

Quaternary Aspects of Mono and Owens Valley Regions--Early Days in Mono Region--Ghost Towns--Past-Glacial Volcanic Activity--Visiting Pa-num Crater--The Astronomical Problems of Lunar Craters--Within the Crater Vent

By CARL SUMNER KNOPF

JUST off the military highway that marks the third line of defense for the Pacific Coast lies a bit of the moon. No, it is not a lunar meteorite flung from the tortured grasp of earth's satellite, but a volcanic cone that holds within its area a possible answer to the old astronomical enigma, the craters on the moon. Likewise, this gem of vulcanism displays almost every type of volcanic phenomenon. Its history, its form, the chemical composition and structure of its ejecta constitute a beginner's textbook in vulcanology.

Western United States is a region of striking geologic phenomena, none of which surpasses the Quaternary and post-Quaternary display of the region about Mono Lake, in east central California. Brooding Mono, with its metallic luster, its silence, its setting of gray desert and mile high basins clothed with eternal snow, is a remnant of the great Quaternary basin that included lakes Lahontan and Bonneville, covering thousands of square miles in Oregon, California, Utah, and Nevada. Of this gigantic pre-glacial sea, two sizeable puddles remain,—Great Salt Lake in Utah and the Salton Sea in Imperial Valley.

A paved highway running 500 miles north from Los Angeles, skirts the western shore of Mono Lake, passing on to Lake Tahoe and the Lincoln highway. Every mile of its length, especially in Owens Valley, is a page in a geological story book. Some of the oldest rock formations known crop out here; and some of the youngest geological children flaunt their playful moods in a tumble of color and confusion that awes and inspires. Gorgeous sedimentary tapestries adorn in red and gold the Red Rock Canyon passage; little red volcanic cones lure botanist and geologist; vast sheets of jet lava stream from pressure fissures high up the mountain sides and so recent are they that one almost expects to detect a viscid movement. Dry lakes, salt beds, hot springs, and miles of pumice deposit,—paragraph by paragraph the story is written by fire, quake and the wash of pre-historic seas.

During the summer, thousands of machines speed through the valley, the occupants often giving the mighty Sierras a passing glance, commenting on the dreary gray of the Mono craters, seeking a cold bottle of soda at a lakeside stand, and hastening on, and on, like good American tourists rushing through the annual vacation. To such, Nature calmly closes her book and waits.

The author has here presented a remarkable picture of a region little known and less well understood—a region lying almost at our door. Dr. Knopf is Professor of Archeology, University of Southern California; member, Pacific Geographic Society, National Travel Club, and President, Southwestern Archeological Federation. He is an authority in many scientific lines and is as well a thorough student of literature, having been elected, only recently, president of Los Angeles Branch, League of Western Writers. Dr. Knopf is at present in Europe.—Ed.

IN THE Mono region, 6,400 feet above the sea, scorched with lava, smothered under pumice, rent by earthquake, scarred and twisted in the birth throes of the High Sierras, and now baked by the desert sun, one may pass within a few hours from the clear, dry heat of the sage brush flat to a region of Alpine glory unsurpassed on this continent. In Tioga Pass, 9,940 feet elevation, the breath of snow chills the cheek of him who gazes out over the topaz sea shimmering in heat waves almost a mile beneath him.

In the early days this beauty spot was off the beaten track. Bodie, a roaring silver camp, was the nearest town. Bodie would be a ghost town now, except that the ghost has been troubled by a second-rate mining boom. The next town was Aurora, made famous by Mark Twain who lived there a while and visited Mono Lake, describing it in his inimitable story of the boom days, *Roughing It*.

From Bodie the road leads through a winding canyon with gaping holes marking the graves of lost hopes, where lone miners tried their luck. The canyon narrows until the car squeezes along the base of towering red and yellow stratified cliffs.

Aurora canyon branches off. The dense undergrowth closes in. The paint on the fenders leaves its ancestral home to take up abode on myriad twigs and rocks that poke, jab, bump, and scratch all along the way. A cloudburst here would just mean *spurlos versenkt*. They'd never find a license plate.

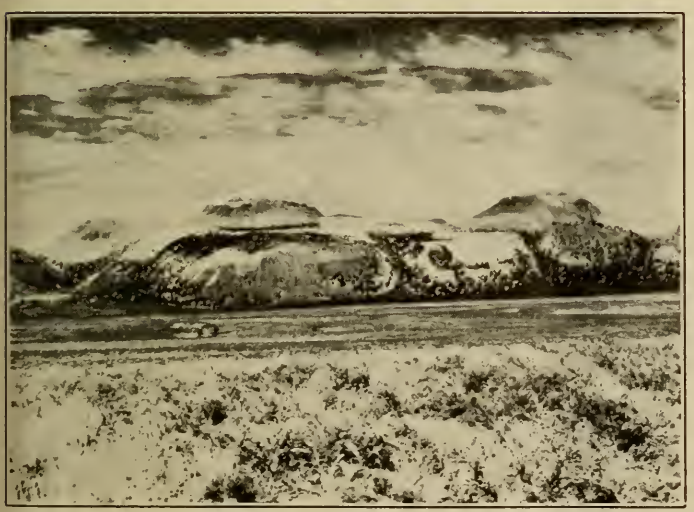
Gaunt brick walls, tumbled shacks, odds and ends of utensils and fragments of pre-Civil War newspapers greet the hardy tourist who has pushed his car up the bed of the stream to this spectre city. Millions in gold went out of Aurora, but between the forbidding canyon walls the road agent had easy picking. Finally the Aurora-ites cast the bullion into 250-pound ingots, threw them in the stage—and the bandits began robbing the incoming suckers of their pocket change.

MARK TWAIN viewed Mono Lake and described its strange beauty and vicious chemical action, particularly as it inspired his mangy dog to hang up a marathon swim record and depart for the High Sierras prodded by a burning desire that was chemical rather than aesthetic. Mono is almost pure washing fluid, dense, caustic, the daughter of the fire demon that ravaged and tortured this beautiful earth mother. Mr. Clemens, however, gave scant attention to the craters and evidently did not visit them.

A study of these craters is inevitably linked with the general aspect of the lake region. Three-quarters of a century ago a few hardy whites had established ranches about the lake. A wild grass made the cattle business attractive—until too many cattle ate too much grass. One bold pioneer even set up on one of the two volcanic islands, where cold water flows from one orifice, while the nearby bay steams the visitors in a hot bath of 110°.

The Piute Indians found the saline waters productive of a brine shrimp and fly larvae. Regular seasonal camps were established, and the women winnowed the crusty denizens of the lake, using their fine woven baskets that today are the tourist's prize. The Pavi-oosi folk saw little sprites in the curling steam clouds arising from the white island, so it was named Pa-o-ha, the cloud spirit, and Paoha it is today. A second island, small, jet black, and scoriated, was named Negit, the Blue Goose isle.

It has been estimated that Mono Lake contains 92,000,000 tons of sodium carbonate, enough to eat the hide off of all the dinosaurs that ever lived. 86,000,000 tons of sodium chloride add flavor to this hell broth that once upon a time was probably fresh and cool, like the crystal ice water that even now can be observed surging up from great vents far below the surface of the lake. This good water, flowing thus for centuries, has built up deposits of calcium carbonate until tall pipes of travertine lift themselves, sometimes above the lake's level. Mono Lake is literally piped for hot and cold baths.



Mono Craters: Towering 3000 feet above the plain, these symmetrical vents dominate the landscape with their sweeping slopes of grey pumice. Red cinder and gigantic lava sheets cover much of the surrounding region. The lava flowed slowly and congealed in sheer cliffs and ragged gulches.

AT THE foot of the Sierras, west of the lake, undulating ridges of glacial morain record the Age of Ice. The glaciers receded and the pre-glacial expanse of sea dwindled to the Quaternary lake. And now comes a story. On tufa ridges, six or seven hundred feet above the present lake, are ancient shore lines, but they are broken. In the valley, 40 feet of sandy marl and gravel lie *under* a blanket of pumice, scoriae, and sheets of lava. Paoha island has no sediments or beach lines, so must have been thrust up recently.

All of this is silent testimony to some awful cataclysm that flamed and thundered but a geological moment ago—since the ice age. Here the Great Sculptor chiseled the eastern scarp of the Sierras, rock pressed and ground upon rock, until

a molten stream poured forth and pent up forces blew hard volcanic glass into gaseous froth that piled mountain high or rode on angry winds 100 miles or more. Red cinder formed, to be carted away centuries later for Los Angeles rock gardens.

In this melée, some 20 craters were built up, towering 9,000 feet above sea level, more than double Vesuvius' height. At the south end of these cold cones of pumice and lava, ancient shore lines show that some of the activity went on before the ice and waters came. Old basaltic lavas peep from under recent flows, so the volcanic drama evidently had at least two acts. But at the north end, unweathered obsidian and stark glassy cliffs stand devoid of all beach line evidence. Here activity was recent, and here stands Pa-num crater, small, perfect, a little moon-scape on a foreign planet. Water never touched its rim. It came after the Quaternary lake had receded.

Threading through the sage brush, the car stalls a half mile from the outer rim. Ankle deep in soft pumice, we climb the outer rim, formed by the first blow-off when the vent was spouting gaseous lava froth. This rain of gray pumice formed a perfect cup that from an aeroplane looks like the characteristic indentations on the surface of the moon.

Intermingled with the pumice of the rim will be found smooth, water-worn stones, some of them dyed brilliant vermilion from thermo-chemical action. These stones are foreign to the vicinity. From some ancient stream bed or lake far below the present surface they were blown out and scattered, mute phrases from another geological chapter. The volcanic forces were unleashed deep down in faulting rocks, and incandescent gasses tore through the lower strata to spread recording fragments far and wide.

SCRAMBLING down inside the rim, we come to the towering center cone of lava. Much of it is pure volcanic glass, jet black, shiny, cruelly sharp and ready to cut shoe leather or human flesh with equal facility. After the initial blow-off, this viscid lava was belched forth, hot enough to flow, yet at a temperature that promoted rapid cooling. A great billow would flow forth, then suddenly a shower of volcanic ash would be ejected, to fall upon the cooling lava. Another sheet of lava would emerge, covering this sediment, and then the process repeat itself until a beautifully stratified obsidian was produced that today tells the story as clearly as an eye-witness.

Clambering up, over loose scoriae, around obsidian crags, through lava coulées and squeezing between sheer riven walls of glass, we reach the crest of the inner crater. This forms what from above would be the characteristic raised center of a moon cusp. The slanting rays of the sun produce the same shadows here that are so characteristic of the astronomer's lunar photos. This is not the splash of a meteor on a viscous surface, but the final stage of a volcanic eruption. It suggests that faulting and shrinking of the moon's crust generated similar volcanic forces that scarred and pitted its surface.

The real thrill of Pa-num comes when the lacerated investigator aproaches the yawning vent. It is a precarious scramble over broken lava blocks. The obsidian fragments glisten in the sun and suggest scarf pins, cuff links, and all kinds of unique jewelry that could be fabricated from them. The Indians used these chips for arrow-heads, which passed in trade far up and down the Pacific coast and even eastward. Some of the glass is so clear that a thin piece is as transparent as the darkened glass of auto goggles.

Extinct volcanoes are not so rare, but the vents are usually buried under old ejecta. Pa-num is different. Rounding a huge glass boulder, we suddenly stand on the brink of the crater mouth. The sun shines in for a short distance; shadows lurk in the broken walls; then comes the black hole that hides the secrets of Vulcan.

With camera strapped down, and tripod gripped alternately as sounding pole and alpine staff, the descent begins. At the very edge of the inner throat, where light gives way to eternal darkness, the camera is set for the last possible picture. Above gleams an azure sky. Below are stygian depths. All about are the beautiful yet terrifying castellated pinnacles and bulges of obsidian. An earthquake has some time cracked the lava here and on Negit Island. An earthquake could without warning close this abyss and make a permanent resident out of a trespassing photographer!

THE final descent stops for any human being at the point where the crater throat constricts, only to open out below into a fathomless well. Even if this stricture were broken away, one would only cut and tear himself beyond repair attempting to traverse this hell of splintered glass. The white beam of the flashlight reflects from a million black diamond facets. From the depths below drifts a current of cold air. It is fresh, quite different from a stale, sulphurous current that emerges from an inconspicuous vent nearby. Evidently this main throat connects with outer air via earthquake crack or possibly through one of the island vents.

The man in the moon is a reality now. Only bated breath and the sluggish air currents tie us to mother earth. Imagination can run riot. We are on the moon; we are visiting one of its craters; we are probing its secrets. No life—no sound—

Read further on page 159

The Romance and Tragedy of Captain John Augustus Sutter, Pioneer Builder

By H. C. PETERSON, Curator, Sutter's Fort Historical Museum

TO ONE of the world's greatest motion picture directors three years ago was assigned the task of producing the story of Captain Sutter. After several weeks spent in research work, a visit to Sutter's Fort and a trip through the old gold diggings, he returned to the studio and reported, "I cannot produce this story of Capt. Sutter unless you allot $3,000,000 for its production, for it is that kind of a story."

And it is that kind of a story—a $3,000,000 story. This director told the writer that it was the greatest and most absorbing historical romance he had ever read—that to properly produce it would require 30 reels of film — 30,000 lineal feet — thousands of people and a year's time.

On all the pages of history there are few stories more dramatic and gripping than that picturing the exploits of Captain Sutter. The episodes in his life abound in effort and success, loss and pathos, and are staged in that most colorful period—the "Days of '49" and the discovery of gold. Many a trenchant pen has essayed a portrayal of Sutter's life. None has succeeded as has that of our present author. Mr. Peterson has opened to us a page never before revealed.—Ed.

FROM a verdant, penniless youth to the virtual kingship of one of the earth's greatest horticultural principalities; from the virtual king of the richest gold domain of earth back to a penniless old age, makes one instinctively wonder just how that verdant youth happened to start on this dizzy cycle in the whirl-a-gig of life.

The story of Capt. John Augustus Sutter is peculiarly one of Quixotic romance and bitter tragedy; romance and tragedy most uncannily intertwined; the story of a man with a marvelous vision, of exceptional ability; alert, keen, aggressive, generous to a fault; a man apparently destined to become the richest man of his time, yet swept into bankruptcy by an avalanche of gold found on his own property.

It is the story of the man, who, above all others, made possible the acquisition by the United States of the most glorious and wonderful of all its possessions—California.

From his entry into the world until he died, the wheels of his existence just failed of properly meshing to make him the outstanding success of the 19th century. A man of two birthdays—for his accouchement took place during the midnight hour of February 28 and March 1, 1803—he seemed fated to lead a dual life,—one of idealistic anticipation, the other of disillusionment and shattered hopes.

Probably no man has left such a confused historical account of himself.

With most of the actual records destroyed by fire, storm, floods and insurrections, his life, even in California, must be written up from fragmentary documents, newspaper items, a comparatively few letters and public records. The newspapers of his day carried many stories, and many versions of the same story, with actual proof of the veracity of many of them lacking. Sutter's own story of his early life, written at various times, is in itself often contradictory. Many historians have attempted to write his story and have given up in despair. Allen Lane, after a year's hard research, has produced the only comprehensive manuscript of his life that it has been my pleasure to read.

By parentage a Swiss; by birth in Kandern, Grand Dutchy of Baded, he was a German. Successively in later life he became a citizen of Switzerland, of the United States, then a subject of Mexico, finally dying as a citizen of the United States. He was not a soldier of fortune. His plans were definite. His objective was the development of the agricultural lands of California, the building up of a Western principality.

A Swiss military academy furnished his academic education; world-wide travel and experience completed it. He married Anna Dubold early in life, opened a second-hand book store in Burgdorf, spent most of his time reading books on foreign travel, and woke up one morning in May, 1834, to find himself the father of a family of four, and a sheriff's lock on his front door.

That sheriff's lock was the turning point in Sutter's life. There was no appeal from that lock's decision except money, and of that he had none. It told him he must start all over again. He accepted the challenge.

FIRED by the reading of books describing the new republic in North America, he arranged for his family's welfare and set sail for New York City. His wages as a sailor he invested in goods, and started business in a small way. To become

the founder of any colony, one must have some money, and trading in those days offered the quickest returns on a limited capital.

The first four years as a trader brought much bitter experience, a journey overland to St. Charles, on the Missouri River, but with almost no assets. There are various accounts of his life here and at St. Louis, some designating St. Louis and others St. Charles as the locale of some story. The towns were not far apart by steamer, so the actual location is rather immaterial. The plain, unadorned fact was that so far he was, despite all his hard work, a financial failure. He had the ability but lacked self-confidence. How he gained self-confidence, how he realized his desire to eventually become a leader among men is due primarily to an incident that happened in St. Louis.

Sutter, then but 31, was clerking in a trader's store, and living at the old German Hotel, headquarters of the Swiss and Germans of that section. At night they sat around the barroom stove and told wondrous tales of military valor back in the Fatherland, played cards, and gave ready alibis for their lack of success in the new frontier of America.

Things were going along the even tenor of their way when the little settlement was thrown into a fervor of excitement by the arrival of a very dignified stranger. He was handsome looking, stalwart, imposing, with a military bearing that radiated power and position. These essentials made a strong appeal to the Swiss and Germans. He was so courteous, so confiding, so honest in his appraisement of the little town. St. Louis was such a wonderful place, with such charming and intellectual people! And surely he knew how to judge people, for was he not the owner of the great Prairie du Chien Hotel up North, where all the noted officers of the Fort stopped? He was that man, so he said, and they believed him.

They also believed him when he said he was a famous colonel in the Russian Army, and later adjutant to the Crown Prince of the Russian Empire. No one thought to ask him to prove it; his very appearance guaranteed that in their minds, as he introduced himself as Colonel Obrist.

He had come to St. Louis to await the arrival of a steamer load of supplies which he had purchased in New York. Incidentally, he let it be known that he intended buying several thousand dollars worth of goods locally. He was the symbol of a new era of prosperity and became more popular each day. At the German Hotel he ordered a suite of the best rooms, asked that they be thoroughly cleaned and the best furniture in the house be installed.

Sutter took a great liking to the genial Colonel. He admired Obrist's impressive military air, his way of mingling with the best men of town, his ability to tell fascinating stories of his personal adventures. In return for this adoration, the sympathetic Colonel told him of the truly marvelous opportunities down Santa Fe way for a bright young fellow like Gus. He even minutely described to him the town of Santa Fe and whom to see there. The youth was so impressed with the attention and advice of such a distinguished officer of the Royal Russian Army that he stood good for him at the local German Club. It was really an honor to be allowed to guarantee his account there.

In the meantime the boat from New York with the Colonel's supplies and shipment of coin from his bankers had not arrived. He consequently ran a trifle short of ready cash. Really, he hated to even mention such a trivial matter, but embarrassments like that would happen. Every man with goods to sell not only offered him everything he wanted on credit but very considerately saw that into each of his purchases was slipped a little ready cash. They prided themselves upon the delicate manner in which they had handled the matter. At Sutter's store he made many purchases on credit. The store was proud of the distinction shown it.

Shortly before the boat was due Herr Obrist invited the whole membership of the German Club to be guests at the famous Prairie House, a roadside inn on the outskirts of St. Louis. He wanted to repay them for their many kindnesses before he went back up North. Everybody accepted, especially as he promised to open 100 quarts of champagne. The expense meant nothing to him, for was he not a rich man?

Everyone appeared at the Prairie House, ready to accept his favors. It was a sumptuous dinner. The 100 quarts of champagne were not enough, and he ordered all the proprietor had. It was a wondefrul night, with the last popping cork greeting the rising sun.

That afternoon the Colonel ordered the finest sleigh and team of horses in town for a trip to Peoria. A liveryman gladly let him have his own private outfit, while young Sutter proudly assisted the noted officer into the sleigh.

Jingle bells! And away for the conquest of Peoria!

There the man of the military air soon subjugated the leading citizens. Two days later a messenger arrived with a letter. Would the Colonel please return the sleigh and horses? All unsuspectingly the Colonel complied. That boat was not yet due for ten days.

With a most engaging smile he drove up to the German Hotel. But a distinct chilliness permeated the atmosphere, a sour, bilious expression clouded the faces of his hosts. He looked down towards the river, he saw them unloading the boat. It had arrived a week ahead of time. He smiled, leisurely got out of the sleigh, entered the hotel,

and to the landlord said: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

What they intended doing, they did; they did it well; they did it long, and each man willingly cooperated in the doing. A pair of running trunks would have been a dress suit compared with what they left of the one he had been wearing.

When the proprietor of the Prairie Inn, proud of the fact that he had been so signally honored by the selection of his inn for the champagne supper, arrived in town to collect his bill, he was shown the pile of ragged clothes and told to take his share; the pleasure was all his.

And the genial Herr Colonel? He limped out of town. What were a few bruises, two black eyes and a bloody nose compared with the wonderful time he had enjoyed? Poof! Three days later his body was reported floating down the river. They let it float.

I HAVE related this little known story in detail because of its tremendous influence upon the after life of young Sutter. The advent of the Colonel made a deep impression upon him.

Fraud and fakir that Obrist had later proved to be, nevertheless the ability with which he had put it over the whole of St. Louis with nothing but his wits, an old suit of clothes and his military bearing, made Sutter realize what could be done if the proper front was displayed to the world.

Four qualities Obrist possessed that made him popular, and these four qualities, military training, impressive presence, geniality, a fluent conversationalist, as well as a good mixer Sutter realized he possessed. What he lacked was the Colonel's self-confidence.

Despite the cold-blooded facts, Sutter still secretly admired his fallen idol. He still believed his Santa Fe story, so set out for that place expecting to find things as represented. He was sadly disappointed. The Colonel had never even been there, the prominent man he had mentioned never existed. It was a hard blow. Disillusioned, he returned to St. Louis with six mules and three gallons of sherry wine. The fate of the mules is buried in obscurity. Not so the sherry. That was used to drown the disappointment of the future colonizer of the great Sacramento Valley.

He learned of California from the Alcalde of Santa Fe, who had studied for the priesthood in this State, had slipped and returned to secular life. He represented California as a veritable heaven of sunshine and flowers. Southern California should erect a bronze tablet in honor of that Alcalde. He was their first booster, and a good one. So much so that he enthused Sutter to the point of joining the first band of trappers headed West. They landed in Fort Vancouver, Oregon territory, in the dead of winter. Snow was 30 feet deep on the Siskiyou Mountains. Keenly disappointed, Sutter took advantage of the sailing of the Hudson Bay ship to the Sandwich Islands, hoping to catch the San Francisco bound boat back from there. He just missed it.

He immediately proceeded to put his new philosophy into effect. How well he succeeded is shown by the fact that he secured credit for goods and passage to Sitka, Alaska. The King of the Islands, captivated by the Captain's polished manners, gave him eight brawny Kanakas to go along as a bodyguard and help him start his big plantation in far off California, for even while in Honolulu, Sutter was spreading the gospel of the future greatness of this State.

At Sitka he immediately sought out the Governor, put on an impressive front, told of his colonization project and asked his advice. His technique charmed the Governor, who invited him to attend all official social gatherings. Sitka's official family included Spaniards, French, Germans, English and Russians. Social graces were second nature to Sutter. As he once remarked, he could dance in all languages, except Russian, before he arrived in Sitka. The Russian ladies vied with each other to teach him their native dances.

Then came the opportunity to get to San Francisco on the Brigantine Clementine.

Many people have marvelled at the diplomatic ability shown by Capt. Sutter in the many varied conditions and trying circumstances in which he at times found himself.

A moment's consideration of his early life gives the answer. He had a good education, could read and write several languages, had read much, traveled extensively, met all classes of people, had closely observed the functions of traders, shippers, sailors, farmers, trappers and representative officials. He was genial, quick witted, good to look at, and an exceptionally good conversationalist. He radiated charm. He possessed every attribute necessary for exceptional success but one—he had too much faith in new acquaintances; a most commendable fault, but disastrous.

WITH the foregoing as a character building background, let us catch up with our young adventurer as he enters through the Golden Gate, July 2, 1839, the vessel short of water and provisions.

He was met by a reception committee of armed Mexican officials. The little village of Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, was not a port of entry; they told him to get out of the Bay immediately, but relented enough to allow him to put on water and food. Thence through the Gate again on to Monterey, the then capitol, arriving on July 4th, 1839.

Sutter had fortified himself with letters of intro-

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These Charming People Portrayed by Max Wieczorek

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

TO the laymen who take their art as they do all other necessary luxuries of modern times, it may occasion mild surprise when an able European critic points out a few of the dangers that threaten the growth of our national art progress.

We have recently been told in no uncertain terms that, artistically, we are a nation of landscape painters, and that as such our artists rank among the best; but so far as genre and figure painting are concerned we are still far down on the list.

This is, undoubtedly, a just criticism, and especially applies to California and the Southwest, where natural conditions and environment conspire to make landscape painting a dominant theme. Yet in this colorful locale there are ample opportunities for the figure painter to find models of physical beauty and historic and romantic interest, which cannot be rivaled in any other land on earth.

This great Southwest is the artist's paradise, yet how few men of great talent have discovered its possibilities in paint.

Each year fewer figure subjects appear in our leading exhibitions, and to the long list of landscape artists several valued names are added every season.

It is a notable and interesting fact that, since his coming to California 25 years ago, Max Wieczorek's art has dealt solely with portraiture and figure studies, and that his development as an outstanding painter, not only of the West, but internationally, has resulted from his singleness of purpose in portraying Western personalities. He has found these charming people applicable to his medium—French pastel—and has brought to his canvases a subtle likeness and a decorative quality, seldom equaled in the realm of portraiture.

The road to fame which he has traversed so successfully is replete with much that should be of inspiration to many a struggling young painter, for there is no Western artist of note whose early career was more colorful, or whose life story is more interesting.

Max Wieczorek was born at Breslau, in Silesia, of Polish-German parentage. He began his preparation for life by taking a course in natural science at the Breslau University. Later he became an officer in the Prussian Army, but at the age of 20 he forsook military life and enrolled in the art school at Karlsruhe. He traveled extensively and studied in the various art capitals, under the finest masters of Europe. Coming to America, he spent ten years in New York with the Tiffany studios. Seeking artistic freedom and new inspiration, he came to Los Angeles over 20 years ago and began his career as a portrait painter. His academic foundation, coupled with his decorative feeling and fine draftsmanship soon won him many honors in leading exhibitions and brought many important commissions. Among the prominent people he has painted are such well known names as Dr. Wm. A. Bryan, W. I. Hollingsworth, the late R. A. Rowen, the late George Chaffey, the late Albert Kenney, Charles L. Haskell, Merale Armitage, the late Ida Besser, Ruth St. Denis, Ann Andrews, Olga Zacsek, Mrs. Elsa Spalding, Rene Barker, and many others whose names are camouflaged in his catalogue by some picturesque title.

At the present time the artist is engaged upon the memorial portrait of the late Frederick W. Blanchard, to be placed in the Los Angeles City Hall.

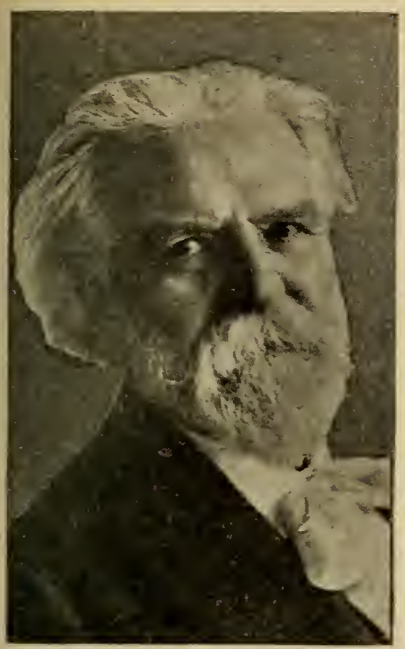
Wieczorek's work has added luster to our native art and has enlivened many of our exhibitions where figure studies were needed to break the monotony of a surfeit of landscape renderings. As one of our strongest Western painters, he has proven the value of native material, in the art of portraiture.

A visit to this artist's home at Long Beach and his studio in Los Angeles, is, to the laymen, a fascinating experience, and reflects with mirror-like accuracy the qualities of the man. Mr. Weiczorek abhors bric-a-brac and fussyness. His surroundings are impressive of simple elegance. Each room is splendidly appointed and contains just enough decorative accessories to off-set his own paintings and those of other masters he has assembled. The terrace, the gardens, the patio, with its bronze fountain, all bespeak the dignity and poetic perception. of a trained connoisseur.

His home life is as interesting as is the art of the painter, and it would be difficult to find a home in which is combined a greater degree of friendship, hospitality and good-fellowship to all who enter it as his guests.

Endowed with a keen sense of humor, his unique personality is one that wins him the right kind of friends. He has a broad and sincere interest in all who are striving to achieve,—no matter what

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Edwin Markham

Edwin Markham and His Eightieth Birthday Celebration

By
BEN FIELD

Ben F. Field recently returned from an Eastern trip by way of Panama Canal, visting Havana, New York, Boston, St. Joseph, Missouri, and El Paso. As a lifelong friend of Edwin and Mrs. Markham, he was an honored guest at their home on Long Island, and the accompanying account of the notable celebration in commemoration of Edwin Markham's 80th birthday, reveals not only Mr. Field's high appreciation of literary quality, but his ability to catch the important facts and phrase them in a form of which the most seasoned writers could be envious.—ED.

NEW YORK went to see Edwin Markham, at Carnegie Hall, on the evening of April 24th, 1932. People from far away went too, just as eagerly as New Yorkers.

Edwin Markham, a cattle herder and shepherd boy on the Suisuin Hills of California, devouring all the poetry and romance that came his way, little imagined that he too would by and by find a national place in the hearts of his countrymen—a beloved and honored place in many cities and especially in the greatest city on our continent. Yet on this 80th birthday, far from the Willamette Falls of his birthplace, and far from the sound of the cattle driving on the Suisuin Ranch, he stood in historic Carnegie Hall in Manhattan, with over 2000 listeners applauding him—hearers swayed to mirth or sadness by the words of his speech, or the lines of his poems.

Many had deplored the choice of huge Carnegie Hall for this celebration, saying it would require the Philharmonic concerts or a hero like Byrd to fill the structure, but lo! the building was packed—the upper gallery, the two tiers of boxes circling the house, and the great main floor—all were crowded.

The table on the platform, following the celebration, was laden with letters and telegrams from the entire country, with an especial place for letters and verses from the children of the schools, with school programs from their various Markham exercises. All of these remembrances delighted the poet, but he has always said: "Praise does not make me proud, it only humbles me."

After the exercises of this triumphant evening, the fine music—Markham's words and Harriet Ware's settings—he stood happy, untired, young in spirit, talking gaily to the throngs about him with Mrs. Markham beaming at his side.

One of the significant contributions to the evening—a surprise to Mr. Markham—was a letter from his son, Virgil, now a young novelist, visiting in England. Virgil took his degree at the University of California, and taught for some years at Berkeley. The letter is a masterpiece of affection and admiration, as well as a scholarly critique of his father's work.

I quote parts of the letter as follows:

"GREETINGS to you on your Eightieth Birthday.

As a poet among poets you have paid your due to beauty, and you have sought the strangeness that is at the heart of beauty and is perhaps the surest hint we have of other worlds beyond. For you beauty is partly of this world, partly of the next.

You preeminently among the poets have looked forward to the New Day. You will not see it, perhaps, but it will see you. When the crude chaos of our social system is replaced by a rational order, you will be remembered as one who beheld it in a vision and sang of it with all your Social Consciousness. The ringing thunders of the Hoe-man have encircled the earth, and their echoes do not diminish, but increase as the long-pent voice of humanity begins to rise in answer.

I think that you and the Oliver Goldsmith of "The Deserted Village" belong side by side as

the poet-economists of our race. He wrote those words which have been admired but never heeded:

'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.'

Beside this trenchant criticism of all modern societies I place your announcement of the First Principle on which the new order must be based: "The Right to Labor in Joy."

* * *

As a poet, you have struck chords of unearthly music. As a leader, you have held steadily to the upward road. More power to your playing fingers, and to your feet, firm tread.

This in all love and admiration."

WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D.D., was chairman of the evening. He presided with fine fervor and evident love for Mr. Markham, the man. A letter to Edwin Markham from President Hoover was read. Before the distinguished poet appeared upon the platform he sat with his attractive wife, who is herself a poet, in a box close to the stage.

Mr. Markham read his "Araby" and then, quoting from Marlow's Helen, "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships," he gave his own "To Helen." These are from his recent book, "New Poems, Eighty Songs at 80." In this volume which also includes "Power," is to be found that four-line epitome of "The Man With The Hoe."

"Two things," said Kant, "fill me with breathless awe,
The starry heavens and the moral law."
But I know a thing more awful and obscure—
The long, long patience of the plundered poor.

The poem "Power" delighted his hearers. Then, after several other readings he gave that matchless quatrain, "Outwitted," which is known about the globe.

"He drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win—
We drew a circle that took him in."

"What is poetry?" he queried. "Nobody knows. No man thinks a poem out—he only feels it out. Poetry is an attempt to express the eternal reality. What a poet sees and expresses will be just as precious a thousand years from now, as precious in Heaven as on earth."

Creeping into this 80th birthday celebration of Dean Markham, is a new little poem that might become, for a time, the chief stone of the corner. Being urged to write a quatrain that should be translated into all the different languages of earth and sent out by the ministers and consuls at Washington, he penned, as an inspiration, the following:

YOUNG AMERICA TO THE YOUTH OF ALL THE WORLD

"Oh youth of the World, we are lifting hands
And crying our love-cry to your far-off lands!
Over our heads one far-flung heaven bends,—
Come, let us make the world a world of friends!"

Already this has gone forward to many of the nations.

But Edwin Markham could not be permitted to rest on his 80th birthday until he had read "The Man With The Hoe." Was it in sympathy perhaps, with the spirit of the fine painting of himself by Mme. Mihri de Rassim, that stood close by him on the Carnegie stage, that Mr. Markham read his greatest poem with such dramatic effect?

A quarter of a million copies of "The Man With The Hoe" have been sold and it has been translated into nearly 40 languages and reproduced in 50,000 American publications.

Edwin Markham's eloquent and dramatic reading of his "The Man With The Hoe," at the close of his 80th birthday celebration at Carnegie Hall, will remain in the memory of the great audience until another decade has passed and he receives again the plaudits of the world on his 90th birthday.

EDWIN MARKHAM

By ESTELLE DUCLO

YOUR message has gone forth upon the wind,
Bearing a protest to a heedless world;
Your words are javelins of Justice, hurled
To smite the fell oppressors of mankind;
You have a challenge for the witting blind,
Who, seeing all, see naught—who leave close furled
That flag of freed humanity, rich-purled
With symbols of high deeds, incarnadined.

On that white day, be it or near or far,
When men shall answer God with Brotherhood;
And Love shall be a fixed and shining Star,
Guiding them gently toward a greatening Good;
When those are hailed who strove against life's wrongs,
You shall be crowned for your transcendent songs!

This sonnet appeared in the New York Times several years ago. Its author is one of that group of writers identified with the Poetry Society of America and the Authors Club of New York.

Death Valley Trails

By E. J. VAN NAME

Mr. Van Name knows the Desert and its moods. He has traveled much and gives here a realistic picture of one of the strangest regions in the world.

(Continued from April number)

FROM Bennett Wells we rolled on to the Old Eagle Borax Works, one of the abandoned ruins of the industry that made Death Valley famous. Springs are numerous at the old Eagle Works and have formed a small pond about which is a thick growth of tules, abounded by extensive meadow land. With its heavy mesquite growth, Eagle Works is an excellent oasis and has become the home of many wild horses and jackasses that roam the valley.

The Eagle Works was one of the first of its kind in Death Valley. It was discovered by Isidore Daunet in 1880. Daunet was French by birth, his home being Bassis, Pyreniss, France. He emigrated to San Francisco at the age of ten and lived at that city until 1863, or until thirteen years old. At that time Daunet began to wander among the mining camps and eventually, after gaining a knowledge of ores, became a prospector. Daunet was of remarkable physical strength, a fact that saved his life on his first trip into Death Valley.

In 1880 he joined a party of men in Panamint City who, not having any prospects at that place, had decided to migrate to the Arizona mines. Daunet joined them. There were seven men in the party and pack animals, and they started on their journey in mid-summer. Soon they struck an unfamiliar trail which led them into Death Valley.

They knew this but were an adventurous group of young men and laughed at the idea that they could not cross the Valley. But like many others before them, they found themselves unable to supply their bodies with enough water and drank their canteens dry before they realized it. They next cut the throats of the mules and drank the spurting blood.

Then Daunet and one other went for help. Many hardships befell them but they reached an Indian encampment at last. The Indians returned with them at once but found only two of the five waiting men alive. The other three had died from thirst.

It was while on this trip that Daunet noticed the "cottonball"* beds below Furnace Creek and which later led him to return to Death Valley with three other men and locate 260 acres of borax land. This was the beginning of the Eagle Borax Works.

The owners of the Eagle Works found it difficult to obtain the borax in a pure state due to the inability of the solution to crystallize until the air had cooled to a point below the usual summer temperature. However, the Eagle Works kept operating, although a good deal of the product was sold at a price less than the cost of manufacture.

IN THE late seventies, a year or two previous to Daunet's discovery of borax at the site of the Eagle Works, one Aaron Winters discovered a cottonball deposit in Death Valley north of the present site of Furnace Creek Ranch. Winters' home was at Ash Meadows, a place in the Amargosa Desert to the east of the Funeral Range, and, according to Spears, "200 miles from the then nearest railroad station or settlement." A wandering prospector told Winters the story of the Nevada borax deposits and added that anyone who could find more borax beds would be rich. From this prospector, Winters learned how to test for borax by pouring certain chemicals over the powdered sample and firing the mixture. If it burned green, it contained borax.

With his Spanish-American wife, Rosie, Winters set out for Death Valley immediately upon the departure of his visitor. He had seen the deposits in Death Valley and knew that it represented the stuff described by the prospector. He made camp at the summit of Furnace Creek and went into Death Valley to obtain samples. That night, Winters and his wife powdered the samples, mixed them with the chemicals they had brought along for the purpose, and lighted the mixture. Winters' dramatic words tell us the result:

"She burns green, Rosie! We're rich!"

Winters sold his claims to William T. Coleman for the sum of $20,000, and Coleman immediately started the Harmony Borax Works, a few miles northwest of Furnace Creek Ranch. Furnace Creek Ranch was started at the same time by Coleman, although at that time it was known as Greenland. It had originally been the homestead of one Bellerin"Tuck, reputed to have been Death Valley's first settler. The ranch is 178 feet below sea level and about 18 miles north of Bad Water, the lowest point. Today Furnace Creek Ranch is owned by the Pacific Coast Borax Company

* Ulexite, or borate of lime. The cottonballs were gathered by hand in baskets, usually by Chinese labor, and varied in size from that of a pinhead at Teel's Marsh, Nevada, to the size of pumpkins in Death Valley.

and is maintained to hold the claim on the old Harmony Works which they bought from Coleman when he went broke.

AT THE end of the year 1889, directly following the acquisition of the Harmony Works by the Pacific Coast Company, Superintendent J. S. W. Perry organized the 20-mule system of transportation. The road went south across the salt beds and to Mojave by way of Wingate Pass, a distance of 165 miles. No ordinary wagon would suffice for this work. Perry accordingly made a complete study of large wagons, and the result was the borax wagon, dimensions of which follow:

Hind wheel, 7 ft. dia., tire 8 inches wide, 1 inch thick; forward wheel, 5 ft. dia., other dimensions same as rear. Hubs, 18 inches dia., 22 inches long. Spokes, 5½ inches wide at butt, 4 inches at the point. The felloes were made double, each piece being four by four inches large in cross-section, and the two being edge-bolted together. The forward axle trees were made of solid steel bars, 3¼ inches square in cross-section; rear axles, 3½ inches square. The wagon bed was 16 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 6 feet deep. The tread was 6 feet. Weight, 7,800 pounds, with a capacity of about twelve tons. The wagons were built at Mojave at a cost between $900 and $1000 each.

The wagons were drawn in trains of two each. As there were but three springs on the entire journey it was necessary for them to carry their own water. This was done by carrying two barrels to a wagon, one on each side. Some of the trains, I presume of a later date, hauled a tank wagon on back of the train.

The motive power of the 20-mule team was really 18 mules and two horses. Spears describes the 20-mule team in the following excerpt:

"In building the desert freight train, the front wagon receives a tongue of ordinary length, while from the rear axle projects a little wrought iron tongue about three feet long. The second wagon has a tongue say six feet long, with a stout vertical ring on the end of it, which, when the two wagons are coupled together, slides over the three foot tail of the front wagon. Then, to hold the two wagons together, a stout chain runs from the front axle of one to the front axle of the other.

"The horses and mules are harnessed up in pairs. The horses are attached to the wagon at the togue, and a great handsome 2,800 pound team it is—gentle, obedient and strong as a locomotive. Ahead of them stretch the mules, their doubletrees geared to a chain that leads from a forward axle. The most civilized pair are placed in the lead and the next in intelligence just ahead of the tongue, while the sinful, the fun-loving, and the raw-hides fill in between. The nigh leader has a bridle with the strap from the left jaw shorter than the other and from this bridle runs a braided cotton rope a half an inch in diameter, through fair-leaders on each mule to the hand of the driver, who sits on a perch on the front end of the wagon box just eight feet above the ground. The rope is known as the jerk-line, and its length is not far from 120 feet. The team that draws the desert freight train stretches out for more than 100 feet in front of the wagon."

The crew of a borax train consisted of two men, the driver and swamper. The swamper was a general helper and caretaker of the team. Although the borax driver's life was a hard one, there was little danger of him quitting his job upon arrival in Mojave. There was a faro-bank running most of the time in town and it only took one night for him to get rid of his monthly wage of $120. By morning he was ready to hit the trail again. The company heads knew this and felt that their drivers were safe. It was not a heartless attitude on their parts. For if the men didn't gamble their money away, they were sure to get drunk or spend it in some other more harmful manner. And if a driver had two months' wages at once he was sure to go into Los Angeles and be gone a fortnight or longer.

Before leaving the subject of borax, the question may have arisen: "What did they use for fuel in their fireboxes in this barren waste?" The answer is, "Mesquite brush and nut-pine. The canyons of the Panamint Range grow much nut pine while much of the floor of Death Valley is occupied by mesquite brush scores of years old. At the old Harmony ruin, there is much mesquite brush scattered about the old boilers today."

An amusing story is told about the borax deposits at Teel's Marsh, Nevada. This dry lake bed, like the others of its kind, takes on the appearance of a body of water from a short distance. Because of this, many tourists travelling on the Carson and Colorado Railroad, whose tracks bordered the marsh, were actually fooled into believing that it was water. The conversation, we are told, would run something like this:

Conductor: "Pretty lake, isn't it?"

Tourist: "Very."

Conductor: "Yes sir. And it's deep enough for navigation, too. Lots of business on that lake. See that steamer?"

Two black smoke stacks rising from a frame structure resemble a Mississippi steamboat.

Conductor: "Yep. They're little freight boats. Mighty busy mining camps about that lake. That on this side is Teels. Over beyond is Marietta. You would be astonished if you could drop over there just now!"

Astonished? Well, rather. The two smoke stacks that appear to be a steamboat are the stacks at the borax works!

Note: The Los Angeles address of Overland Monthly has been changed. The new address is 523 H. W. Hellman Bldg., No. 354 South Spring St.

Must We Eat?

By JACK BENJAMIN

HAZARDS have always attended the struggle for food. In the days of our prehistoric past, creatures were compelled to go out and hunt for their bodily nourishment. Competition was keen. Often the hunter would become the hunted. The stronger jaw . . . the more powerful claw got the dainty morsels contained in the ancient forests. The weak got along as best they could on the left-overs.

But all that was in the dim past. Our food problem, at present, does not reflect such terrifying difficulties. Wherever we go there are restaurants; and as soon as the stomach sends its "gimmie, gimmie" signals to our consciousness, we can easily enter one of these eating places and satisfy our hunger—that is, if we have enough money to pay our check as we leave.

Thus the whole matters seems to have become quite simple. But, alas! Its simplicity is only surface-deep. Bitter competition still exists in the process of satisfying our flattened "breadbaskets." For example:

Have you ever observed the business section of a large city at noon? New York, for example, or Los Angeles, or San Francisco.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a rush starts for the restaurants. Thousands of employees have dropped their work and entered into a wild stampede. Pandemonium reigns!

Out of office-buildings, skyscrapers and lofts comes the army of food hunters. No. It is not a charge of Napoleon's cavalry. It is only the daily attack on the restaurants.

In few of the restaurants can one get service. There is no time for that. One must get through with his lunch as quickly as possible, for a person wants to have a chance to smoke a cigarette or two, or chat with a friend or acquaintance.

Look into the cafeterias. They suffer the brunt of the noon-day attack. Here a fearful struggle rages . . . not as disastrous as the one which had taken place in the dark jungles millions of years ago—but one equally as competitive.

Walk into one of these cafeterias. Bedlam! Noise! Clamor! Here everyone contributes some sort of note to the general Niagara of sound.

Watch the food-seekers in action. A crowd of people bent on satisfying their hunger enters the cafeteria. First they break ranks. Then each member goes rushing madly around with a tray that he has managed to pick up, trying to collect his food from various counters. This requires some skill. One must know how to avoid a collision with some other tray-carrier, for should one so collide—then that spells disaster! Not only does a person stand a chance of being half scalded to death, but he risks getting into a fist fight with the second party of the collision—and in the event that mishap is avoided, he still has to pay for the food that was lost in the collision.

Then there is the vital problem of finding a chair after one has collected his food. That, my friends, is not an easy matter. Chairs, as you know, are not reserved. One simply gets into a vacant one, providing there *is* a vacant one. In case you do not succeed in finding a chair, just waltz hopefully around the restaurant, try to avoid collisions and keep yourself in readiness to swoop down like a famished hawk on a chair suddenly vacated.

However, at times some other tray-clutcher may see the same chair at the same time. Trouble again. The two start a race to the vacant chair. It often happens, though, that some other person jumps out and succeeds in reaching the chair before either one of the two tray-clutchers. In that case . . they accept their fate and take up the search once more.

Some people prefer to do their gobbling like a sentry on duty. They are the ones who have lost all faith in ever getting a vacant chair at noontime.

Some of the members of the noon-day stampede eat at lunch counters in drugstores. A string of chairs—high decked affairs from which a short person sits with his feet dangling down to the floor—grace a long counter. A few clerks garbed in white act as waiters, and you have a restaurant —modern style.

Here, too, difficulties beset the food hunter. As more people enter one of these drug store eating places than there are chairs, the result is tragic. The lucky occupants of the chairs sit on their high decked thrones and munch their food while the unfortunate late comers stand in line behind them. Sometimes there are as many as three or four persons standing behind each chair.

Thus they stand, waiting and counting the jaw movements of the chair occupants. When one does succeed in getting into a chair he hastily gives his order. No elaborate demands. No steaks or such. Most orders are for sandwiches. Should the white-garbed clerk bring you some food you never ordered—Take it! Don't become captious. There is absolutely no time for choice. Take it, therefore, and be happy that you succeeded in getting something, at least.

In these drug store eating places you are compelled to eat with your hands close to your sides. Move an elbow just a trifle out of the way and

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Little England: Barbadoes

By CYRIL CLEMENS

BARBADOES, British West Indies, is one of the most charming and delightful spots in the whole world. The "tight little, right little island" is only 21 miles in length and 14 in breadth, making a total area of about 160 square miles. It has a population of some 200,000, and is thus one of the most densely populated districts on the earth. The majority of the people are of the African race, and the island has been in continual control of the British ever since its settlement in 1625.

As my ship entered the harbor of Bridgetown, the view was exceedingly fine, with the tropical foliage, and the windmills waving their broad arms above rounded hills, golden-green cane fields, and groves of cocoa palms bending over snow-white beaches. When the tender reached the wharf swarms of natives were on hand to greet us. Each was selling something: jewelry, post-cards, bananas, oranges, walking sticks and what not.

A particular pedlar was unusually persistent but I could not get angry with one who was so extremely polite—all the blacks of Barbadoes have excellent manners—so I put him off as gently as I could with,

"I shall see you when I come back."

"All right, Master," answered he, "but don't forget to look for me when you return. My name is Snowball." An old fat native woman had also been hovering around me for some time selling glass beads and flower stick pins made of bone. She finally piped up and said,

"Please ask for Beatrice also, when you come back."

The automobile started and in a short space we were out in the country on a good but somewhat dusty road, which in many places cut through low hills, the walls of which were white and porous-looking. Most of the fields were planted with sugar cane, which yields one crop a year and has to be planted every three years. The farm houses were substantial stone buildings: all had pleasing gardens surrounded by pine or cedar trees, and no place was complete without its windmill.

The natives were exceedingly amusing. Men, women, and children would stop their work and beg for pennies. Little tots would run towards us holding out their hands as they ran. We stopped at a low building with a windmill on either side. Two Barbadians with an accent reminiscent of England welcomed us at the entrance and took us in to see the huge grinding wheels where the sugar cane is crushed when it first comes from the field. A small pipe carried off the sugar juice. Instead of being thrown away, the semi-ground up stalks were sent through a second wheel that squeezed out more sugar juice. The stalk husks of the sugar cane were then used for fuel. At the time of our visit the factory was making much more molasses than sugar because the latter had become a drug on the market. The molasses is most delectable.

No one can help but be attracted towards the Blacks of Barbadoes: they are always most friendly, and talk with a pronounced English accent. Due to the mildness of the climate their voices are soft and gentle. Hardly ever do they employ slang, but, quite the contrary, affect decidedly stilted language. They are to the man incorrigible beggars. Wherever one looks, he sees swarms of hands out and hears the request,

"Give me sixpence, please Sir,"

And the little ones shout out,

"A penny, Sir. Please give us a penny."

Mothers will walk up with their little black children and tell one in confidence, that the children can say the Lord's prayer and a little tot then begins to say it with many promptings from its mother, and before the last word of the prayer is come to, the chubby little hands are held out for a penny.

ENGAGING in conversation two members of the colored constabulary, I asked:

"Are you well paid?"

"We get only about five pounds a month, and things are rather high here just at present," answered one of the men. You have been looking at the stripes on my coat sleeve. They are for good conduct, and entitle the bearer to an extra penny a day. I had the misfortune to lose one for something I did and I shall have to wait six months before I can get it back."

Looking down at the water from a high cliff some diving boys suddenly appeared from beneath and commenced shouting for me to throw them some pennies. Our ride across the island was delightful. The little red and blue windmills gave a touch of color to the stone buildings, and vied with the flowers. The natives live in small frail houses grouped near the manor house. All the children and most of the grownups, seem to have no other job than waiting for the passing automobiles and begging lustily by holding out their hands, shouting, and even putting on little vaudeville turns to win the hearts of the passerby.

Saint Michael's Anglican Church is a stone edifice of rare beauty. Originally constructed about

1650, it was built in 1830 after having been destroyed by a cyclone. The original monuments were replaced in the walls. The tall graceful windows on each side of the church commanded a superb view of the ocean and reminded me of Keats',

"Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."

The genial rector stood at the door to greet us. He was a Yorkshire man, and had been in Barbadoes for some 20 years. After giving us time to admire the quiet beauty of the church, he showed us the quaint rectory which had survived the earthquake.

Like the state of Louisiana, Barbadoes is divided into parishes. There are about 12 of these political and ecclesiastical divisions. This parcelling out has not as yet worked any hardships, because the Anglicans communicants have been greatly in the majority. Methodists and Baptists number about five per cent and Catholics under one per cent.

Further inland we stopped at Codrington College. This famous institution was founded in 1710 and for over 200 years has been the center of education in the British West Indies. The principal building is of fine proportions and has a splendid chapel adjoining it. As one observer said, "No more delightful place than this can be imagined as a retreat for students." The vine covered corridors open upon avenues of tall and stately palms. The college is affiliated with Durham University in England, and its graduates are eligible for all degrees in the latter institute of learning.

ON our return to Bridgetown the driver pointed out a white house with a lovely red roof some distance back from the road.

"That is where George Washington stayed when he was here in 1751. Washington arrived to seek the mild climate for his brother Lawrence, who was far gone with consumption."

My guide book told me that the Washington brothers arrived at Bridgetown, November 3, 1751, and that George remained there until December 22, when he sailed for Virginia. This was the only foreign country that George Washington ever visited, and at the time he was an officer in the British army. He recorded in his dairy:

"This morning received a card from Major Clark welcoming us to Barbadoes with an invitation to breakfast and dine with him. We went, myself with some reluctance, as the smallpox was in the family, and we were received in the most kind and friendly manner."

George's fears were well grounded, for he did catch the smallpox. The same diary describes the cottage in which the brothers were entertained.

"Very pleasantly situated near the sea, and about a mile from town. The prospects of Carlyle Bay and all the shipping, in such a manner that none can go in or out without being open to your view."

When our party stopped for lunch we were accosted by many darkies who had things for sale. I happened to be with a clergyman friend whom they all called, "Right Reverend." One old colored woman was selling a whip with a little rubber dog at the end of it. My friend whom they all took for a bishop, said:

"I would have no use for that whip."

The old darkey was equal to the occasion.

"It will be a splendid thing with which to beat up your congregation when they are bad."

The native Barbadian is an excellent salesman, and unbelievably persistent, but he will always part from you with a smile whether you buy or not. In fact all the Barbadians are extraordinarily good natured. Probably their two most predominating traits are their good nature and their aptitude for begging. This was well illustrated for me when I asked a policeman the way. He gave me the direction in a most pleasant and thorough manner, but no sooner had he done so, than he began begging me for cigars and cigarettes.

The Barbadian police dress in a dapper fashion: a blue serge tunic (which must be rather hot for them at times), white linen trousers, a white helmet, and a belt with a fine copper buckle, bearing the arms of the police department.

As we were driving down the main street of Bridgetown, I heard someone shouting from the sidewalk.

"Don't forget, Sir, you promised to buy something from me when you came back."

Looking among a group of very black faces from where the voice had come, I discovered that it was Snowball who had addressed me. A little further on, I heard a female voice hailing me:

"Here I is, Master, here is Beatrice. You promised to buy something of me when you came back."

While I drove around the Town I lost track of Snowball and Beatrice for a time, but as I crossed the bridge that led to the harbor I met Snowball. After I had purchased some cards he walked along with me, and proved to be a most friendly darky. Just before I reached the tender that would take me to my ship I was waylaid by a whole group of blacks, and I would have been smothered to death if I had not bought a huge bunch of bananas which Snowball insisted upon carrying to the boat for me. As I started up the gangplank Beatrice rushed up to say goodbye, and of course I had to buy something from her.

As the tender put out from shore, Beatrice, Snowball, and all their fellow highwaymen stood on the shore waving farewell.

The Perfect Escape

A Short, Short Story

By WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

SILENT GRIMES planned a perfect escape. For three years he had been behind the somber walls of Huntsville, that melancholy place where Texas sends its sons and daughters who step outside the law. Silent killed a man in a Fort Worth hold-up. The jury debated whether the penalty should be death or life imprisonment. At length a verdict was reached and Silent missed the electric chair.

But Grimes, called by his cell mates Silent because he seldom talked, did not plan to spend the remainder of his days behind prison walls. Instead, he planned a perfect escape . . . . a getaway so clever that he never would be seen or heard of again.

Silent Grimes was a member of a work crew that each day went into the cypress swamp along the river some distance away to cut cord wood. Silent was on the lookout for the proper hiding place. A place where he could drop from sight, leaving not a trace by which he could be located.

THE afternoon was dreary. The somber November rain fell on the melancholy marshland. The axes of the convicts made only muffled sounds in the mist-filled air as tree after tree was cut down and split into cord wood. Far away the caw of a crow added a tone of lonliness to the late afternoon, now fading into evening.

Silent Grimes wandered toward a small creek the waters of which flowed lazily toward the meandering river which cut through the marsh toward the Gulf of Mexico. Beside the bank of the creek was a dead tree. And the trunk of the great marsh giant was hollow! Silent Grimes stood for a moment thinking . . . . thinking of the perfect escape. The axes of the convicts bit into the trunks of trees. Far away a crow cawed. From the reeking swamp marsh frogs croaked. Low hanging clouds like a dark blanket hugged close to the earth. Guards drew near and Silent Grimes foiled them by appearing busily engaged cutting a log. Silent had never attempted a getaway. So he was not under close watch. He was not considered a dangerous man. But guards cannot read the minds of convicts, which was indeed fortunate for Silent Grimes.

Twilight walked on soft feet across the marshland. Guards gave the signal and convicts gathered near the trucks ready for the trip back to the prison walls. But Silent Grimes was missing . . . . he had made his perfect escape.

As guards had turned away leaving Silent chopping the log, the later crept into the shallow waters of the creek thereby foiling the blood hounds, and hastened to the dead tree. In an instant Silent gripped an over-hanging limb, then swung himself to the opening of the hollow trunk. A moment later Silent Grimes was inside the big tree—he had made his perfect escape.

A SIREN sounded. There were loud voices—then yelps. It was hounds . . . . the puppies . . . . as the convicts called the blood hounds. Silent Grimes realized his escape had been discovered and that the guards had started the search. Grimes grinned.

"They'll never find me," he whispered to himself. "I'm safe . . . . They'll never find me."

There were voices. Grimes recognized two of the guards, Grissom and Payton, by the tones of their voices. They were two men that Grimes detested. Both were huge fellows always talking about being good shots and such remarkable man hunters. Such things made Grimes hate them, but he was far too wise to cause them to suspect him as loathing them.

"They'll never catch me . . ." Grimes said to himself.

The guards drew near the old tree. Meanwhile the clouds had broken away and the moon was shining. Such is Texas weather, especially in the late fall.

"Weather is going to change," Payton said. "Looks like we are going to have a norther before morning."

Grissom was not interested in the weather. He was looking at the old tree beside the creek bank. A white spot on the dead trunk showed in the moonlight. Grisson raised his gun and fired. The shot hit the white spot.

"Not such a bad marksman at that," Grissom said as the two guards walked away.

Inside the hollow tree Silent Grimes grabbed for a moment at his bosom. There was a gasp. Then Grissom passed on.

Attention of Overland readers is called to our change of address in Los Angeles. The new address is 523 H. W. Hellman Building.

When Olympic Park Was a Jack-Rabbit Course

By MARION PARKS
Publicity Assistant, Security-First National Bank

IF you ever have tried to telephone to the California State Exposition Building out at Exposition Park, this summer to be called "Olympic Park," you have doubtless been surprised to find it listed—if you did find it—under Sixth District Agricultural Association.

Under that bucolic title Exposition Park began. Were it not for this great public possession with the exceptional facilities if offers, Los Angeles might not have been able to secure the urban distinction it will enjoy next month as the first city in America to be host for the Olympic Games.



The Coliseum, where the Xth Olympiad will be held

And were it not for the waywardness of a certain Sunday school class of 34 years ago, and the fiery zeal of the struggling young attorney who was its teacher, Los Angeles would not have had Exposition Park as a public possession to offer for the great international contests.

When William M. Bowen came to Los Angeles he moved into the little settlement known as "University," entered its community life by teaching Sunday school. But against the pull of a counter attraction behind the bill-posted gates of old "Agricultural Park," he made slow progress with the boys. Investigating, he found them beguiled by a place where saloons and gambling were rife, with the horse races and fairs for which the park was designed supplanted by the debasing sport of "coursing," in which captive jackrabbits were hunted down by hounds.

The casual observer who walked into the park that day came out a man burning with the ardor of reform. His first task was to bring "University" within the city limits of Los Angeles. With faculty and students of University of Southern California as shock troops, he led his forces on to election day. Meanwhile behind the high board fence of the Park skullduggery was afoot. Extra "waiters," "hostlers," "gate-men" were hired to provide many an illegal registration. Late in the night before election, Bowen and a friend prepared to checkmate them. They got a rig and drove through darkness and dust of country roads to Gardena, nearest seat of justice, routed the Judge from his bed and brought him back to the scene of battle to spend the hours before dawn issuing John Doe warrants of arrest as the night crept furtively on toward the hour of opening the polls.

Unabated tension prevailed until night. Firearms bulged under more than one set of coat tails. At the end of the count, the fight for annexation was won by 23 votes.

Read further on page 158

The Science and the Art of Life

By ALVIN EDWARD MOORE

IN these days of muddled thought where can a person place his trust—in the new sphere of science which has suffered loss of prestige in the Great Depression or in the old, half-discredited world of instinct, of emotion, of unreasoning acceptance of unreasoned rules of the past. New science and old art are at war, we have been told. To which shall we turn?

It is a fact that during the last half century the human race has fast been changing the basis of its life from a natural and instinctive, to a synthetic and reasoned scheme of things. Man at last has succeeded in over half-way reaching the goal that he set for himself when symbolic Adam left the instinctive way of life to earn his bread by will-controlled sweat of the brow. We are no longer even half animals. The so-called "veneer of civilization" is so thick that it comprises more than half the whole furniture.

This civilization that we have built up on the foundation of factual science has come to stay despite all the wailings of the depression-bred prophets of "back to the primitive." If it fell not only would man fall, but all man's myriad animals and plants—in short the whole cooperative scheme of life based on man's live-and-let-live code. But it cannot fall because it is built on the rock of science.

Science has reached such a place of prominence in our lives that we have tried to solve all our problems, even those divorced from material things, by its aid instead of by heeding the instinct of our ancestors. To date we have failed, for a number of reasons.

In the first place, science is a tremendous entity. It is like the proverbial elephant; one blind group seizes the ear and says it is like a fan, another the leg and states it is a tree. The psychologist believes that most of our problems may be solved by his branch of science; the Freudians think that sex is the whole instead of the part of life; the economist thinks that practically all the ills that now beset us can be solved by his one branch of science; and of the medical men, one will stress care of the eyes, another of the nerves and still another the feet. The scientific muddle is still further muddled by a swarm of pseudo scientists, some maintaining that human destiny is entirely controlled by stars a million miles distant, others that a number will make or break a person's life, still others that the mind, one small, lately acquired organ of the body, can control extraneous matter, such as disease germs and the price of stocks.

No wonder that people like Gilbert K. Chesterton are up in arms against the whole new scientific way of life, counselling that we stick to the old unreasoning, instinctive style of existence of our ancestors. Half-baked science can be worse than no science at all. The man who cannot delve deeply into science needs rules formulated by those who have so delved. Unfortunately the real scientist is seldom an artist; so we have few rules of "the how" set forth by them. Teachers like H. G. Wells, who recently wrote "The Science of Life" are few and far between. Furthermore, even Wells is too much concerned with the why and not enough with the how. Common people, engaged in the struggle of existence, haven't the time nor the inclination to wade through his ponderous "Science of Life"; they merely want a few rules for living; they leave deep science for the scientist.

PURE science alone has never solved any human problem. Even in the material world our wonderful technical progress of the last few decades has not come from pure science. The discoveries of science are merely abstract theories, or intriguing playthings like the lightning spark that leaped from Franklin's key. Applied scientists—who in reality are artists, more concerned with the how than the why of things—harness science for human use. Franklin's spark would have been of little use to humanity had it not been for the efforts of men such as Edison, Steinmetz and Tesla.

Many people have considered science to be antagonistic to all art, including religion. But some of the greatest scientists, including Millikan, Eddinton and Jeans, maintain that in reality there is no conflict between science and religion.

I believe that one of the most pressing needs of our times is the clarification of our thought on science and art, the latter including religion. Let us try to ascertain what each is and where each stands with respect to the other.

Science, as every high school student supposedly knows, is concerned with the why of things, art with the how. Science is new; old-style art, based on instinct, emotion and the trial-and-error way of life, is incalculably old.

Contrary to much current opinion, science has its limits. There are many phenomena left in life the why of which it cannot explain. It cannot explain the why of life itself. It can show the secondary causes of life—it can even create, according to Doctors Creel and Herrera, living cells from dead matter; but it cannot explain to us the mystery of the underlying purpose of life.

Old-style art, on the other hand, although it can never be perfect, at the same time is more

complete. It doesn't try to explain anything, merely takes life as it finds it, as something not to be explained but to be lived as instinct, emotion and trial-and-error rules dictate.

Science usually gets the whole credit for our material progress, when art has done half the work. The applied scientists—who in reality are artists, concerned with the how of things—have taken science as a basis and built upon it our industrial system. These men learn science only to forget it. The true applied scientist would never have any time for work if every time he started to build a bridge or navigate a ship he had to figure out the why of the geometrical rules or logarithms that he takes from his books.

Science, in my opinion, has been overemphasized. It is highly important, but only as a basis for the new art of life that is now developing. This new art, which includes rationalized religion, does not conflict with science, any more than a house conflicts with its foundations.

IN the new art, instinct will be subordinated to reason. Fear of the unknown and its outgrowths, superstition and narrow prejudice, shall be eradicated. For, although science can not explain all unknowns, it can explain so many of them that we may at least conclude that all are explainable, that all unknowns are subject to law as are all knowns. Therefore, why fear them.

With this elimination of the fear of the unscientific unknown as the corner stone, the new art of living is being built, stone by stone.

Many of the old beliefs, based on instinct and superstition may be justified by science and hence will still be used as parts of the new art of life. But such superstitions as the black cat myth—an outgrowth of the belief of long ago that black cats were witches—and the absurd belief that number thirteen brings bad luck—because Judas was the thirteenth in the company of Jesus of Nazareth—can not be upheld by science and so must disappear.

In brief, the new art of life will be based upon reasoned wisdom instead of instinct, upon science instead of hearsay.

We need not, however, expect this new scheme of living now forming to be complete in a generation or in several generations. Life evolves too slowly for that. The large majority of the human race will cling to their instincts and prejudices for a long time to come.

But when the process is complete, in my opinion, our descendants will live in a new Eden on earth —an Eden where all forms of life will be in scientific harmony, exchanging mutual services, after the fashion of present-day man and the fruit tree and the honey bee, instead of trying to eat each other in a struggle of the survival of the fittest. Then will science and art be wedded. Then man will be content.

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MELODY LANE

BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

CUBA AND ITS PALMS

By Ben Field

THE Royal Palms of Cuba are like girls of Samarkand,
Their pale limbs make my quiet blood run wild.
No virgin maids, but Magdalens of the passionate Levant,
Yet are they white-souled as a little child.

Their fronded leaves point downward like vestal virgins' arms,
And make their daring loveliness serene.
I behold them in their penances, their sanctifying charms—
The Royal Palms of Cuba, silver, green.

I want no fairer haven while my soul is of this earth,
Than Cuba, beauty-haunted land and shore—
O Pais fair, my homeland, O my treasure-land of birth!
Hold me, hold me in love for evermore!

Written by Mr. Field in memory of his recent visit to Havana, Cuba.

THE LOVER PONDERS

By Estelle Duclo

THESE are the words my beloved said to me,
And I who once feared bondage, fear now my liberty:

"I shall not question nor ask a pledge of you,—
I would not hold a love that only vows kept true;

"I'll take what you give and not vex you for more,
You may go as you will, I shall not bar the door.

"And if you leave me, I shall not complain,
I shall not call you faithless nor say that all was vain;

"I'll only keep your love for as long as you will,—
Ah, it will set my feet on Earth's most lofty hill!

"So, if the moment comes for you to say, 'good-bye,'
I shall not falter, not a tear shall I cry,

"But I'll wave and wave as you pass beyond my sight,
And looking from afar, you'll see me bathed in light."

These were the words that leaped from my beloved's lips,
As if she dared life's seas on perilous, new ships;—
Were they but vaunting words that crucified her heart?—
Was she praying silently, "may we never part"?

The Author, a resident of New York City, is a prominent member of the Poetry Society of America, the MacDowell Club of New York City, and the Authors' League of America.

A SONNET: TO OUR MEETING

(To M. M.)

By Emmet Pendleton

SHOULD I begin my verse, "When first we met,"
And let my strophes rhyme in pleasing way,
Portray our meeting as a holiday,
And follow classic forms that are well set?
Should I describe that night, that moon, and let
A fervid tongue quite blushingly convey,
Or give suggestions of the morning's grey,
And let a faint soul madly rave and fret?
But such was not the case. 'Twas long ago
We met, before the days of Joseph's flight,
Long, long before the day of Eden's fall,
Yea, years long, long before, for I know well,
Before the Master said, "Let there be light,"
Long eons past, when naught was naught at all.

Written and dedicated to Mabel B. Moffitt, Associate Editor of the Overland Monthly.

REUNION

(A Dream of Luther Burbank)

By Amy Bower

LAST night I dreamed of one I knew and loved
Through many changing years. Now he is gone
To that far land which man but partly knows
Till he himself shall cross the border-line.
It seemed indeed we met just as of old;
His merry smile, his gentle quip and jest,
The same! And as of old he brought his work
For me to see, pridefully and lovingly.
We talked with happy comradship. He showed
New fruits and zestfully we tasted all.
He seemed unchanged by new environment,—
Still busy with the things he loved to do.
Was it but dream? I ask with questioning mind,
For it is said that dreams are verities;
And I am happy, feeling we have met.

The Literary West

DISCOVERING THE GENIUS WITHIN YOU

EVERYONE would like to discover some genius within. The recognition of genius as a difference in degree, not in kind, enables us, according to Stanwood Cobb, to live "on the creative level." "Great faculties are only common faculties developed to the full" and by experimenting we may, Cobb tells us, determine our span of concentration and master our environment. Self-realization may be the solution of the problem of life. In "Discovering the Genius Within You" Stanwood Cobb has written a book that will help many toward victorious living.

The author promises another book in which he will deal with the problem of getting on with other people. Stanwood Cobb has written "The Real Turk," "Ayesha of the Bosphorus," "The Essential Mysticism," "The New Leaven," and other books. He spent some years as a professor in Roberts College in the Near East.

"Discovering the Genius Within You" deserves wide and thoughtful reading. It is well and interestingly written. (The John Day Company. $2.50.)

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

CHINA OF THE PRESENT

THE widespread interest in "The Good Earth" by Pearl S. Buck will attract many to her new story, "The Young Revolutionist," with its faithful picture of young China, torn between its love for its own and its groping toward the new and the less-known. Ko-sen, the one son of what has been a large family, is carried as a last resort in his illness to the temple and there dedicated to the gods. His father and mother and his only sister, Sui-may, hesitate to tell him that the rest of his life must be spent there as a priest.

His escape from the temple with Fah-li, the little buffoon, and the experiences of the two in the army of Sun-Yat-Sen are told with the concrete detail that characterizes the writing of "The Good Earth." It is no glamorous glimpse of waving banners that we get as we read of the first battle in which the new recruits were put in the forefront. We see through Ko-sen's eyes what a battle is like. When Fah-li is rescued, we say with Whittier,

"From the smoking hell of battle, Love and
Pity send their prayer."

The end of the story will satisfy many readers, but is there any story-ending that suits everyone? "The Young Revolutionist" is from the Friendship Press, John Day, distributor, $1.50.)

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

MILLIONAIRES AND GRUB STREET

JAMES HOWARD BRIDGE, one time editor of Overland Monthly, has written a noteworthy volume entitled Millionaires and Grub Street. Bridge sets forth in several interesting chapters personal reminiscences of Herbert Spencer, Andrew Carnegie and other notables with whom he was associated. There are other studies of individuals and events to say nothing of the epoch-making chapter on the Overland Monthly, mention of which was made in our May issue. In his Foreword to the book, Don C. Seitz says: "It would appear to have been enough glory for one career to enjoy the confidence of Herbert Spencer of whom he gives us such an attractive picture; yet he makes the shift from Science to Big Business and is just as entertaining in the second role. Next he sits in the sanctum of the famous Overland Monthly with its memory of Bret Harte and the exotic men of letters who flamed out on the Pacific Coast following the "gold-diggers." The book is published by Brentano's; carries 304 pages and sells for $3.50.

THE PONY EXPRESS

ANOTHER book to add to the growing list of Californiana is Archer Butler Hulbert's book of a Romantic Adventure in business. It adds to the already extensive literature of Pony Express Days, materials that are especially well documented, and there are contemporary prints and photographs that amplify the text which covers 22 chapters with a bibliography and index. An especially excellent map of the Pony Express Route from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco, is found on the opening and closing covers. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. There are 320 pages. Price $3.50.

FORT HALL—ON THE OREGON TRAIL

THE Cacton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, have brought out another of their interesting books featuring the early days in the Pacific Northwest. Jennie Broughton Brown's Fort Hall On The Oregon Trail is particularly timely since the present year marks the Oregon Trail Centennial and 1934 will be the century mark of the founding of Old Fort Hall. This book of 467 pages is filled with source material, is well written and the material so organized as to be used both for schools and the general reader. The numerous illustrations and the notes on the 12 chapters add to the value of the book. Price $2.50.

BESTWINDS

THE California Writers Club has again sent forth a volume of short stories, titled as have been the earlier books—"Westwinds." There are 23 short stories by as many writers, producing a dignified volume of 223 pages, printed on the Professional Press at Berkeley. Much credit is due Torrey Connor for her untiring services in colating and editing, and to Dr. D. N. Lehmer, Club President, who contributes the Foreword and who directed the manuscript to its completion. Six of the stories had their first appearance in Overland Monthly. The book sells for $2.00.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

THIS being "George Washington Year" a book from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons entitled "Episodes in the Life of George Washington" is of special moment. The authorship is that of A. J. Cloud, Chief Deputy Superintendent of the San Francisco Schools, and Vierling Kersey, Superintendent of Public Instruction, State of California. Many are the commendable features of this

volume of 226 pages, important amongst these being the interest and holding power of the narrative, which is built upon historical accuracy. The authors have checked and verified from the best source material and have in 27 chapters constructed a series of episodes to produce a book valuable alike to youth and adult. There are many full page cuts of historic and artistic value. Each chapter is enriched with a list of "Farther Readings." The notes, chronology of Washington's life, reference lists and index, add to a volume for home, school and library. The price is 64c net.

FORTY-NINERS

ANOTHER of Arthur Chapman's marvelous books is "The Pony Express"—The Chronicle of the California Trail. "Forty-niners" is the $5000 Atlantic Prize Book, published by Little, Brown and Company. The volume is comprised in two parts; Part One, from Independence, Missouri, to South Pass and Part Two, From the Continental Divide to California. There are four sections or chapters in Part One. Part Two, from the Continental Divide to California, features five chapters. The author draws largely from historic records, letters, diaries and the like, and there are reproduced in the book, many cuts and drawings of the old days, such as sketches and cartoons of the mining period. Altogether the book is a graphic portrayal in text, map and picture, of one of the most colorful periods in American history. There are 340 pages including an extensive bibliography. Price $3.50.

THE STORY CARGO

AN attractive book for primary classes in reading and language is "The Story Cargo," just published by Macmillan. The book is intended primarily as a Fourth Reader in the Marywood Readers Series, is under authorship of Sister Mary Estelle of the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic, Grand Rapids, Michigan. The book does credit to the author's intelligence and painstaking efforts It covers 376 pages. Illustrations are in color by Charlotte Becker. Among the stories and poems included is a poem on "The Pony Express" by L. B. Cullen Jones, which originally appeared in the columns of Overland Monthly.

THE FANTASTIC CITY

BEAUTIFUL in type faces, full page half tones and in binding is the volume of 285 pages entitled "The Fantastic City" just issued by the Riverside Press of Houghton Mifflin Company. The volume is by Amelia Ransome Neville and is edited and revised by Virginia Brastow. It comprehends the Memoirs of the Social and Romantic Life of Old San Francisco and carries through 10 chapters of gripping and romantic material, including such chapter headings as "The City of Youth," "Through the Golden Gate," "Balls of the 1850's," "Civil War Declared," "Bonanza Days," "Along the Barbary Coast," "When Patti Sang," and other interesting episodes and incidents. To all who are interested in the early life and development of the Golden State, the book will be gladly received. $5.00.

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CALIFORNIA

To Our Readers . . .

The Contents of this magazine are copyrighted. The articles are listed in the Readers Guide to Periodical Literature and International Index. This furnishes the best reference possible as these publications are on file and available in every library in the country.

AFFINITY

By HARRY DOUGLAS

WHEN winter comes, and skies lose all their blue,
When storms sweep down, and star-lit nights are few,
Then to the desert shall I find my way
To meet the sun, and keep my rendezvous.

Though in the desert there may bloom no rose,
I shall find beauty, the wise man knows;
Beauty in sand, in cactus, in hills—
In that land where the wind, unsullied, blows.

Restoring the Forests

RESTORATION to the Yosemite National Park of a forest of Sugar Pines threatened with destruction by lumbering is sought in a national campaign launched for a Senate Bill, urged by the Emergency Conservation Committee, a volunteer association of conservationists. This forest is described as one of the "greatest standing forests of magnificent trees still left on main tourist routes."

The timber is privately owned although it formerly stood in the larger area of the original Yosemite National Park, and will be cut unless acquired by the Government. Senator Nye's Bill, S. 4472, proposes that the Government acquire it by giving in exchange other timber owned by the Government in a region not of scenic importance. The exchange of timber involves no appropriation.

The Emergency Conservation Committee describes the tract as "a favorite haunt of John Muir, often referred to in his writings." It lies along both sides of the highway from Stockton to the Yosemite Valley and the routes between the Yosemite Valley and the Tioga and Hetch Hetchy Passes. Most tourists, according to the Committee, believe that these trees are part of the Yosemite National Park which they adjoin.

Logging operations of recent years have already come within a short distance of the forest and have destroyed large parts of it. Congress in 1928, responding to an aroused public opinion and the offer of John D. Rockfeller, Jr., to contribute to the purchase of part of the forest, acquired another section adjoining the Park, but this most beautiful of the Sugar Pine stands is still in private hands.

These Sugar Pines average 200 feet in height and are estimated to be four or five centuries old. They are the next largest trees to the giant Sequoias and are restricted to limited areas on Pacific Coast mountains. The great value of their timber has caused the destruction of most of the forests.

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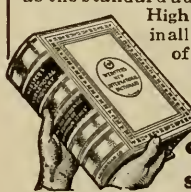
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These Charming People

Continued from page 142

the field. He encourages genius not only with words but by deeds—and many deserving are benefited. He gives freely, but secretly, and avoids all ostentation or public charity ballyhoos. In all of his many and varied interests, activities and philanthropies, he is consistently inspired by the enthusiasm of his charming wife, the former Gertrude Besser, who radiates the true spirit of California sunshine.

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The Los Angeles office of the Overland Monthly has been removed to 523 H. W. Hellman Building, No. 354 South Spring St. All correspondence should in the future be addressed as above.

Olympic Park

Continued from page 151

The 160-acre tract of the Park was "cleaned-up." A mere reformer would have stopped there, but William Bowen went further, conceiving the idea of purchasing the property and converting it into a great public park. He secured $25,000 in subscriptions almost over night; called on Judge James S. Slauson for *his* and received instead advice to investigate the title. It was worth more than a gift. He found that the Park was public property already.

In 1880 the land had been bought by the State for the "Sixth District Agricultural Association" to encourage agricultural development. By clever manipulations and unscrupulous politicians it subsequently had been delivered into private hands. So long a time had passed that legal experts held the public's claim invalidated. But not so Bowen. Through his altruism and daring, extraordinary perseverance, and faith, "Agricultural Park" was returned to public ownership by Supreme Court decision nine years after the morning he followed his Sunday school boys into the old coursing grounds. That was on August 9, 1908.

A splendidly inclusive scheme took shape in the mind of the creative reformer through whose leadership this cause had been won. He proposed that State, County and City should unite in developing the project, the State by erecting an Exposition Building, the City by developing the grounds into a handsome park, the County by erecting a great public museum. The plan was approved, a great day won, and "on May 1, 1910, the first boards were torn off the old barns, sheds, and grandstand which had so long been an eyesore to those whose inner vision beheld them superseded by something of permanent value and beauty."

Thus was the ground prepared for the building of a setting worthy of one of the great events in Los Angeles' history—the coming of the Xth Olympic Games.

The Literary West

Continued from page 156

CLEVER CLAUDIA. A Scientific Quest for a Mate.

A SCIENTIFIC novel for men and women by Dr. Hugo Frederick Herfurth, Jr., just from the press, National Psychology Institute, Washington, D. C. It is a comprehensive treatise of ways and means of acquiring the correct personality for every occasion—also the science of correct dress, an important element in the development of social contact and personality. This book will hold the interest of the reader, providing, as it does, an insight of the present day science that is used in every phase of life—Psychology. 313 pages, Price $2.00. —MABEL MOFFITT.

THE EAGLE

By WESLEY DEXTER GORDON

YOU send your cries across the peaks of cloud
That gather round the sun, and soar within
The restless surge of wind whose endless din
Enfolds the day and night in Terror's shroud.
Alone you cleave dracontic fogs, unbowed
By torturing weight of loneliness, and win
The freedom of the sunny blue, where kin
Of spirits dwell and sing their songs uncowed.

I would that I might claim your magnitudes
Of soul, O bird! and soar beyond the hills
Which satisfy the easy multitudes,
Their lusty isolation frees or kills:
But I am bound by Fear's relentless chain,
And run for shelter at the fall of rain.

The above sonnet to Jack London was, for lack of space, omitted from our Jack London issue.

Crater of the Moon

Continued from page 138

waterless—desolate—its haunting wildness smothers the very soul in an ecstasy of awful beauty.

Silence! Shadows! The hectic tempo of modernity ebbs away. The story of this and other worlds is written here. Time has ceased to be. In the grim embrace of primeval creation we rest a moment content,—until the urge of life calls us back again, to sunlight, automobiles, highways, friends, and the scramble of the world.

Must We Eat

Continued from page 147

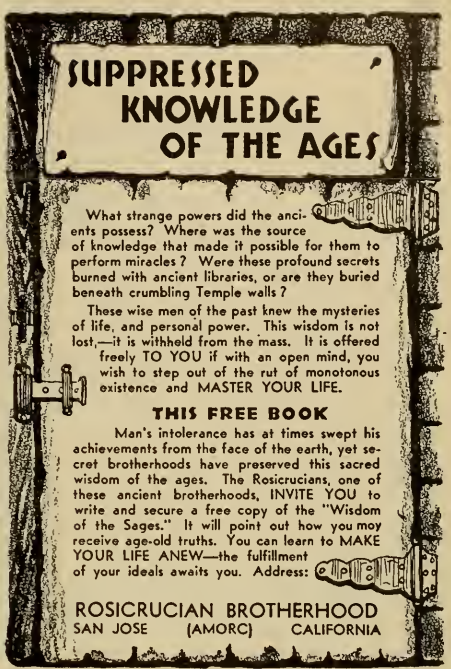
you will discover that you have dipped it into your neighbor's plate. or, perhaps, his mouth. You never can tell.

How is this daily eating torture possible? you will ask. . . . Easily answered, however. In time one becomes accustomed to anything. Time, in that respect, has a way of accomplishing miracles.

But let no one become saddened over this spectacle. Hope is just beyond the horizon. Modern science has already found a solution—Concentrated Food Tablets!

In the future the noon-day stampede will be a thing of the historical past. We will simply carry a little pill box in one of our vest pockets. When the clock strikes twelve, we will open it, swallow a few pellets, smack our lips—and consider it a hearty meal.

Calling attention to a change of address.
See notice on page 158



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The Romance and Tragedy of Captain John Augustus Sutter, Pioneer Builder

Continued from page 141

duction from St. Louis, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Russian Colony at Sitka. These he presented to David Spence, the local American resident at Monterey, who in turn took the young Captain in hand and introduced him to Governor Alvarado. Here was Sutter's opportunity to try out his ability. He wanted land, rich land, plenty of it. He had little ready cash—his one great asset was his personality. He laid his cards on the table, told the Governor just what he was after, that he wanted to found an agricultural colony on a vast scale—to bring in immigrants and build the country up. The Monterey weather was balmy, the Governor's wine delicious, and so entrancing was the genial Swiss' personality that some four hours later he came out the door carrying in his pocket a provisional Mexican land grant calling for some 99 square miles of any unoccupied land in California. Not a bad afternoon's work, considering that Alvarado had also furnished the wine!

To make that land grant final, the law required Sutter to live here a year and become a Mexican citizen, a mere detail in those days, as was the clearance papers the Governor gave him for the Port of Yerba Buena. It wasn't much of a post then, about half a dozen houses, mostly adobes, while at the Golden Gate was the old Spanish Presidio, and nestling among the sandhills to the south was Mission Dolores.

Arriving there a few days later, he anchored the Clementine at what is now the corner of Clay and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco. His first work was then getting acquainted with its citizens, for he must now dispose of what was left of his cargo and send the brig back.

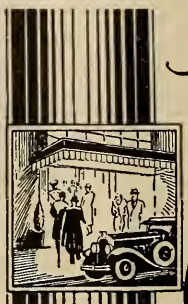
The Captain of the Port was Richardson, an Englishman, who lived up on the hill in a large, one story building. John Fuller had a small shack on what is now Sacramento Street. Fuller had married a Spanish girl in Monterey, and in 1836 had sailed from there with his wife and two-weeks-old baby to establish himself in the "coming city of the Pacific Coast."

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Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

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Los Angeles Olympic Games of 1932

By Arthur H. Chamberlain, *Editor*

THIS is written directly at the close of the opening session, July 30, of the Xth Olympiad—the Olympic Games at Los Angeles; and just as this magazine goes to press. Never have we witnessed more impressive and inspiring ceremonies. Every seat in the great stadium was occupied, with teeming thousands outside the gates. The President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, through Vice President Curtis, spoke the words of final opening: "I proclaim open the Olympic Games of Los Angeles celebrating the Xth Olympiad of the Modern Era." The Star Spangled Banner, sung by a chorus of 1200 voices and accompanied by the Olympic Band of 250 pieces brought more than 100,000 persons to "attention" with patriotic reverence. The addresses of William May Garland, President of the Organizing Committee, and Dr. Robert G. Sproul, President of the University of California, were given with an oratorical and impressive effect that touched the vast audience.

BUT the climax of the opening day was reached in the Parade of Nations. The contestants from the 39 countries represented marched into the great arena, each nation preceded by its national flag and banner. Thus they came on, men and women, 2000 of them. Some countries, such as Colombia and Egypt, sent but a single contestant or but two or three; other nations—Canada, Japan, Italy, and others have entered scores in the contests. Whether few or many, these athletes were given the same cordial, enthusiastic greeting from the vast audience. The United States had 400 in line, nearly half a hundred of whom were women. Greece, quite properly, as the original home of the Olympic Games, headed the Parade, with the United States as host bringing up the rear.

AND such a riot of color of costumes blending with the more subdued tones and tints of the stadium assemblage. The red and white of one nation, white and blue of another, and the greens, blacks, greys,

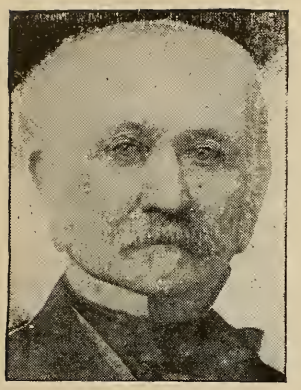
maroons, all combined in a color symphony seldom witnessed. When all were within the arena, the various companies deployed upon the green of the open field and lined up facing the Speaker's Stand.

THEN followed the addresses, the artillery salute, the torch ritual, the Olympic hymn, the flag-raising ceremony, and the releasing of hundreds of doves who circled the amphitheatre, seemingly reluctant to leave the scene. Following the sacred hymn, the Olympic Oath was administered: "We swear that we will take part in the Olympic Games in loyal competition, respecting the regulations which govern them and desirous of participating in them in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honor of our country and for the glory of sport."

TURNING with the final words, and to the strains of music and the continuous applause of the multitude, the contestants, banners waving in the brilliant sunlight and soft afternoon breezes, marched proudly from the field. With marked deference, the great audience remained for some minutes quiet, reverent almost, that the contestants might have ample opportunity to depart without crowding. The arrangements were perfect in every detail, and every number on the program was executed exactly as planned and timed.

AND now the Olympic Games are in progress at Los Angeles. Here, on the Western Coast for the first time, men and women from the various countries of the world, representing every phase of sport, are in friendly contest. The great stadium resounds with the cheers of thousands. The Olympic Village is a veritable world, inhabited by our English, French, Dutch, Italian, German, Japanese and other across-the-seas cousins. The nations of the world are mobolized, not for War but for Peace; not for mortal combat, but in the spirit of friendly rivalry. Never before has there been such opportunity for racial understanding, for national friendship, for mutual cooperation, as furnished by the Olympic Games of 1932.

SMALL matter who is declared winner in a given contest so long as the award goes to the one who honestly achieves first place. Those who lose, if they strive their mightiest and take their defeat with a smile—these also win. The great honor comes in being permitted to compete. It is the spirit of the play that counts. May the rivalry and contest and cooperation, the striving for place, the victory and the defeat, lead to such national and inter-national friendship and understanding as shall be to the advantage of all people and all nations today and in the days to come.



CAPTAIN
JOHN AUGUSTUS SUTTER
Founder of Sutter's Fort

The Romance and Tragedy of Captain John Augustus Sutter —Pioneer Builder

By H. C. PETERSON
Curator, Sutter's Fort Historical Museum

Continued from July Issue

PART II.

WHEN Capt. Sutter left Governor Alvarado at Monterey, carrying with him that provisional land grant calling for some ninety-nine square miles of any unoccupied territory in California, he felt like Monte Cristo, that "the world was his." His return to Yerba Buena (San Francisco) was triumphal, to him at least.

W. A. Richardson, Captain of the Post of Yerba Buena, and Nathan Spear, who had a small trader's store, immediately offered their services to Sutter, whose one desire was to get settled on his land grant as quickly as possible.

The establishment of a new colony, such as he had in mind, required not only an outfit for a tradinig store, but also an outlet for his product, and tre only outlet was the small settlements around the Bay. Products without a market meant disaster, so he at once began laying his wires to dispose of his grain, hides and produce when they would be ready for sale. To that end he visited the various ranches and places within easy reach of Yerba Buena and made friends of them all.

This done, he arranged for transportation to his new domain—the great Sacramento Valley, of which he had heard much from Hudson Bay trappers, and the people of Monterey. Of definite information there was little—he could find no white man at the Bay who had ever been up the Sacramento River. He hired William Heath Davis and a crew of eleven white men to take him up. With him also were his eight Kanakas, whom he had brought with him from the Sandwich Islands.

They had two schooners and an eight-oared boat. According to Captain Sutter, they were eight days discovering the true mouth of the Sacramento River. Every evening they camped on the shore, and after eating, Sutter would take long walks inland, scouting out the country. Great bands of antelope, elk and deer greeted them at every turn, great flocks of pelicans lined the shores, swarms of vicious mosquitoes made life miserable for all, yet they forged ahead until they reached the mouth of the Feather River (Rio de los Plumas).

At this point the white men of the expedition rebelled—they refused to endure the heat, the swarming insects, and the hazard of Indian attacks; so Sutter reluctantly gave orders to turn back to the mouth of the American River. Arriving there, he asked that Davis take him up that river two miles and call the journey at an end.

The eight Kanakas and three whites stayed with him. They made camp on the South bank of the American August 12, 1839. The exact date varies, but August 12th has been generally accepted.

For some three weeks Sutter explored the surrounding country, finally selecting a knoll alongside a small slough as the location for his future fort. Approximately around the 9th of September, 1839, he moved his equipment to this knoll and began the erection of Sutter's Fort.

Lack of space prevents me from presenting any bnut a generalization of the story from this point on, for, as mentioned before, there are often several versions of some of the stories, and I select those most probable.

THE first buildings put up were some Kanaka brush shacks for temporary occupancy, made from the willow trees bordering the slough and thatched with tules. With such a limited woring force, progress was slow. He wanted a more permanent building, so started the erection of one of adobe. It is possible that a small one was first erected for temporary headquarters, but the first real permanent building erected was the large central building that still stands today.

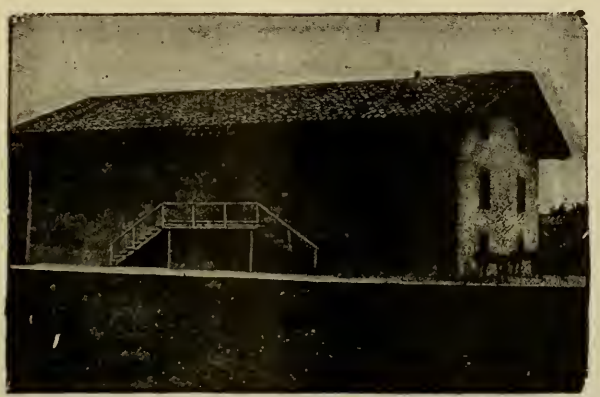
From the outset the Indians harassed him with their stealing. They stole everything they could lay their hands on, or grab with their toes from

under a tent wall. Sutter hired an Indian, formerly from Mission San Jose, and through him secured the help of a few Digger Indians. These proved so unsatisfactory that the Captain made a trip to Mission San Jose an dhired some forty Mission Indians to go to the Fort.

With these as overseers, he made better progress, for they knew how to make adobe bricks.

It was 1842 before he began on the outer Fort walls, and 1844 before the Fort was finished. Wooden shacks outside housed some of the men, and brush shelters cared for many of the Indian helpers.

The news of Sutter's venture traveled rapidly; iin many cases with mysterious speed. Trappers spread the story along the coast as far north as the Hudson Bay Posts extended. Those, dissatisfied with their treatment by the fur company, straightway headed for the Fort. Deserting sailors in Monterey and Yerba Buena saw a good hide-out and likewise left for the new settlement. Sutter welcomed all comers and put them to work, promising rewards as soon as things got under way.



Central Building in Sutter's Fort, First Building Erected in Central California

The Hudson Bay people, peeved at the loss of some of their best men, conspired to cover Sutter's hunting grounds with extra trappers of their own, harass the Fort hunters, and if possible, drive them from the district.

Sutter was equal to the occasion. He simply got in touch with the Hudson Bay trappers, offered them much higher prices for their best pelts, leavinig the poor ones to be taken back to Vancouver.

The Fort was ideally situated from the standpoint of the trapper—being at the intersection of California's two great rivers, the Sacramento and the American. They could float their pelts to within a half a mile of Sutter's place, which was much easier than packing over the Siskiyou Mountains to Oregon, so the best furs landed here.

Eventually the Hudson Bay people declared a truce.

THE native Indian, of the Digger variety, lacked the cunning and courage of the Plains Indians, but they were born thieves, and caused considerable trouble at first.

Naturally kind hearted, Sutter believed in makinig friends with the Redmen, which he proceeded to do in a practical manner by first demonstrating to them the effectiveness of ball and powder when combined in his cannons. In the presence of a number of Indians, he pulled a couple of cannon out in front of the Fort, loaded them heavily, pointed them into a heavy growth of trees and brush and then fired. The resultant roar, and the shattered tree trunks and torn up earth convinced the native aborigine that the new settler was a man that would be dangerous to fool with, so they decided to cooperate with him, especially as he was free with his shiny beads and gaudy calico.

By means of his Mission Indians he was soon able to teach the local tribe to become fair workers. He enforced strict discipline, required them to keep clean and keep their quarters clean. He used no cash, but cut out a lot of circular pieces of tin, on which he stamped their value when redeemed in goods.

Conditions were very primitive; supplies aside from the small amount brought from Yerba Buena, were limited to what they could find in the surrounding wilderness. Sutter had to feed his Indians—but the Indians' dieting alphabet of vitamins meant nothing to him—quantity was the great essential—whether meat, acorns or grasshoppers. The feeding problem was solved in an unique way. Sutter had constructed long V shaped troughs placed about eighteen inches high, into which, from a large tub, was poured stew, bran mush and such vegetables as were available. It would be considered a nauseating mess to our palate today, but it was caviar to the poor Indian in those days.

He taught the squaws to weave blankets and serapes, to make candles, to tan hides, and to cook.

Even while he was constructing his first building, he did not neglect the future, but put a number of his helpers to work plowing the open spaces with crude wooden plows made from the branches of oak trees. Then followed the planting of the grain, the planting of apple, fig, and other seeds. From the river banks he had plucked large quantities of grapes which were converted into jelly, wine and vinegar. Within a year he had started a small vineyard from cuttings from the Mission grapes at Mission San Jose.

The story of the evolution of a season's grain crop is a vivid contrast to that of today's procedure. First, the open spaces around the Fort

had to be cleared of brush and weeds with the crudest of tools. The plows were, as mentioned before, of the crooked branch of an oak tree, with a sharpened point for plowing. Some two dozen were used, each turning a furrow about four inches in width and six in depth. Horse motive power was scarce so Sutter did the next best thing, used steers, cows and Indians, six naked Indians to a plow. In plowing, they worked in a V formation, as geese fly, resulting in a plowed strip eight feet wide. Several hundred acres were plowed this way.

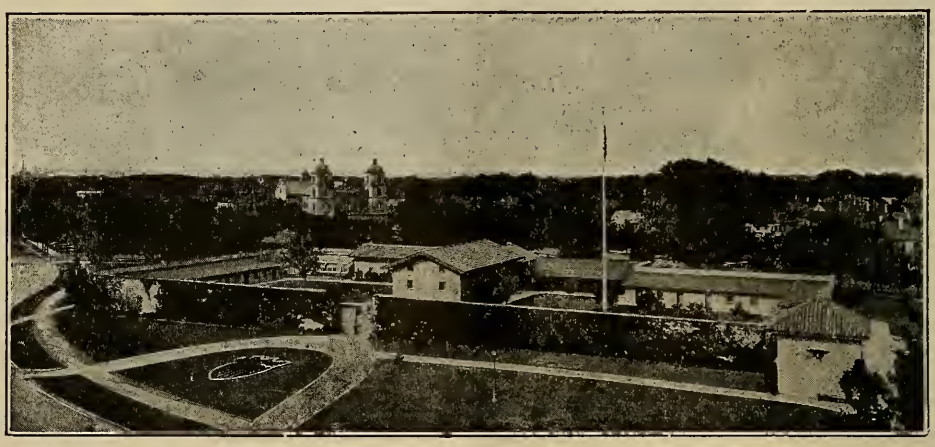
The seeding was all done by hand, and very carefully done, for seed was scarce. Indians dragged logs over the seeds to press them in, while other Indians stood around waving strips of cloth and deer skins to keep away the hungry birds.

Sutter built great ditches, five feet deep and six wide, around his grain fields. These ditches he filled with water to protect his crops, not from his own stock, but from the depredations of wild elk and deer. Drowned elk was a common occurance, but made good provender for the Indians and saved powder and lead.

Constant vigilance by his Indians resulted in a crop of nearly one hundred bushels to the acre. It had to be cut by hand. They had a few hand sickles only. The rest of the Indians used Bowie knives, butcher and table knives and sickles made of sharpened barrel hoops, while others pulled gain up by the roots with their hands.

ON the outside of the southeast corner of the Fort was constructed a large corral, half a block in size, surrounded by a six foot adobe wall. Into this corral was carried all the grain. To thresh it they used horses, which were driven around in circles, first one way then the other. The tramping hoofs soon separated the straw from the wheat. A hunter had a brilliant idea—he would use mules instead of horses, but the mules devoted most of their time to kicking each other instead ofr the straw, so the idea was sidetracked. They winnowed the chaff from the grain by throwing it up in the wind. It was a very crude method, and about thirty per cent of the wheat was cracked in the process, but cracked wheat was as filling to the Indian's stomach as whole wheat, so it was not a complete loss, especially as no particular trouble was taken to remove the sand and dirst from this thirty per cent. Ihe Indians were used to plenty of roughage in their diet.

By 1840 Sutter's boat had made a couple of trips to Yerba Buena and brought back several recruits, as well as more seeds and plant cuttings. The Captain also sent down, for transmission east around the Horn, several letters to friends back there, telling them of the wonderful opportunities in this new land of promise, the first boosting letters known to be sent to prospective settlers luring them to California. After-events proved that his letters were effective. When you can enthuse people to make a six months ox train trip over unbeaten trails to an unknown land, your letters must have a drawing power. One of those early boosting letters of Sutter's would today be priceless.



Sutter's Fort as it is Today

In the Fall of 1840 the Fort received some 300 cattle, 30 horses and 30 mares from the Bay region. A good road was cut through the oak forest to the Sacramento River embarcadero, the first highway to be made between the Rocky mountains and the Bay of San Francisco. Over this same embarcadero (river boat landing) has since been transported over $450,000,000 in gold dust. The road's course was practically over that of K Street of the present day City of Sacramento. The grade has since been filled in about ten feet to bring it above flood levels. In excavating for new buildings the workmen often find old six

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Hitlerism

By FELIX FLUGEL

The Program of the National Socialist German Workers' Party ---By a First Hand Observer Who is Associate Professor of Economics, University of California

SINCE 1931 the political and economic outlook for the Central Powers has become less hopeful and infinitely more complex than at any time since the inflation nearly a decade ago. The political signposts again point sharply to the right, with an occasional mirage in the middle of the road to encourage further search for an acceptable and workable formula which may be of use in solving the present political and economic dilemma. The longed-for oasis seems, however, more illusive than ever before. Confusion and indecision, mutual distrust and deep-rooted animosities, racial superiority-inferiority complexes, in every imaginable contortion, have given the Nazis a splendid opportunity to display their political ingenuity. Today they have forced their way into the councils of state, to the great inconvenience and concern of sober minds. But will Hitler eventually succeed in winning over a majority of the German electorate and thus, through the vehicle of the Constitution, step into the position of Dictator, without first engaging his opponents in a sanguinary civil war? And should he fulfill his political ambitions and establish his *Third Reich*, will he have the courage and the brutality to carry through to complete realization the far-reaching provisions of the Nazi program as he has threatened to do on more than one occasion?

A careful dissection of Hitlerism reveals many strange anomalies. Conflicting interpretations of the various planks in the Nazi platform by party leaders leave even the most devoted followers of the Hitler movement very much in doubt as to the future course of events. All agree, however, that the cornerstone of the National Socialist organization is hatred of the Jews, an animosity bordering on psychopathic frenzy. Nearly every plank of the Nazi program contains some statement derogatory of the Jew, either by direct reference or by implication. Over-stimulated Nazi imaginations hold semitic influences responsible for the loss of the world war, for the "humiliating" terms of the Armistice, for the drastic provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, for the Dawes Plan, for Germany's "ill-advised" acceptance of membership in the League of Nations, for the Young Plan and its "enslavement" of the German people for generations to come and for other disagreeable incidents in the recent history of Germany. The internationally-minded Jew thus has become the target of bitter hostility. Nationalism, the purity of the Aryan race and other fantastic irrelevancies and inconsistencies have been brought to the forefront. Denunciation of the international moneylenders, who by liberal loans forced upon Germany a stupendous financial burden, vicious attacks directed against German bankers of Jewish blood, who, according to Hitler, have brought ruin to farmers, manufacturers and merchants, and last, but not least, denunciation of the large department store owners—mostly Jews—who supposedly have driven hundreds of small shop-keepers into bankruptcy, may be heard at every public meeting of the Nazis.

That these vituperations are historically refutable does not discourage Adolf Hitler and his satellites in the least; the same crude missiles are hurled at innocent victims day after day, verbally and in the public press. Hitler, moreover, knows that he is perfectly safe in offering a fundamentally unsound diagnosis of the present difficulties of the Fatherland. The gullibility of the public protects him. To use the exception to prove the rule is a familiar tactical device in Nazi politics. Platitudes, grandiose phrases, wierd formulas which violate every economic law and common sense indiscriminately, inconsistencies and perfectly obvious contradictions, all play an important part in Hitler propaganda. The chamelon changes its colors no less frequently, nor more effectively, than does the Nazi leader. In this respect at least he is consistent. In his party program he insists upon nationalization of the trusts or cartels, yet to assuage the fears of the industrialists and to win their financial support he plays a double game, promising some sort of immunity, the nature of which remains a well-hidden secret. Furthermore, Hitler consistently avoids specific reference to the basic form of government to be established under a possible Nazi dictatorship. Therefore voters with republican sentiments and others with monarchistic leanings flock to his colors, the former believing that the present form of government will be maintained in all important respects, the latter visualizing a government with a scion of the House of Hohenzollern securely seated on the German throne.

In mass meetings Hitler denounces France as Germany's arch-enemy, but in conversation with representatives of the French government and of the foreign press, he softens his tone noticeably and conceals in "statesman-like" manner his true

feelings. Hitler condemns a political opponent most vociferously when to do so means adding votes to his swollen ranks; he offers fantastic solutions for every imaginable political and economic ailment without really possessing an awareness of their far-reaching implications. That these tactics have been effective no one will deny. Not to recognize their success as a momentary flash would be side-stepping the truth. Much of Hitler's political philosophy has been derived from the past; it is just as often archaic as not; it violates in much of its ludicrous detail the viewpoint which has been generally accepted by all civilized nations—that to survive, civilization must be safeguarded against the dangers of an exaggerated nationalism.

That Hitlerism would never have gained a foothold in Germany without the supporting hand of economic misery is undeniably true. The tragedy of the Hitler movement is its necessity!

II.

SHOULD the *Third Reich* become reality and should the program of the Nazis be written into the laws of the land, then the political and economic landscape would take on a rather unusual appearance. Many of the institutions with which the German is familiar would disappear; their place would be taken by unfamiliar hybrids. The state would be compeled to graft upon its branches many strange species of social and economic doctrine; an inconsistent combination of socialism and fascism would result, but no more inconsistent than the political leadership responsible for its conception.

To briefly summarize, a Hitler dictatorship threatens: (1) to abolish the present parliamentary system of government and to substitute in its place a Senate consisting of representatives of various social and economic groups appointed in the first instance by the German dictator, i.e., by Adolf Hitler. These appointments would be for life, thus assuring a permanent body of experts independent of the whims of an electorate. The Senate thereafter would become a self-perpetuating body. A non-political parliament, elected by the people, would constitute the only remaining vestige of a democratic government. To preclude the possibility of meddlesome interference in the affairs of state this parliament would concern itself solely with economic questions. (2) To exclude from citizenship in the *Third Reich* anyone not of Aryan blood, thereby automatically depriving the Jews of the privileges enjoyed by a citizen of the new state. To add to their discomfiture, those of semitic blood would be classified as "foreigners" and could therefore be deported—their presence in Germany being solely dependent upon their good behavior! (3) To abolish interest on loans—a fantastic dream aimed chiefly at Jewish bankers, who for many centuries have played an important role in the financial affairs of Germany. In place of loans at interest Hitler would substitute money advances from the state, either without interest or on very advantageous terms. In the rural districts of Germany, severely burdened with heavy mortgages, this promise has been a magic wand, attracting thousands of voters to the banner of Hitlerism. A Hitler dictatorship further threatens: (4) To nationalize all trusts and cartels, thus substituting in important branches of industry public or state capitalism for private ownership. (5) To close the doors of all large department stores. Since these stores are mostly owned and managed by Jews, e.g., Karstadt, Wertheim and Tietz, this policy is quite consistent with the avowed anti-semitism of the Nazis; and (6) to introduce profit sharing and cooperative enterprises wherever they would be likely to enhance the well-being of the working classes. Other reforms contemplated include: rigid laws of inheritance, which would make the amassing of large fortunes impossible; abolition of private gain from unearned increment; establishment of a system of compulsory labor—mental or physical—unless a citizen is in some way incapacitated for work; a universal pension system (which already exists); elimination of unemployment (by the magic press of a button?); and careful selection, strictly on the basis of proven managerial capacity, of business executives to head all basic industries.

Should the foreign policy of the Nazis become reality no end of international complications would be in sight. The salient points of this policy include: (1) repudiation of the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, by which Germany and Austria respectively were "enslaved"; (2) substitution of a policy of nationalism for internationalism, the latter a product of the "Jewish mind." As a concomitant to this policy the Central Powers would be withdrawn from the League of Nations, since according to the teachings of the Nazis, the Social Democrats supported by Jewish financial interests are solely responsible for keeping the Reich in the League, thereby increasing the opportunities for exploiting the German people. In other words, Germany's chances of a speedy recovery are much greater if left to her own resources! Such is the fantastic picture brilliantly illuminated by Hitler's oratorical gifts.

Hitler consistently accuses his opponents of timidity, of submission to French aggrandizement, of seeking personal advantage, of cruel trickery and most serious of all, of cowardly betrayal of the Fatherland into the hands of the former Allies. He has hypnotized millions of German voters. Now that he has tasted power he craves revenge. Had he adopted a program more consistent with reality, had he displayed real statesmanship, his leadership today would stand unopposed.

Educating the Soul

By CARLTON KENDALL

I have hope that society may be reformed, when I see how much education may be reformed.—Leibnitz.

I.

OUR present unbalanced public school system, stressing as it does factual knowledge, memnic learning and material science, and leaving the emotional and spiritual sides of the child's consciousness unexplored, is not proving adequate to the needs of a well organized society.

So today, the American public school is faced with a new problem—the problem of developing a scientific system of spiritual and emotional education adequate for American youth. That such a system has not been developed in the United States before, was probably owin gto the belief of those who laid the foundation of our country that to include religious education in public school curricula would be harmful to personal liberty. Therefore they prohibited it. Even if this be so, we should not blame them. Their action was but the result of their own personal experiences in connection with the Christian sectarianism of their time. Many of them had fled from Europe to escape religious persecution and endured the hardships of the American wilderness in order to enjoy religious freedom of thought. For them to guard jealously this religious freedom was only natural.

The author of this article is a student of philosophy and ethics and has devoted years of study to educational method. He has traveled extensively and has come into first-hand touch with thinkers in many parts of the world. This article on "Educating the Soul" will no doubt provoke discussion. Although many educators will object to moral and religious instruction in the schools.—Editor.

What the early Puritans overlooked, however, was the possibility of establishing a system of mental, emotional and spiritual training quite apart from sectarian belief.

The history of education both in America and Europe has been replete with controversy on sectarianism whenever the subject of spiritual and moral education has been broached. In the Orient, however, educators have, for centuries, recognized the practicality of a scientific system of spiritual education absolutely devoid of religious sectarianism. They have founded such a system based on a series of natural laws applicable to man. Since Aryan times these laws have been known to form the keystone for successful living, successful action and successful thinking.

According to modern research, this scientific information about the art of living was possessed in ancient times by universities and schools of wisdom. The dominant character of the teaching of these schools was *synthesis,* which condenses in a few simple statements or laws the kernel of much information. These statements or laws were presented in concise aphorisms supplemented with extensive commentaries — not unlike the modern method of teaching Euclidian geometry.

But as time went on and the seeds of "modern western sciences" began to germinate in Greece and Rome, the synthetic method was discarded. *Analysis* took its place in medieval Europe, and it is largely analysis that has, during the last century, been carried, where possible, into every branch of modern knowledge. The results of this adoption of an analytic viewpoint have been to deepen the gap between various sciences and the religious systems. Today this produces considerable confusion as to the exact jurisdiction of each science and the proper relationship between science and religion.

BUT as the analytic method of the new growing "scientific attitude" was applied to western religions, especially Christianity, all outward traces of the old synthetic knowledge vanished and eventually Christianity split into irreconcilable sects. By the time of our Puritan forefathers common knowledge of the laws of spiritual synthesis seems to have disappeared. To their analytical minds, concentrating on form and dogma, religious freedom in education seemed only possible if all spiritual teaching was omitted from the public schools. Like conditions existed in Europe as testified by the French laws of 1886, the Kulturkampf in Germany and the Lancaster-Bell controversy in England. But in the Orient, where education was less universal and limited to the higher classes, the old synthetic doctrines were so entrenched by centuries of practical application that they were not so easily dislodged before the onrush of physical science.

Therefore, they attempted to improve on it. Today the age-old system of spiritual, emotional and mental education embraces many later discoveries which are the result of years of experimentation. This system extends throughout practically all Asia and is reflected in our Western World by such expressions as Pellmanism and Dr. Haddock's books on "Power of Will,' etc.

At a time when our ancestors were living in

skin tents and caves, oriental scholars and princes were being psychoanalyzed and their complexes reshaped by this technique which, notwithstanding Katharine Mayo and other critics, has given to the world many noble civilizations and individuals. In Persia, in China, and in India especially, it is used today for the education of upper class children. Though there are slight differences in each country, the general fundamentals of the system are the same. Through recent translations of many Hindu documents, the East Indian system of education is now available for the Western World's examination. This system is often called "the balanced educational system."

II.

THE Hindu balanced educational system consists of two parts, one of which is identical with our own public school system in that it concerns itself with the accumulation of facts. The other part, however, is centered on developing and regulating reason and conduct by means of mind analysis and mental synthesis and by awakening spiritual consciousness. The first part, the acquiring and organizing of facts for practical achievement in life, is unquestionably inferior to the average American public school education; but the second part is conceded by impartial specialists to be superior to anything taught in the western hemisphere. One aim of this second half of the Hindu child's education is to develop the pupil's mind to what Buddha calls "right thinking." By this he means not only right thinking in a moral sense but also right thinking in the scientific sense —clear, logical, positive, lucid thinking.

S. M. Mitra, a well-known Hindu psychologist, points out that this phase of the Hindu student's education is directly designed to prevent moral degeneration, nervous breakdowns and insanity, to teach mental and nervous processes of regeneration and to discover and eliminate the student's mental kinks before they develop into deep-seated and dangerous complexes. That is to say—to train the student to think and act accurately and ethically so that he will grow into an honorable, clear-thinking, spiritually awake citizen of which his country may well be proud.

Hindu psychologists hold that no matter how hard a man works, he cannot develop beyond the limit of his inherited capacity but that, as his body is aided by suitalbe physical exercises, so mental exercises, rightly selected, can aid the culture of his mind. They do not believe that any two men are absolutely equal in mental capacity. Each man has a certain capacity in him different in quality and degree from that of all others. They take it to be the task of educational psychology to point out how these varying capacities can best be fostered so as to develop all the useful natural powers in harmony together; the end being that which, as Locke remarks, "every gentleman desires for his son—Virtue, Wisdom, Breeding and Learning." The leading idea of the Hindu method is *development without strain.*

Hindu psychologists do not agree with the view taken by some western thinkers that only one part of the brain, and that a small part, is in conscious activity at a time. They do not admit that there is any hard and fast line of division between conscious and sub-conscious or pre-conscious brain activity. They hold that, just as a good pedestrian by walking improves his general health while incidentally developing his legs more than the other parts of his body, so thought more or less affects the whole brain. Accordingly, they postulate that to confine one's studies only to matter directly bearing on the particular subject in which one is anxious to excel is not always the best way to develop fresh brain power. They are opposed to specialization until the student has builded a firm foundation of broad knowledge and culture.

The Hindu psychologist aims to reduce exhausted states of mind by preventing unnecessary mental friction and by reducing mental fatigue to a minimum. An American student struggling with an algebraical problem is an example, says he, of the inadequacy of our educational system in developing well-trained minds. Violent mental effort, the Hindu considers to be the mark of an inefficient mind and the result of a poor teacher. He endeavors to obviate this sense of mental effort by bringing into use brain cells quite different from those usually employed in the western hemisphere—dormant and unused cells. These are thus made to do the work of the more easily exhausted brain cells while at the same time the whole brain power is stimulated and improved. This he does by developing the mind in such a way as to use the pre-conscious thought which, being without conscious effort, does not create fatigue.

The Hindu educators recognize individuality and believe that every mind has its own particular way in which it can best develop. So far as possible, they avoid standardized education, especially as regards mental and moral education. Each student, they assert, presents a different psychological problem and it is the teacher's duty to psychoanalyze the student as he helps him in his mental, moral and spiritual development. This demands that the teacher shall be a trained psychoanalyst as well as a proficient psychologist and man of unquestionably high intellect and moral character.

THE ancient Hindu sages have been employing psychoanalysis and auto-suggestion in their educational systems for some thirty centuries. Five centuries before Freud abandoned the use of hypnotism as a means of discovering complexes, Hindu psychologists had discarded it as ineffective and

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The Detective-Fiction Game

By SIR JOHN ADAMS

THE element of knowledge is of the first importance in the game that is played between the writer and the reader of detective-fiction. There is a certain unfairness in the game. The writer plays with loaded dice. He knows all the facts of the case from the beginning, and the presentation of the data lies entirely in his hands. He can spread out the evidence in whatever way suits him, and so make innumerable false suggestions, all of which the unwary reader is likely to take up. On the other hand the experienced reader works by a sort of rule of contraries, and follows only the most unlikely clues, unless indeed he is dealing with a particularly wily writer, in which case he may find it convenient to turn on the limelight to the obvious, and concentrate on that.

All this is quite fair and aboveboard, forming part of the rules and spirit of the game. The writer sets out to mystify the reader, and the reader to break through the writer's guard. Conscientious authors feel that it is incumbent upon them to play fair, and to give the reader a good run for his time and money. They make a point of presenting all the evidence necessary to come to a correct conclusion, and regard their work as unsatisfactory if some essential point is withheld till the very end. They invent a Dr. Watson of one kind or other, some inoffensive and uninformative person who plays the double part of representing the reader and at the same time misleading him. This character asks just the questions the reader wants to put, thus affording the opportunity to the writer to tell as much or as little as he sees fit at that stage, and thus to lead the reader in just the wrong direction, and make him come to the false conclusion that logical thinking will necessarily reach, when applied to the data as thus presented.

In these stories the writers make it an ever-recurring reproach to the Watson person that he knows all the evidence available, and is therefore working on equal terms with the Sherlock of the tale. This is ostensibly true, but actually false. To be sure Sherlock and Watson may know precisely the same facts about a given case, so far as these facts are developed at the preliminary interview with the client or at the inevitable inquest, and yet Sherlock may have at his disposal the means of giving a special significance to some apparently trifling fact.

IN detective stories the plot often centers round some such fact. A man suffering from elephantiasis can be diagnosed as having been in foreign parts, and Sherlock would not be far wrong in keeping an eye on the West Indies, when a case of this disease comes his way. Localization of any element is an invaluable weapon in the armory of the crime-investigator. This utilization of a specific fact is seen at its best in the work of Dr. R. Austin Freeman, probably the most accurate and the best-informed writer of detective stories now living. Particularly in his short stories he works deliberately on this principle: one specific and significant fact in each story. Selecting a definite but little known piece of information, he works it into a plot in which his hero, Dr. John Thorndyke, barrister-at-law and specialist in Medical Jurisprudence, starting from this fact easily and naturally finds a solution. Nobody outside the circle of students of biology knows that the camel is the only vertebrate that has *elliptical* red blood corpuscles—and nobody cares. But it interests the writer of detective stories, and Dr. Austin Freeman easily constructs a set of circumstances in which a keeper at the Zoological Gardens in London finds it desirable to get rid of some inconvenient person. The murder is well and truly done, and the murderer would have lived happily ever afterwards, had not the case been handed over to Dr. John Thorndyke. This jurisconsult would not take at their face value the blood stains presented to him in evidence; but followed the elliptical corpuscles, that his microscope disclosed, to their origin in the camel-house at the Zoo.

In another story it comes out that there is a disease called *ainhum*, one of the symptoms of which is that the patient's little toes drop off. This trouble is conveniently limited in its range, attacking only black-skinned folk. So when Dr. Thorndyke is called in to deal with a couple of bare-footprints, each of which lacks the little toe, he has small difficulty in locating the original feet.

Again there is a harmless tiny mollusc, a uni-

The distinguished author of the accompanying article is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as an authority on education from the elementary period through the university. Dr. Adams has been honored with advanced degrees, is the author of numerous books on education, and a lecturer of note. Our readers are especially privileged to have this article from his pen. Writers of fiction will find much of value and plot-makers will welcome Dr. Adams' pronouncements.—Editor.

valve laboring under the name of *clausilia biplicata,* that for reasons known, perhaps, to geological biologists, has a peculiarly erratic distribution in England. In point of fact it occurs only in Wiltshire and on a strip of a few hundred yards on the right bank of the Thames at Hammersmith. In Dr. Austin Freeman's records a skillful thief has the not unintelligent idea of burying his stolen jewels under a willow tree on the banks of the Thames. Unfortunately, after the interment of the booty, the bag in which it had been carried fell into the hands of Dr. John Thorndyke, and among the mud that had been left upon it he found a specimen of *clausilia biplicata.* Knowing its London habitat, and knowing the additional fact that the little creature had a liking for willow trees, the redoubtable doctor had no difficulty in setting a watch on just the most likely hiding place, and the poor non-biological criminal walked ignorantly to his doom.

STORIES of the one-fact-more type remind us that in real life we are often called upon to do the same sort of work as Thorndyke, though under very different conditions. The geologist is continually facing problems requiring the same sort of ingenuity, and a vast body of knowledge quite beyond the ken of the plain man. Even in the commonplace affairs of life, everyone of us has to face problems that demand the sort of work that Thorndyke and his tribe do supremely well. In sober earnest we have all to sherlock our way through life, some of us skillfully, most of us with superabundant clumsiness. We are continually diagnosing the facts of life as they present themselves, and it is the more fortunate among us who diagnose them aright, and act accordingly, with good results. Sometimes we make our diagnosis deliberately and at our ease. Frequently we must make it hurriedly on the spur of the moment, and the wonder is that we so often come out right in this rather untutored sherlocking.

In the detective-story game we find ourselves inevitably on the side of Watson. Sherlock is by hypothesis master of the situation, while Watson comes lumbering along in the rear, as so many of us do in real life. Sherlock, Watson and the reader are supposed to be working at the same level in what may be called the Inference Zone, within which they all draw their own conclusions from the facts presented—only Sherlock, as the author's favorite, is permitted to project his facts against the right background. Watson and Sherlock are often at cross-purposes because of their different backgrounds.

Serious cross-purposes seldom occur in real life. In our intercourse with one another we are not often dealing with totally different backgrounds. But very frequently indeed, speaker and hearer are working at different levels. The speaker may be moving comfortably on a plane where he does not have to reason at all, because everything is familiar to him, while the person he is addressing may be unable to make head or tail of what is being said, because of his unfamiliarity with the background against which both are projecting their ideas. We are here reminded of the French diplomatist's cynical claim that speech has been given to us to conceal thought. But while it has to be admitted that ocasions arise in diplomacy, and even in ordinary life, when we are tempted to use words as camouflage, the recognized use of language is to make other people understand what we mean. It is true that clever young students at the university today are challenging their professors' teaching, and maintaining that the test of good English is not whether we can pass on to another what we ourselves think, but whether we can make the other person think what we want him to think.

These cynical young people could fall back upon the detective-story-writer to illustrate their point. The story is written with the deliberate purpose of making the reader think along certain lines that are false in reality but appear to be true. Plausibility is the quality that is of first importance in detective fiction. There it ranks as a virtue; in ordinary life the very word suggests something sinister.

This sinister atmosphere sometimes occurs in real life when we reach what may be called the Gaping Point. This stage is reached when we have worried over some problem so long that we do not know what to do or think next: when we do not have even an intelligent question to ask. In such cases it would seem that all we have left to do is to gape. But experience shows that very often after a decent interval of time something occurs that suggests a new line of inquiry. Naturally in storyland no Sherlock ever reaches the gaping point, though readers arrive there quite readily, and the Watson tribe are in a chronic state of gaping, relieved every now and again by some slight hint from Sherlock that sets their deductive powers going once more, and enables them to have another clear run before the lamentable point is once again reached.

BY FAR the greater part of the ordinary sherlocking of real life is carried on within what may be called the Observation Zone, where each normal experience carries its own explanation with it. The sights, sounds, smells and contacts of our ordinary living or working room are so friendly and easy of interpretation that we are rarely called upon to make deliberate deductions; are seldom driven above what we may call the Inference Point, and practically never hoisted up to the deplorable Gaping Point.

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A Modern Miracle—The Pasadena Community Playhouse

By EVERETT C. MAXWELL

SCARCE more than a decade ago the Little Theatre idea—I prefer to call it the experimental theatre—was left a foundling on the doorsteps of the commercial playhouse. It did not have much to clothe it except a good idea, and yet, revolutionary as this idea was, it now appears to have weathered the storm. The sponsors of the Community Theatre came to the rescue of the infant and today the movement reaches well around the world.

In the faint beginning, with the seriousness of youth, the devotees of the experiment declared that they did not approve the plays or the ideals of the commercial theatre. They determined to select their own plays and produce them, and if necessary, also write the plays.

The idea soon caught on and resulted in a new spirit in stage decorum, a triumph of simplification and beauty over the old conventional tawdriness.

In Pasadena, there is in full swing a community playhouse that is an established and growing success. It is a success because it fulfills its function as a center of dramatic interest for the city and surrounding towns, for the modern motor car has made places thirty or more miles away a part of the community contacts of Pasadena. Playgoers come from as great distances as seventy miles to witness the performance of modern and classic plays, for distance means little in California, state of broad, smooth boulevards.

Because the Pasadena Community Playhouse is a focal point for cultural interests, it is building up a genuine tradition of play production. It has a long list of occasional players to call upon, persons who have other occupations but who give their time and attention whole-heartedly when needed to fill out the cast. Some of these players, exceptional in their versatility, and especially interested in drama, appear frequently in the productions, and from this group a number have gone out to positions in the professional theatrical companies of other cities. Again. there are several professionals who have given up their regular stage work, but who often lend the weight of their authority to the Pasadena performances.

Steadily the resources of the Pasadena Community Playhouse have increased since the organization occupied its new home, a handsome theater plant especially designed for its own use. There are large, well-lighted workshops where scenes are designed and painted, and where costumes are designed and made. The storerooms contain properties and stock wardrobes in great variety, and these reserves are constantly being increased by gifts and the accumulation of the products of the workshops.



Pasadena Community Playhouse—Patio and Main Entrance

GILMOR BROWN has been director of the Pasadena Community Playhouse activities since those difficult days when he was trying under great obstacles to get the public interested in putting on their own plays in a run-down theater. Proof of the wisdom of Mr. Brown's leadership is to be found in the unbroken front of loyalty among the many workers that surround him. Always he has proceeded in the true community plan of dividing the responsibilities and allowing laurels to fall upon the brows that earn them. Nothing defeats his enthusiasm, for he is able to build up trained teamwork to cope with any production problem that arises.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse, after ten years of continuous service to the community, has naturally reached some very definite conclusions as to just what a so-called community or art theater should be. These requirements were stated by Gilmor Brown, in what was virtually a discussion of production policies.

"CRITICS of the Community Theatre," said Mr. Brown, "are divided into two groups—those who want a stage open to anybody who wants to act regardless of his capabilities, and those who want an art theatre limited to both competent actors and interesting plays. A fusion of both is possible, as the solution of that problem.

It is obvious that the main consideration which

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Gilmor Brown
Director
of the
Pasadena
Community
Playhouse
Activities

"A Lochinvar Call"

By ELEANOR GREY

Miss Grey shows marked ability as a writer of fiction and short stories. She possesses versality and her work reflects artistry. She is vice president of the San Francisco Chapter, League of Western Writers.

"NO, that's all over now. He's engaged and so am I. I'll not glance again at Harry's photograph nor the news clipping either."

Through Enid Ralston's mind these thoughts flitted as she sank into the flower-patterned boudoir chair in her Burlingame home, and put her hand over her eyes. Truly she was disturbed.

More agitated than she was willing to believe, she shook ever so little, almost uncontrollably. Her brain, however, was clear.

Suddenly it became very cold. She would "have it out" with herself this very minute. She would look at the likeness and the news item just once again, before going to greet her guests at the announcement reception of her engagement to Wallace Ruggles. She feared that her spirits would appear forced if she proceeded to meet her guests from San Francisco and its vicinity, while in a mood that smacked of cheerlessness. If she looked at the picture again, she promised herself that she could more easily put Harry Masters out of her mind.

Taking out the likeness, she gazed at it intently. "So obviously well-bred, but so much like a delightful Frenchman in his way of greeting people when he first met them, then of apparently forgetting their existence as soon as he had met them."

However, she recalled that he had always shown tact, loyalty, and understanding in his friendship for her, while he was in the West.

"What is to be must be, and nothing else can be," she philosophized.

Again the though hammered on her brain. "He had always been so arden as an admirer. It was strange that, as soon as he got his diplomatic berth, he should have forgotten me completely."

She remembered then that he did not like to correspond much anyhow.

"But the society column item about his rumored engagement?"

Her fine, intelligent eyes grew pensive as she read. "Harry Masters, recently appointed attache to England, will probably take a certain well-known Washington belle with him, when he begins his work abroad. So Dame Rumor hath it."

Upon finishing the reading of the clipping, she appeared puzzled. Then with an air of finality, she put the picture and the article back into her desk.

There had been much speculation, nevertheless, rife among her friends, when her parents announced her approaching marriage to Wallace Ruggles, popular beau of the younger set, whose marked vitality was his most striking characteristic.

Frequent barbed observations flitted about. Had her former ardent suitor, Harry Masters, just callously jilted her? Was she really hit hard? Or had he made the mistake so frequently made by otherwise gallant men of just taking the girl for granted, thus leaving place for some more spirited Lochinvar to usurp?

UPON meeting her guests on this day, there was a gay note in Enid's laugh. It was like the whir of a bird's wing on the crisp April air.

Graciously she accepted the felicitations of her friends at the announcement reception in their large, sumptiously-furnished living room, veranda, and library. Beautiful girls and attractive youths crowded the place. Society from San Francisco and the peninsula was truly eager and on tiptoe to hear the interesting news.

The imposing peninsula house, hedged in by choice foliage, sweet smelling brier roses, honeysuckle, verbenas, and flaming tulips was bright with gay color. It bespoke the generous indifference to the world of its owners, as well as their desire for security from its intrusions: also the elegance of their taste.

Enid's face was suffused with a radiant glow as she greeted her friends who had come to do her honor. Alight with interest was her expression, as they repeated the pleasantries which are music to the ears of engaged girls.

As they stood around and showered her with compliments, she told how she and Wally, as he was familiarly known, after having been congenial friends with the same tastes, same hobbies, had gradually discovered that they possessed the basis for more than friendship.

"We found our liking for each other mounting higher and higher," she happily remarked, "until finally, we found ourselves at the mad stage you find us in."

It was quite generally admitted at the party, however, that it was surprising news to their social set, when her parents announced the betrothal.

Suddenly the hum of merry voices in the library was interupted by the ringing of the telephone

bell. As the maid called Enid to answer the call at the library desk, a polite silence fell over the group.

Ruggles sat near his fiancee as she surprisedly but gaily answered, "Oh, yes, Harry Masters!—Harry of all people!"

Those nearby pricked up their ears as she mentioned her former suitor's name. There was, too, a pleasing intonation of voice as she spoke with a little hidden tremor of shock while repeating his name. It was evident that she was surprised at hearing from him at this particular time. A sort of superstitious awe overcame her. She made no effort, however, to prevent what she was saying from being heard by everyone nearby.

Almost immediately her fiance, who was standing within hearing distance, became as inscrutably silent as the sphinx. Anger took possession of him. As the conversation continued, he noted that Enid chatted in a very friendly fashion with one whom he recognized as having been his closest and most formidable rival. This attitude of the girl made Ruggles cold, distant, while his eyes rested ominously on his beautiful fiancee.

"Yes, I heard you were engaged, Harry."

Enid laughed, and then spoke casually with no attempt to prevent what she said from being heard. "I'm sorry—I positively can't see you, Harry." Then she stammered peremptorily. "It's impossible, Harry. I'm sorry, but I'm engaged. Call me up tomorrow."

Meaningly she shook her head, evidently trying to keep from showing any emotion. "Not before tomorrow, remember."

No one present could possibly have conjectured what was to come of that telephone call. As she hung up the receiver, her face showed some degree of disappointment. One guest, seated near Ruggles took occasion to tease him regarding his fiancee's conversing so long with another man. He, however, assumed an air of complete indifference, although the conversation rankled in his memory. There was, nevertheless, a promise of trouble, as his eyes rested impersonally upon his sweetheart when she left the telephone. A decided pallor, too, covered her face as her heart beats raced, and her throat grew tight. Her whole body ached from the sudden shock of hearing Master's voice.

AT heart, Wallace Ruggles was furious, humiliated. He had taken Enid's conversation with Harry Masters in the wrong way. She had hurt his pride, and he was determined to make her pay for it.

For the rest of the evening, he continued to look depressed. A kind of waspish cynicism, too, was in his eyes, and an air of ironic humor lurked behind his usually genial countenance. For all his poise, he was not able to hide his feelings of hurt pride.

Peculiarly cryptic conditions lurked behind the whole situation. Enid Ralston had been secretly in love with Harry Masters and he with her. Neither, however, had been fully aware of how much each really cared for the other until Masters was compelled to take the berth in Washington, D. C. The announcement of his engagement to the eastern girl in the Washington newspaper was erroneous and groundless. By this time also he had become cognizant of the fact that the friendship between him and Enid meant more than just mental understanding and freedom.

Like men of all ages, he groped toward the ultimate, driven by a hunger for what is real, true, and fine, his passionate longing to see Enid, and to tell her of his love for her had become so compelling that it obliterated everything else in his life, as passion does when it is pure and high enough. Double-shouldered and thoroughbred he had refrained from proposing a love of which he was not sure. Now he had come west to San Francisco to see Enid, and tell her that he had come across the continent to say the three magic words.

ON the evening following the lovely Ralston house party, when her engagement had been formally announced to the world, Wallace called upon his fiancee. Cold, remote, he formally greeted her. Noticing his frigid air, the girl proceeded to treat the situation humorously.

"Why so glum? Stock market hitting you hard, Wally?"

Icily in a thin, cracked tone, he remarked, "You humiliated me unpardonably before my friends yesterday, Enid, when you talked to Masters on the 'phone, especially when you laughed and said that you were sorry you were engaged."

Enid looked blank, seemingly from even the possibility of tears as he referred to his wounded feelings. Then she laughed lightly and tried to make him think sensibly. "Can't you take a joke, Wally?"

All sense of pity, all capacity for affection vanished as he continued, "I'll never get over it, Enid. You took all the joy out of my life for me forever. You can call off our engagement now, if you choose. I'll never feel the same toward you again."

A significant reticence that held a world of meaning overcame the girl. Her clear, impersonal vision of things, which she possessed because she had endured none of life's betrayals, came to her rescue. Ruggles' eyes burned, as he stood in silence with his mouth hard-shut and unable to relax into any degree of softness.

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Death Valley Trails

By E. J. VAN NAME

Concluded from July number

AFTER selling out to William T. Coleman in Death Valley, the discoverer, Aaron Winters, with two other men, went into the Amargosa Desert of Nevada and discovered the Amargosa deposits. Winters later acquired a ranch at Pahrump. Still later Aaron Winters had a rather unusual experience. This occurred some time after the death of Rosie. At the time Belmont was the county seat and Winters found it necessary to make a trip there on business, at the same time paying his taxes. In was a journey of several hundred miles and Winters appreciated the fact that he stood an excellent chance of being held up. So he adorned the dashboard of his buckboard with a worthless old cap-and-ball pistol in a holster while he slipped a first-class Navy revolver under the seat.

Near Belmont two men stepped from concealment and stopped his rig. Winters made a great fuss and reluctantly turned over his money to the bandits. He protested that it was all the money he had and if he didn't pay his taxes he would lose everything. He stood at the side of his buckboard, "wobbling and teetering about" in the most ludicrous fashion.

Then one of the bandits spied the worthless pistol on the dashboard. He called the other's attention to the worthless weapon. They both had a hearty laugh over it and threw it into the brush beside the road. But they had been temporarily taken off their guard. In an instant Winters had seized the Navy revolver from under the seat and shot one of them dead. The other surrendered and Winters marched him into Belmont. He later took the robber with him to his ranch at Pahrump where the man worked for Winters as a ranch hand for a year.

ONE of the most interesting features of Death Valley is the formation of crystallized salt more commonly known as the "Devil's Golf Course." It stretches from the Black Mountains across the valley at its nearly narrowest point. It is from two to five miles wide and extends for 40 miles northwest to Salt Creek. This alkaline marsh is not a thin surface coating as is the case of many such sinks. In 1915 the Pacific Coast Borax Company drilled three wells to test the depth of this salt field. Each well extended to 1000 feet without reaching the bottom of the salt. It was found to be in layers with alternating strata of clay. There is no way of knowing how deep the last layer of salt lies.

There are portions of the Devil's Golf Course that are strictly marsh land. Other portions of the surface are a solid crust, very uneven and sharp. Not far from Bad Water are several holes in the crusted surface which have been named "Pluto's Salt Wells." They are about five feet in diameter and the brine they contain comes to within two feet of the surface of the salt field. It is a saturated solution of salt. I drew a piece of wood out of one of the wells and it was covered with perfect salt crystals. My hand dried off in a few minutes leaving a heavy coating of salt caked on it.

BUT there are also beautiful spots in Death Valley. One of these is Golden Canyon, in the jumbled mud hills that form the northern termination of the Black Mountains. The coloration of Golden Canyon is most striking. It is one of the few really brilliant colorations in Death Valley and it is certainly a striking contrast to the dull greys and blacks which surround it. The formation glows a beautiful gold under the light of the brilliant desert sun. At the canyon's head, spires and monuments remind one of the peaks of Zion Canyon.

In this formation the noteworthy Zabriskie Point is located. It was named for C. B. Zabriskie, one of Death Valley's pioneers, who is at the present time an executive of the Pacific Coast Borax Company. From Zabriskie Point the view is west across Death Valley to the Panamints. In the foreground lies a bewildering labyrinth of tumbling hills, their strata tilted and broken. Beyond this, one gets a glimpse of Death Valley, the white salt flats barely visible through a low point in the hills. The Panamints run out of broken debris momentarily and a low place in their grey backs marks the entrance to Emigrant Wash. It is this narrow part of the valley that many regard as the division between "Death Valley proper" and "Lost Valley." Although given wide publicity, there is, technically speaking, no reason for regarding the upper and lower ends of Death Valley as two separate valleys. According to W. A. Chalfant:

> "A government report of 1892 refers to the southern section as "Death Valley proper" and to the upper part as "Lost Valley." Even the desert-wise sometimes employ the former term. But the Geological Survey ignores "Lost Valley" as a name for the northern arm, and accepts as Death Valley the whole magnificant sweep of lowlands and ascents to the encircling mountains that bound the watershed without qualifying names except those of purely local application such as Mesquite

Flat. So it should be. The salt beds of the southern arm and the dunes, crater, and petrified forest of the northern are all part of Death Valley, as are the wondrous canyons opening into each section. The topograph, as shown by official spirit leveling or, better still, by the experience of a journey from one end to the other of the Valley, will emphasize the fitness of there being but one name. It is no more logical to limit it to the salt fields than it would be to consider the burning cup of Mauna Loa the whole volcano."

Following up Furnace Creek Wash we passed the recently abandoned borax town of Ryan, discovered by Philander Lee, Harry Spiller and Billy Yount, and originally known as the Monte Blanco deposits. A late discovery of borax near Kramer, California, enables the product to be mined more economically at the latter place. With a supply at Kramer, which experts declare to be enough for from 150 to 300 years, it is extremely unlikely that the old camp at Ryan will be reopened in the near future.

ALTHOUGH Death Valley and much of its surrounding country is bleak and barren during the summer months, one must not take from this that plant life is a rare thing in this portion of the desert. W. A. Chalfant lists a number of different species of plant life known to exist in and about the Valley. He lists, under a heading, "Moist Soil," two varieties of trees, six varieties of shrubs, 32 varieties of perennials, and eight varieties of annuals. Under "Dry Soil," Mr. Chalfant lists 20 varieties of shrubs, 18 varieties of perennials, and 34 varieties of annuals. In addition to this, there are six varieties of ferns listed which are known to grow in the canyons of the Panamint Range.

To those not well acquainted with this portion of the desert, this report is, without doubt, amazing. To the uninformed, Death Valley is a hell hole utterly devoid of life or beauty, in fact, of any attraction to mankind whatsoever, unless it be the fabled mineral wealth of her surrounding mountains. There are really only about four months of the year that Death Valley is dangerous, or even uncomfortable. But during the summer months, from the middle of April to the first of September, the heat reaches unusual temperatures. The maximum temperature recorded in Death Valley (at Furnace Creek Ranch) was 134° and the mercury stopped at this point only because the instrument was incapable of registering any higher. Such temperature is extreme, however, although 120° is a common mark during the summer months.

The temperature has never been recorded in the salt flats. This is because no man could live in the terrific heat and unusual dryness. The air is so devoid of moisture that a man's body dries out faster than it can assimilate moisture. Thus during the worst of the summer, sprays are kept going constantly at Furnace Creek Ranch. J. R. Spears relates the story of a certain Lieutenant Wheeler who went into the valley in 1871 on a tour of exploration:

"No story of Death Valley would be complete without reference to the Lieutenant. While in the valley in the heated term, if one may believe what "Cub" Lee says, he ordered his guide to go across the valley afoot, on some errand which the guide declared impossible. So the Lieutenant called two soldiers, who with their bayonets, compelled the guide to start. Inside of two hours one of the soldiers staggered back into camp, just able to walk. A relief squad carried the other soldier, but the guide had become insane, wandered away and never was found."

To show how philosophically many of these desert men take it all, let me quote the words of Frank "Shorty" Harris from an article recently published in "Touring Topics." Shorty had made a trip across the valley and was returning to his home at Ballarat, in the Panamint Valley:

"When I got back to Furnace Creek it was one of the hottest days anyone had seen in the valley. I found three men lying on the porch of the ranch house with cottonwood leaves over their faces. One of them raised up and said to me:

"'God, partner, ain't it hot?'

"Hell, no," I said, "I've got my overcoat tied on my packsaddle!"

Death Valley likewise has its cold spells. A temperature as low as 15° below freezing has been recorded, while a friend told me than he ran into a snowstorm in Furnace Creek Wash in May! This, like the 134° temperature, is unusual, but serves to illustrate the wide range of temperature which the valley is capable of producing. Temperature records further illustrate how misleading the "mean" or average temperature of a locality may be. During certain past months, for example, temperatures have ranged from 109° maximum to 36° minimum; 120° to 48°; 124° to 55°; 134° to 67°.

TODAY Death Valley boasts two hotels. One is the Furnace Creek Inn, located at the mouth of Furnace Creek and commanding an excellent view of the valley. The other is the Stove Pipe Wells Hotel, or Bungalow City. The name is somewhat misleading as the hotel is not located on the actual spot of the famous old Stove Pipe Hole, but on the western side of the sand dunes opposite Emigrant Wash. The old Stove Pipe Hole itself is located almost directly opposite, on the eastern side of the dunes and near the mouth of Boundary Canyon through the Funeral Range.

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The Detective-Fiction Game

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So with our ordinary business or professional work. One of the startling results of recent psychological investigations on a vast scale in the United States is the expressed belief that the major part of the work of the great Republic may be carried on with the intelligence of a boy in his earliest 'teens. The appallingness of this assertion is softened by the consideration that in any day's work, even of a highly educated man, the great bulk of activities are carried on within the Observation Zone, and make but slight call for deliberate inference. Life would be indeed intolerable if the daily work of a lawyer, a doctor, an editor, or a "big-business man" were carried on entirely within the Inference Zone. Our office or study work is not carried on quite at the lowly observation level: though in many cases experienced men need not go very far above it in their daily round. In most cases there is a certain liveliness in the lower ranges of the Inference Zone. Every now and again, however, there arises the need for a vigorous move up the inference curve, with an occasional culmination in the Gaping Point. Everyone can supply from personal experience examples of the sort of thing meant by these emergency demands. Probably a stock-broker during a financial crisis, a clergyman during a period of revival, a doctor in the height of a violent epidemic caused by an unlocated germ, will know what is implied; while in domestic affairs it will not be difficult to supply parallels.

IN FICTION most of the sherlocking is done round about the reader's Gaping Point; in real life all the efficient sherlocking is done in the upper reaches of the Inference Zone. The Observation Zone offers no scope for this exercise. There everything is arranged by line and level; all is intelligible and explicable. In the Inference zone everything is possible, particularly misinterpretation. Frequently practical sherlocking may be carried on within the plane of the unconscious, though deliberate sherlocking may be necessary to explain it. Take the following two instances from real life:

Two students roomed together in London; call them Watson and Holmes. Watson was afflicted during six months with a romantic attachment to Nellie Bickerstaff, and Holmes, as confidant, suffered much. The affair went the way of such things, and was forgotten till, some six years later, Watson, who had just come up from the provinces to London on business, called on Holmes in some excitement about a wonderful occurrence. "Do you remember Nellie Bickerstaff?" asked the excited Watson. "Will I ever forget her?" was Holmes' chastened reply. "Well," went on the provincial visitor, "I have not thought of her for —yes, maybe five years, and yet, yesterday afternoon when I was calling on some friends in Gower Street, as I went upstairs I had an irrepressible feeling that I was going to meet her, and when I got into the drawing room, there she was, all right!"

So far we have been working on the unconscious plane. It was not difficult for Watson's friend by conscious reasoning to reduce the problem from the lofty sphere of psychic effluences to the prosaic road of umbrellas. It appeared that among the many gifts of Watson to Nellie was an umbrella—one of the costly silver-handled kind, that stand any number of re-coverings, and Nellie was Scotch. Accordingly, it had outlasted these six years, had stood that day in the hallway at Gower Street, and had so impressed its giver's unconscious observation as to lead to his exalted anticipations as he went upstairs.

THE other case concerned a second pair of students, this time engineers, whose names may also be submerged under those of Watson and Holmes. One day Watson received an urgent telegram calling him to take charge of the Gas Works of his native city as substitute for his uncle, the manager, who had been suddenly taken ill. The city authorities preferred to trust the youngster with the works in which he had been brought up from childhood, rather than to a more mature person to whom the works were quite strange. Going up by the night train, Watson spent a strenuous day, that could well have been less strenuous had he not over-realized his temporary importance. The result was that he slept the moment his head hit the pillow at ten o'clock.

But he had a dream that there was going to be an explosion at the Gas Works at 2 a.m. So vivid was the dream that he awoke, consulted his watch, found that it was one o'clock, dressed hastily, reached the Works and found that an explosion *was* due at two o'clock. Again telepathy and the psychic sphere were invoked. But investigation supplied a more matter of fact explanation. Holmes asked how his friend knew, when he got to the Works, that an explosion was due at two o clock, and got the answer that "the indicator" showed that. Inquiry brought out that this indicator was a small lead cylinder attached to a brass cord, and that it moved up or down according as the huge gasometer emptied or filled. Do not trouble to tell me that the indicator at a Gas

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Death Valley Trails

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Leaving Death Valley for a moment and passing through Boundary Canyon, we come to the Amargosa Desert of Nevada, at the northern end of which lies the mouldering ghost city of Rhyolite. Rhyolite is the result of a mining boom created in 1905 when Shorty Harris discovered the famous Bullfrog Lead. The death of Rhyolite was not the result of run out veins and refractory ores, according to Shorty Harris. The veteran prospector claims that there is still much to be taken out of the old Rhyolite diggings, but that it is tied up in litigation as a result of dishonest manipulation of stocks and claims back in the boom days.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding figures in Death Valley is Walter Scott, better known as "Death Valley Scotty." His famous castle in the Mesquite Springs district at the extreme northern end of the Valley has received wide publicity of late. It is doubtful that Death Valley Scotty gets his money from desert gold as many believe. His association with A. M. Johnson, Chicago capitalist, is rumored to be responsible for Scotty's record-breaking train rides, red neckties, and the $100.00 tips.

It was originally estimated that the castle would cost in the neighborhood of $2,000,000 and contain a music room, gigantic living room, huge basement, large open-air plunge, two towers overlooking the surrounding country, and innumerable other unique features. The music room is said to have cost $75,000 not including the $50,000 pipe organ.

Recent reports state that the Government is seriously considering taking over Death Valley as a National Park. The boundaries of the park would include Scotty's place and if these reports be true, it would seem that Scotty's dreams are about to receive a severe jolt.

Telescope Peak, towering 11,045 feet in the Panamint Range, offers a most unusual view of Death Valley and the surrounding country. As one stands upon this towering mountain and searches the endless distance, he cannot help but be affected by the mystery and grandeur of it all. Below lies a vast expanse of sandy wastes, an expression of Nature's most dolorous mood. Barriers of shifting sands and naked mountains, sheer and rugged as a lunar landscape. As far as the eye can see—east, west, north, south—it reaches out, barren, fruitless, expressionless. Not a sound is heard except the incessant puffing of the wind. But even away up here you seem to feel that strange stillness that clasps the silent country below you. To the west you see the Slate Range, the Argus, and, in the remote distance, the High Sierras. To the south rises Pilot Knob and the Calicos, their brilliant colors toned with the blue of distance. And far beyond this the San Bernardinos are but a pale pastel silhouette on the horizon. Turning to the north the snowy White Mountains greet the eyes of the lofty observer. Then to the east, the Black Mountains, the Funerals, the Ivanwatch, each growing a lighter shade of hazy blue; while beyond these the Granite Mountains; and range after range of unnamed hills gradually fade away into a veil of purple distance. Between them lay the valleys, yellow with sand or mottled with wind-blown vegetation. Some are spotted with black lava buttes, some are dazzling with beds of soda, alkali, or salt that reflect the sun with blinding brilliance. Never was there a picture with more power to stir the emotions than this view from Telescope Peak. To the person standing on the floor of the Valley, the towering mountains seem to overwhelm him, but once upon the lofty eminence of the Panamints, the world below is dwarfed beyond belief.

That night from our commanding outlook we watched the sunset overtake the desert country. The western heavens were blotted out by a mass of rose colored clouds that seemed to grow more brilliant as the seconds rolled by. Every moment they changed, flaming and burning like intense fire, dying gradually to glowing coals. Then quickly it all faded; the purple and darker shadows marched in and conquered the fire, and the shades of night were drawn.

With the descent of night a strained stillness clasped the land. The far ranges of mountains were lost in the black void about us. Only the high Sierras, far to the west, stood out as ghostly silhouettes, pregnant with mystery, lure, and enchantment. The stars conquered the indigo void above us, then the moon moved into the picture and dimmed the splendor of the stars, casting its soft light over the black-robed desert.

SUCH is the character of Death Valley. Its sting perhaps will always be there. But so will its beauty. And with both combined, therein lies its enchantment. When you sit alone it calls to you—the whisper of the wind in the mesquite; the hot gusts of sand-laden air; the gorgeous wild flowers in the spring and the sweet scent of the sage. You again see its grey mountains and revel in its wonderful nights. It is awesome, yet inspiring and under its spell one feels his proper place—a mere bit of clay in a universe of inconceivable magnitude and mystery.

Educating the Soul

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dangerous and advocated its use only in extreme emergencies. The same antiquity is also true of Behavioristic Psychology, about which Buddha wrote extensively before the year 500 B.C.; not in modern psychological jargon to be sure, but in quite clear and concise prose. To direct the formation of what Dr. Watson would call "the student's behavioristic pattern,' is the main aim of the Hindu mental, emotional and spiritual training. In the words of modern psychoanalysts, "to uncondition the student's detrimental complexes," forms the axle about which this part of Hindu education revolves. In fact, the Hindus go one step further and try to prevent those complexes from occurring —in a manner not unlike preventive psychology— lately called to the attention of the western scientific world by Dr. Alfred Adler.

Centuries of careful thought and experiments conducted by some of the best scientific brains the Orient has produced, underlie the Hindu system. The main basis of one important psychoanalytic and complex-preventative system in use there is a collection of narratives ranging from simple fairy tales and subtle fables to stories like "Savitri," "Damayanti" and "Chinta" as presented in Marie Tudor Garland's book on "Hindu Mind Training." These stories are studied and looked up to in India as the highest models for imitation.

Each of these tales is cunningly arranged to present some basic problem, which the student may himself encounter during his lifetime, such as indulging in an illicit love affair, selecting a life-mate, desiring a divorce or meeting financial difficulties. Each story presents a great truth of life and is skillfully designed to arouse class controversy concerning the ethics and wisdom of the hero's or heroine's actions in much the same manner as the controversy created amongst business men reading Peter B. Kyne's story called "The Go-Getter.' In fact, one of the Hindu stories called "The Dead Mouse" has a character not unlike the hero of "The Go-Getter" and a similar theme— that he who energetically goes after things succeeds.

No fixed selection of these tales is universally adopted throughout India, although most of the better known stories are used by all the Hindu teachers. The general practise is for the teacher to choose stories particularly applicable to the pupil's type of mind. The stories selected are then read three times, committed to memory by the student and discussed—the teacher asking the student for his opinion about all possible ways of meeting the situation. Through the student's answers, the teacher obtains clues for preparing a mental, emotional and spiritual chart of the pupil.

The relationship between teacher and pupil is the same as that between masters and students of the ancient Greek wisdom schools—also as that between a modern psychologist and his patient. During the discussions, the teacher psychoanalyses the pupil and notes his idiosyncrasies of mind and personality. If he finds dangerous tendencies which may later lead his pupil into crime, domestic unhappiness or financial disaster, he tries to eradicate them before they develop into fixed complexes, often enlisting the co-operation of the parents. If the student manifests the first symptoms of brain strain, the teacher immediately sets about to remedy it. As with the ancient Greeks, the pupil is at all times under close observation as regards his personal habits, friends and physical and mental environment.

Upon mental environment, the Hindu specialists place great emphasis, for, say they, man lives most of his time within his brain and the environment that one mentally creates as well as that which one encounters in the outer world is an important factor in weaving personality. A bad mental environment results in confusion of thought and unhappiness.

During discussions, by preventing the belittling of essentials or the magnifying of molehills, he tries to give the pupil a complete synthetic code of right action for all future life emergencies, based upon a true sense of values. A young man so prepared, finding himself in a tight situation such as the present financial depression, will not be thrown into a mental muddle but will already have made up his mind what course to follow and so will have only to summon sufficient will-power to act accordingly.

In situations involving criminal acts, even the summoning of this will-power at the crucial moment is prepared for by the teacher impressing the student that all human deeds are governed by laws of cause and effect as inescapable as the laws of gravity and that if he chooses to violate one of these laws he must be prepared to pay the penalty. A study of these laws of cause and effect takes the place of the narrow puritanical sermonizing and moralizing which perhaps has done more than anything else in America to estrange modern youth from the church and the home.

The Hindu theory is: that were an intended murderer, for example, to foresee concretely and specifically the results of his contemplated act, he would in nine cases out of ten relinquish the undertaking. The same they feel is also true of the perpetrators of most other criminal deeds,

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A Modern Miracle

Continued from page 176

should influence our future policies is our audience. No theatre is good enough unless it is as good as it can be, unless the conditions in which it lives have been made as good as possible through constant stimulation of the appreciation, understanding and cooperation of the community, which is to say, its audience. Our audience must be developed both in number and quality. All the other cultural arts of the world can be brought to the people, but in the theatre it is necessary to bring the people to the drama. Having captured the attention of as large an audience as the Pasadena Community Playhouse has, it becomes the duty of the theatre to offer that audience the very best it possibly can; to carry that audience with it toward an ideal of perfection.

If we adhere to the community theatre idea in production, using as large a group of applicants for the parts as the succession of plays will permit, then we cannot have finished performances, nor will the theatre gain new friends or hold its old ones. On the other hand, if we close the theatre to deserving talent and effort and offer only so-called art theatre productions, we instantly cease to be a community theatre in every sense of the word.

It must be remembered that the production of good plays requires good character interpretations and readings. The best play written may become the poorest thing to hear because the players level it to their low standard of work.

The ruination of a good play is the inevitable result of an inexperienced cast. And the audience, consciously or sub-consciously, knows that something is wrong. I contend that any person desiring to play upon a stage should be sufficiently serious and intelligent to agree to undergo the necessary preliminary preparation, and to recognize the advantage of the highest standard of production and acting it is possible to get.

It is true, though the average run of patrons do not know it, that what makes a play acceptable is not only acting, not only a deep and penetrating understanding and reflection of the author's thoughts, but movement of the action—tempo, you may call it. A play must be sustained,—that is, the action must be kept at a uniform pitch. It must not be allowed to drag, to become slow or monotonous. Experienced players know how to sustain a play. It is customary when mixing a cast to introduce enough experienced players to carry the others along.

As a result of our employment of this means toward perfection we are occasionally subjected to criticism. "John Smith is used too often," say the critics. "We want to see somebody else." But where are the players with an equal amount of the ability which makes John Smith valuable? In every theatrical group there are those who show promise and who, in time, will be worth seeing and hearing; but it takes time to make actors.

With these problems in mind the Playhouse finds itself in its eleventh year of existence, divided really into four departments. First, and always foremost, there is the main stage with its regular productions. In addition there are the Workshop, the Playgox, and the School of the Theatre.

The workshop in its short career of three years has proved its worth. It is just what its name implies, a laboratory where inexperienced but talented authors and actors work out their own problems before an audience which comes not to be entertained, but because they are interested in the solution of those problems. Time has shown us that the main stage demands more technical knowledge than the average player can bring to it, and the members of the community are finding the Workshop a means of gaining that sustaining definite quality which is so essential to a good actor's performance.

The Workshop really is serving those people of the community who are not proficient enough to work on the main stage as yet, and it also allows able players, who cannot afford the time that the two-week runs of our regular plays demands, to satisfy their desire to participate in some form of dramatic work. In this same way it trains embryo directors and technical workers who aren't able to apply themselves to a regular course in those subjects.

The Playbox is at the other extreme from the Workshop. It, too, is in a sense an experimental theatre. But its experiments are more advanced and require more technical facility than either the Workshop or the main stage can command. More than this, its audience must also be an advanced one, rich in discrimination and free from popular bias. Whereas the Workshop is a theatre where players may find out what they don't know, the Playbox is where they find out how better to apply what they do know.

The fourth department of the theatre, and the newest, is the school. This service is for those who have the determination, time, and financial independence to make an intensive study of the theatre. A two years' course is offered, at a relatively low figure, which will thoroughly ground the student in the arts of the theatre. This work

carried on by a producing theatre with as active a schedule as the Playhouse has, loses all its theoretical aspect and becomes a very practical, worthwhile training. The benelts to the student are obvious. The good which will come to the Playhouse is equally self-apparent, for practical workers in the theatre with taste and discrimination are rare, and hard for us to get.

All these three departments, therefore, help the main stage and its productions. The problem of every community theatre is to have available at all times enough experienced players, non-commercial though they may be, to form a sustaining nucleus for each cast. New players come to us all the time, but as soon as they are trained to a point of efficiency they are snaped up by other non-commercial theatres who offer them parts they really are not ready for, or more often still, by the commercial theatres. These players cannot be blamed for leaving us. In many cases there is need to earn a livelihood. But as each one leaves us there is a gap in the ranks that takes another two or three years of training to fill. As these other three departments of the Playhouse are developed, people with training will be ready to step into their places very quickly.

Finally, it is my opinion that no theatre, whether art, community, free or otherwise, can afford to have anything but good plays, efficient acting, and intelligent directing and producing. And that no so-called little or community theatre depending upon non-commercial talent and community patronage can make any progress without a subscription membership which guarantees a permanent audience, which in turn, enables us to produce the best of drama and encourages non-commercial talent to take up a tenure of service and training, and at the same time guarantees the directors enough experienced players to properly carry the best plays."

DURING the current theatrical slump, a slump that extended from coast to coast, that has lasted for considerably more than a year and that is attributable to many causes other than the prevailing economic depression, several writers qualified to speak authoritatively on the matter have expressed thei ropinion that "the future of the legitimate stage lay with the Little Theatre."

Far-fetched as these views may appear to those who have always looked askance at and spoken slightingly of everything and everyone associated with the Little Theatre movement, regarding their productions as "the vagaries of a bunch of amateurs" whose misplaced enthusiasm was very properly and amusingly satirized in George Kelly's "The Torchbearers," the fact remains that while the commercial theatres have been either closed or only spasmodically opened, the little theatres and community theatres have been more active than at any previous period in their respective careers.

This vitality cannot be better exemplified than by a reference to the remarkable progress made by the recently organized Los Angeles County Drama Association.

In less than a year this organization increased its group membership to forty-seven, that is every existing club or drama group in the county, and its individual membership is 8,700.

Not only have the groups increased numerically but the class of plays presented and the method of presentation is made superior to the stereotyped comedy that was the regular stock-in-trade of such organizations a few years since, whilst the acting of the members of such casts, individually and collectively has grown almost beyond recognition.

The Romance of Captain Sutter

Continued from page 168

shooters, hunting knives and whisky bottles on the old road level. Several of these finds are on exhibition in the present Fort Museum.

At that time the official Mexican designation for the Fort was Neuva Helvicia, but it became famous as Sutter's Fort after the gold discovery in 1948.

With constant acquisition of white men at the Fort, things moved rapidly. The yawl made regular trips to the Bay for supplies, which were paid for with beaver, otter and other skins, deer and elk fat and hides, and some brandy distilled from the river grapes in a small still.

On July 1st, 1840, Capt. W. D. Phelps of the Boston ship "Alert" visited Capt. Sutter, coming up the river with six men. They were welcomed with a cannon salute, and the Fort was decorated with flags. Capt. Phelps declared his was the first American flag to fly over the Sacramento River, apparently overlooking the statement of William Heath Davis, who had one on his sloop in 1839.

The two Captains celebrated the Fourth of July in the proper spirit, in every sense of the word. They went elk hunting, caught many large salmon, and enjoyed themselves immensely for a week.

ON August 17, Peter Lassen, William Wiggens and several others arrived from the Russian settlement on Bodego Bay, taking twelve days to make the trip overland. The party included some men who had made the trip with

Read further on page 189

MELODY LANE

BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

MATILIJA POPPIES OR GHOST FLOWERS

By James Neill Northe

THE coolness of the evening freshens all
The ghost flowers of the night; and gives to them
New strength, these flowers of mine each one a gem—
My graceful poppies, standing straight and tall,
That grow beside the old adobe wall;
And as they shyly droop from mother stem
So supple in their languid diadem,
I dream of them as Nature's ghost-white pall.

They glide and shimmer with the breeze, and seem
To move in rhythmic dance of shattered dreams,
Of love and faith, of battles long since past;
Yet each white blossom sends an echoed dream
That comes to rest within my heart, on beams
Of silver moonlight, lulled to rest at last.

SOLILOQUY OF A FORTY-NINER

By Betty L. Whitsell

O TIME! O Forty-nine!
What recollections come
Of youth's delight!
When eight feet square was called a claim
And might was right.
A sheath-knife and crow-bar
And gold-dust pan
Were all the tools to be preferred
By every man.

That old, worn canvas tent
That Time's made tattered, thin
Now lets me see
The jeweled stars of amorous night's
Divinity.
Enjoy your house of stone
Fashioned for luxury
But do you know
The music of a lullaby
When night winds blow?

And do you know the joy
Of strong and sturdy limbs
And appetite
When coarsest food is savory
In camp at night?
When hours are spent with God
In His great out-of-doors,
On Nature's breast,
And gold, when found, is just excuse
For fools to rest?

O heart of youth that's gone!
O Time that stole my youth!
O Destiny,
When Nature gives release to me,
Keep my soul free!

TESTIMONY

By Irene Wilde

SUMMER besieged the firmament
And deep in heaven subdued,
Silent in suffocating fire
Of petaled stars I stood.

Sidereal clematis twinkled
And astral columbine
With satellites of pimpernel
And moons of pale jasmine;

And constellations of poppies
Burned at my feet while bees
On slight seraphic wings plundered
A fragrant pleiades. . . . . .

Then I looked down, not up, to pray
And I was shriven there—
I felt the fingers of the sun
In token on my hair.

THE MUTE MADONNA

By Jo Hartman

SOME words there are that blur in a caress
On dewey, rose-red lips; then holy words
Priests chant on rosaries—words used to bless—
And song-spun ones filched may be from wild birds.
The penitent who knows not how to sob
Moulds words of faint, shamed whispers scarcely spoken;
A Captain cowers with oaths the swarthy mob
Of mutineers that see his sword is broken.

O power and glory, love, a way to grieve
Without hot tears that burn so hurting deep,
Words give all these—and she asks but to weave
A lullaby to croon her babe to sleep . . .
She chokes with inarticulate sweet sounds
When the old "sandman" makes his evening rounds.

The Literary West

LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS—
Annual Convention

A MEETING of more than usual interest to literary folk will be that of the League of Western Writers, scheduled for San Francisco, August 16 to 20 inclusive. An attractive program has been prepared both on the literary side and of entertainment features. President Carl Holliday of the League, Secretary Grace T. Hadley and their helpers have for months been busily at work. Mrs. F. H. Colburn, Chairman of the Convention Committee, has arranged for a series of entertainment features never surpassed in a convention program.

There will be addresses and discussions of current writers' problems round tables for discussion of marketing and other important themes including meetings of fiction and non-fiction groups. One session will devote itself to a celebrities dinner and still another to a celebration of the founders of western literature. There will be luncheons and receptions; a visit to Stanford University; a poets' breakfast; a book fair; pilgrimage to Joaquin Miller's grave; a visit to the Cora Williams Institute, and various other features of interest and value.

The headquarters of the League will be maintained at the Clift Hotel. It is expected that delegates from all the out-lying chapters will be present to take part in the literary and entertainment features and the business sessions, where will be discussed the reports of officers and committees, revision of the Constitution and By-Laws, resolutions, election of officers and selection of next meeting place. A number of cities have placed invitation for the meeting of 1933.

"THE FANTASTIC CITY"

THE search of readers for a "Wild West" that does not exist explains the emphasis that has been put on the sanguinary features of life in early California, often to the exclusion of all else. In "The Fantastic City," Amelia Ransome Neville presents a side of San Francisco life that may seem incredible to devourers of bowie-knife ballads. In delightfully reminiscent mood she tells of her presentation at the court of Queen Victoria and after her early marriage of coming with her husband to the Presidio at San Francisco. Her recollections of dancing with Farragut, (afterward Admiral in the Civil War) of hearing and seeing Emma Nevada, Lotta Crabtree, Patti, Nillson, of the cultural and artistic side of life, of Bret Harte and his wife, of Thomas Starr King, carry the reader on and on in a little-known but tremendously interesting presentation of life in Old San Francisco.

Amelia Ransome Neville left San Francisco the year before the fire and did not see the city again, though she lived until recent years. The book has been edited by Virginia Brastow, who, whether she has done little or much in the preparation of the manuscript, has done her work well. The book is one to be kept and reread in connection with books old and new on life in California. One reader found it most illuminating when read in connection with Jessie Benton Fremont's recollections. Those whose interest is not exclusively in six shooters will enjoy "The Fantastic City."

("The Fantastic City." By Amelia Ransome Neville. Edited by Virginia Brastow. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.)

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

THE OLD MAN OF THE WOODS

CARL HOLLIDAY has before now demonstrated versatility as a writer. He has to his credit books on literature, history, travel, manners and customs. His latest venture entitled, "The Old Man of the Woods," is a book of short stories, dedicated "To the Little Boy Who Used to Say Every Night, 'Read to Me'." This volume of 160 pages has 14 most intriguing stories in which the Old Man of the Woods and Jimmy are the principal actors. The dialogue is well done and along with the story interest are many scientific facts that make the book informational as well as interesting. Bits of verse enliven the text. The numerous full page illustrations in black and white furnish in themselves not only value but may be used as basis for literary exercises.

The book is from the press of Suttonhouse, publishers, Los Angeles and San Francisco, is attractively bound and jacketed and sells for $1.00.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON'S RAMONA

IT may not be generally known that "Ramona," first published in 1884, is still one of the "best sellers," being in the 10,000 copies-a-year class. "Ramona" continues to hold the field as a classic in featuring the romantic "days of the Dons" and Indian life in the old California. There has just come from the press a gift edition of "Ramona" published by Little, Brown, & Company. It is a volume of 450 pages, beautifully printed on tinted stock in attractive binding to harmonize. The illustrations are by Herbert Morton Stoops, the frontispiece being a beautiful color plate. The black and white sketches also scattered through the book, several being full page, are reminiscent

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of the glamorous days of the Spanish period. The volume sells for $3.50 and is an addition to any library.

SQUAWBERRY CANYON

THE Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, are deserving of much credit for the splendid books they are bringing out. The latest is Squawberry Canyon, by Anworth Rutherford, author of Hidden Island. It is primarily a book of adventure for boys, but the youth of both sexes and grown-ups as well will find the story most interesting and its basis in scientific research highly educational. The illustrations are by Harry Pierce and do credit to this volume of 205 pages, which is attractively bound and sells for $2.00.

SANTA BARBARA FIESTA

THE Santa Barbara Fiesta occurs this year August 18, 19 and 20. Those who have not seen this colorful revival of old Spanish days with its parades and pageants will wish to attend and those who have will desire to again see the Fiesta.

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LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

To Our Readers . . .

The Contents of this magazine are copyrighted. The articles are listed in the Readers Guide to Periodical Literature and International Index. This furnishes the best reference possible as these publications are on file and available in every library in the country.

Attention of Overland readers is called to our change of address in Los Angeles. The new address is 523 H. W. Hellman Building.

Romance of Captain Sutter

Continued from page 185

Sutter when he first landed at Cancouver. Lassen and Wiggens decided to cast their lot with the new agriculturists; the rest returned to the Bay.

That same month Sutter went to Monterey, became a full fledged Mexican subject, had his land grant officially confirmed, then returned to New Helvetia with full judicial powers conferred upon him, making him the power supreme in his own district.

Shortly after his return he had occasion to exercise this authority when Chief Acacia and fifteen other Indians came up from Mission San Jose to visit the Ochocumnes tribe, ostensibly to get wives peacably from the local tribe. Chief Acacia, however, was stricken by the voluptuousness of some of the Yulesumnes squaws, s ohis men attacked the village and killed seven of the men, then decamped with the women and children. It so happened that several of the Yulesumnes Indians were working at the Fort under Chief Pulpuli.

Sutter immediately organized an expedition, overtook Chief Acacia and freed the captives as they were being dragged aboard a log raft on the river. The kidnappers were captured, taken to the Fort, and that night tried before an Indian jury, which decreed that they be shot at sunrise, and the next morning, as the sun rose over the Sierras, it found the abductors lined up outside the Eastern wall, facing a firing squad of Fort Indians. The signal was given by Sutter, the guns blazed forth, and the first kidnapping trial in the great Central Valley of California was over. They knew how to handle kidnappers in those days, there was no appeal from those leaden rifle bullets. It also ended the kidnapping racket in this section.

YEARS ago "Tillamboochi" de Ramirez, one of the most delightful Spanish ladies I have had the privilege to meet, daughter of John Fuller, who built the fourth building in San Francisco, told me this stiry, also of how Capt. Sutter sent sixteen Indians down to her father to clear the brush and wild blackberry bushes off their place on Sacramento Street, just off Kearney. It was Sutter who nick-named her "Tillamboochi," an Indian name meaning "favored one." She was later associated with Bancroft for several years in the preparation of his history of California.

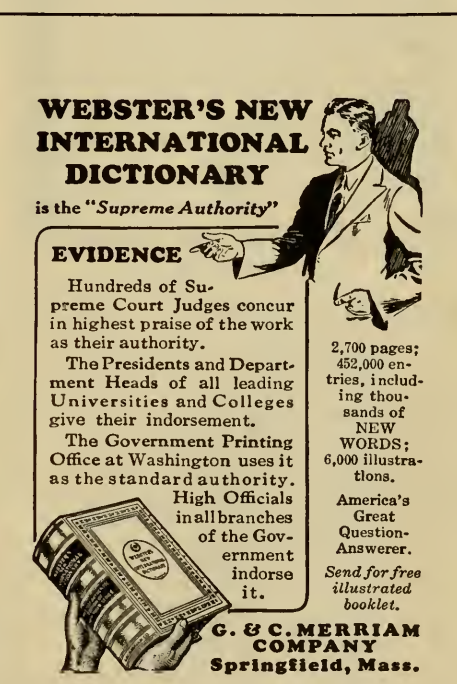
She also told me her version of the story of the execution of another Indian from up in the hills.

"Capt. Sutter, fine gentleman that he was," she related in her quaint Spanish dialect, "had much to contend with. The Indians were his main source of labor, he had to keep them pacified. He was their provider, their doctor, their confessor, their judge. To him they brought all their troubles.

"One morning an angry chief of a small tribe came to see Captain Sutter—he was mighty mad, was this Digger man. He had a half brother, who was a no-account, but big and strong, the kind some women like much. He had a trouble for the good judge to straighten out. This no-account half-brother had lured away his wife, but that was not his trouble. No, not at all, he forgave him that, for squaws were plenty to be had, and he had picked a younger one, a better worker.

"But when his half-brother insulted hi sdignity by stealing his horse too, then he could not again





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forgive, never! He wanted justice, he must keep his good name with his people.

"Tothe good Captain he had pledged to bring all his troubles to be righted. He was here. What would the just judge do?

"Captain Sutter felt like King Solomon. He had to do some thinking. He sent men out and they brought the wife stealer and put him in the dark dungeon. Then the Captain picked out a jury of Indians and held the trial in the yard. Mister Chief told his story; the wife robber, he didn't have much to say, for they had caught him with the stolen poney between his legs. So the Indian jury said he must die at sunrise the next morning.

"Capt. Sutter didn't like to do it, but he was judge, so he agreed. He didn't like to see people die, so he appointed some of the Indians to carry out the jury's verdict. The next morning early these Indians took the nice looking stealer from the dungeon, tied his hands and led him out the Eastern gate and backed him up against the high adobe wall of the corral, facing the East. The fiiring squad of Indians lined up in front of him with old flint lock muskets, which the Captain told me he got from the Russian War, and just as the sun peeped over the mountains they fired, and his squaw became a widow. I always felt sorry for that poor Indian woman, losing a big chief and a big handsome Indian at the same time. We poor women, we must always suffer!" But there was a twinkle in her eye when she said it.

The first divorce and reconciliation in Central California happened within the confines of the Fort walls. A dead man, two fugitives and the devil furnished the stage setting. The outcome, and surprising verdict of the jury will be related in the next installment.

(To be continued)

A Lochinvar Call

Continued from page 178

She had tried at first with all her pleasing arts to shake off his mood by being gay and deliberately endeavoring to drag him out of his moodiness, but she now saw it was to no avail. An unalterable cleavage gaped between them. He existed for himself alone. As he spoke, his wrath increased, and he angrily moved away from her.

Giving an imperceptible little gasp, she looked as if she had stumbled upon something which terrified her. A faint, uneasy smile covered her face, but her mouth took on a fine curve, as she looked at her fiance. Good sense same to her aid as she realized the essential hardness in the man, which would ever have prevented his being permanently the tender lover. That he would be thoroughly ruthless and selfish in all his relations with a wife, she was now convinced. Masters' telephone call had proven itself most salutary.

Finally, she spoke. Her voice, at first was like

a thing that was trying to fly. At last, it fell into its low, sustained tone. It made her look as if she were making one uncompromising demand for freedom. A curious simple dignity enveloped her whole person, as she spoke in a gentle voice, one softer than most women's and more persuasively significant.

"I seem unintentionally to have spoken the truth to Masters."

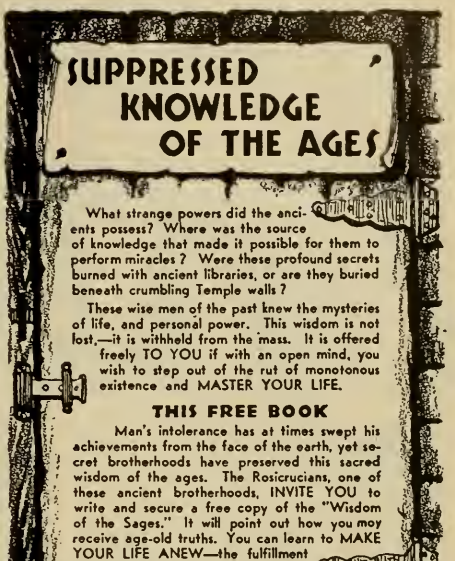
The bubble of Ruggle's conceit was pierced, as she made her decision without belieing the sweet placidity of her nature. There was no flaying defiance about her either as she continued, "It doesn't seem to matter now that you misunderstood me. I'm—I meant what I said, 'I'm sorry I'm engaged'."

The Detective-Fiction Game

Continued from page 181

Works is a handsome clock-faced instrument with an elegant "hand" that tells the exact amount of gas in the reservoir. I know all that; but this was 60 years ago and the crude leaden cylinder was there all right. It appeared that a glance at this indicator would inform an expert how things stood. Watson confessed that he must have passed the crude little cylinder many times during that day, though his enjoyment of his own unexpected importance did not leave him any attention to give to such details. The explanation of the whole incident appears to be that worn-out he fell asleep, but when his first exhaustion was past his brain began to piece things together, but his "Unc," as the gay young psychologists call the unconsciousness, drew the thrilling conclusion that there was going to be trouble at two o'clock, and the shock of the awful possibilities brought him to consciousness.

This Gas Works incident is a particularly interesting one, since it supplies a case in which a Watson was able to do his own sherlocking, because of his possession of all the material necessary to come to a true conclusion. To be sure, it was his fellow student Holmes who helped him to explain his own action. It is suggested that logic with all its analysis has omitted one important classification of reasoning, that Conan Doyle's detective sets forth incisively. The logician is content to distinguish between inductive and deductive reasoning, but Sherlock Holmes is made to distinguish between reasoning backwards and forwards. Perhaps he is right when he says that: "In the everyday affairs of life it is more useful to reason forwards, and so the other reasoning [backwards] comes to be neglected. There are fifty who reason synthetically [that is, forwards] for one who reasons analytically." But we are told that this art of reasoning backwards is readily acquired. We have Sher-



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lock's word for it that the art "is a very easy one." This may well be doubted. It is not a matter of the direction in which the reasoning moves, but of the material supplied to reason about. The real cause of the detective's superiority on paper is some special piece of knowledge denied to the reader. It may be a bit of very recondite information, as in the case of the Thorndyke short stories; or it may be the general knowledge of the total circumstances of the case, arising from the fact that the story is built up to suit the needs of its creator, and that the detective is thus inevitably provided with a master key to all the situations that can possibly arise.

A USE FOR EVERYTHING

By C. D'A. HENDERSON

TREE-DISCARDED twigs lie there,
Kine have shed their last year's hair,
Tufts of wool or down or fur
Cling to bush or stone or burr,
Dry moss, yellow grass or feather—
Discards of the wind or weather—
Scatter helpless, helter-skelter
Seeking crevices for shelter:
Are these useless? Peer and see
Birdie's nest hid in a tree!

Educating the Soul

Continued from page 183

providing of course that the perpetrators are not mental defectives.

As a final equipment, the oriental pupil is taught how to psychoanalyze himself, also the secret of making quick decisions on new problems and of not being thrown into mental or spiritual confusion. At the end of his studies, he is dismissed, supposedly equipped with a code of thought and conduct based on the science of life and an awakened spiritual consciousness giving him a sense of religious values which neither modern science nor unfortunate experiences in after life can destroy.

A QUESTION

By REHGE L. ROLLE

IF all your thoughts were on parade,
And all your motives brought to view,
With your emotions all displayed. . .
If all your thoughts were on parade,
Would any of your glory fade?
Just what would mankind think of you
If all you thoughts were on parade,
And all your motives brought to view?

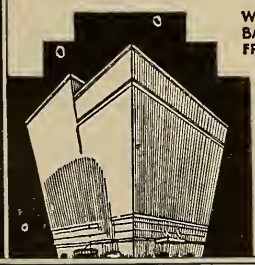


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CUBA AND THE SUGAR PROBLEM

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EVENTFUL CAREER OF CAPTAIN SUTTER

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WHAT TO DO WITH SAMOA

• •

FICTION—VERSE

. 90 SEPTEMBER, 1932 No. 7

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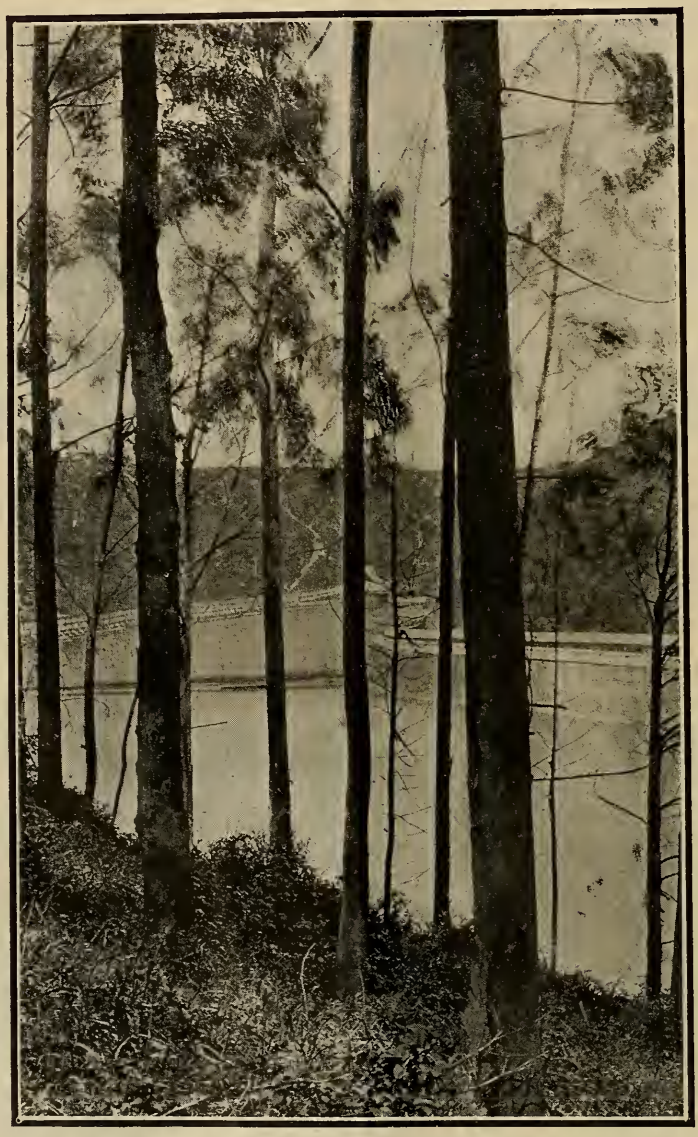
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AND OUTWEST MAGAZINE

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Editor*

VOL. 90 SEPTEMBER, 1932 No. 7

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

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The History of Overland Monthly

IN 1868, four years after the close of the Civil War, and still a year before the railroad reached California, the Overland Monthly was founded with Bret Harte as first editor. Overland celebrated its 64th Anniversary with the July, 1932, issue.

THE fame of Harte and of Overland quickly spread. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" brought world notice over night, and "The Heathen Chinee" set a new standard for dialect poetry. And with Harte, others who achieved literary success in the early Overland were Mark Twain of "Jumping Frog" fame, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ambrose Bierce and others.

THEN came such notables as James Howard Bridge, Wallace Irwin, and the Shinns as editors, and John Muir, Joaquin Miller, Robert Louis Stevenson, James Hopper, George Sterling, James D. Phelan, Edwin Markham; to say nothing of that great band of leading writers who appeared, and those who now appear, in the pages of the magazine from month to month and who have made and are making the Overland Monthly.

THE Special Jack London Number in May last, calls to mind that the first eight stories of Jack London ever appearing in print, beginning with "To The Man On Trail," were published in Overland. Hardly a writer of note in the West during the last half century whose name has not been made known through the columns of the magazine.

• • •

OVERLAND is listed in the Readers Guide to Periodical Literature and International Index. The American Library Association has recently brought the magazine to the special attention of readers.

THE history of the OVERLAND MONTHLY is in fact the history of the West. The choosing of the name for the magazine, rivals in interest the most compelling fiction. The title "Overland Monthly" has become a tradition. The story of how the Grizzly Bear happened to walk out upon the cover of the first issue in July, 1868, there to hold his ground to the present day, is a theme that might well be dramatized.

THE magazine features the best in fiction, the short story—preferably Western—articles of historic and scientific interest, progress and achievement along industrial, economic, commercial and allied lines, education and matters of social significance and home and community betterment, accomplishments of leaders in every field of endeavor, sketches of interesting personalities, occasional verse, outstanding books, creative arts, sports, travel and the out-of-doors, our relation to the Pacific Frontier —Canada, Alaska, Mexico and the Orient, and digest of important features in current magazines.

FROM the glamorous days of the past to the present machine age is a far cry. The slogan adopted by Bret Harte as the sub-title of Overland still stands following the name: "Devoted to the Development of the Country."

A PROMINENT Eastern editor once remarked that the literary United States was bounded on the East by the Atlantic Monthly and on the West by the Overland Monthly. Certainly no magazine in existence today is so rich in romance as the Overland.

• • •

OVERLAND MONTHLY is the only publication of literary nature and general circulation in the West.

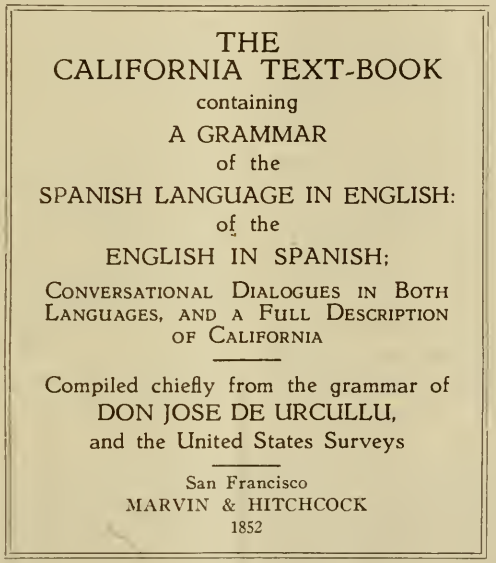
California Pictured in 1852

Accounts of the Geography and History of the Golden State As Appearing In An Early Text-Book

Comments by ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

THE history of California carries back to a period prior to the first settlement on the Atlantic Coast. During the Revolutionary days when the colonies were imbued with patriotic endeavor, the Spanish Padres were blazing the trails for El Camino Real on the Pacific Coast and establishing a chain of missions extending from San Diego on the south to Sonoma on the north. Because of the distance between the two great oceans and the wild and untamed nature of the West, little was known of California and the Pacific Coast before the middle of the last century. Many grotesque and erroneous opinions as to the geography of the country were made in Congress and early writers of our history were some times wide of the truth.

On the other hand, present day writers are more and more relying upon original sources of information for facts and conditions pertaining to the earlier days. Much has been written of interest on the movements of California history. Our readers will be especially interested in the following account taken from a volume published in 1852. The book in question is a small volume from the library of Charles C. Hughes, Superintendent of City School, Sacramento, California, and is titled "The California Text-book." It is chiefly a grammar of the English and Spanish languages but contains a section on the history and geography of California. The title page characterizes this section as giving "A Full Description of California." The chapter is headed, "Geography, History and Present Conditions of California." The excerpts here given are quoted verbatim from the book using the author's spelling and punctuation.


THE
CALIFORNIA TEXT-BOOK
containing
A GRAMMAR
of the
SPANISH LANGUAGE IN ENGLISH:
of the
ENGLISH IN SPANISH;
CONVERSATIONAL DIALOGUES IN BOTH LANGUAGES, AND A FULL DESCRIPTION OF CALIFORNIA
Compiled chiefly from the grammar of
DON JOSE DE URCULLU,
and the United States Surveys
San Francisco
MARVIN & HITCHCOCK
1852

"THE old intendency of Old and New California in the days of the viceroys," says the author, "corresponded exactly with the state of the Mexican Republic and that recently surrendered to the United States. It is on the Pacific Ocean, between the 32° and 42° north latitude, and reaches westward to the vast desert which separates it from New Mexico. It is bounded by Oregon on the north, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by Sonora and Old California, and on the west by the ocean. It has a coast of seven hundred miles and reaches one hundred and twenty-five miles inward to the Sierra Nevada. The Pacific Coast alone can be arable, although even the interior has many fertile valleys and wooded plains, and other lands susceptible of improvement.

When Cortez had conquered Mexico, the Spanish adventurers immediately penetrated to the extremest parts of the now Mexican Republic, except California, which long remained in the undisputed possession of the aboriginal occupants. This might have been expected; for the "blind passion for gold" did not extend as far as California, though all the nations nearer to Panama, led astray by a vicious civilization, exhibited a wealth not to be attained by the most patient industry anywhere.

Those who had passed from Cuba through the *Tierra Templada* of Mexico were not led astray by the temptations of California; yet the latter was the true *El Dodado* of which Raleigh dreamed—the Ophir whence Solomon received his *talents* and *shekels*. The valley of Mexico, with its Arcadian climate, the stern obligations of duty, long retained the *conquistadores* from the true origin of all the Mexican wealth. There is no country in the world which exhibits so great a diversity of climate, soil, and fertility as California. Strangely, too, the best portion of the country is not on the sea-board, the whole of which, from Mendocino northwards is occupied by a high, abrupt ridge. Between this range and one more abrupt, is the

valley of the Sacramento, extending as far as Monte San Bernardino, the country between being called *La Buena Ventura*. Beyond these is a continuation of the Cascade Mountains of Oregon, capped with unmelting ice. Beyond these are nought but sandy plains, a root digger alone could inhabit. The harbor of San Francisco equals any in the world. It is land-locked, and formed on the bay created by the confluence of the two chief rivers of California—the San Francisco and San Joaquin. The valleys of these streams are the most fruitful in California, producing all the cereals, the vines and tropical fruits. *La Buena Ventura* is the home of the California Indians, who live on the banks of the many streams flowing into these two rivers. These streams meet at a point sixty miles from the sea, with which they communicate by many streams which form a delta, to which that of the Mississippi is as nothing. Lower down, their immense volume of water forms a vast bay, on the south shore of which is San Francisco. It was once known as Yerba Buena, but the old appellation has resumed its influence. The Jesuits called it San Francisco. The following is an extract from a paper called the "California Star", and gave an account of the place, which may be relied on as having been authentic when the American immigration first began to tend thither:"

"YERBA BUENA, the name of our town,which means *good herb,* is situated on the southwest side of the principal arm of San Francisco Bay, about five miles from the ocean, on a narrow neck of land, varying from four to ten miles in width, the narrowest place being sixteen miles southwest of the town. * * *

There is in front of the town a small island, rising high above the surface of the bay, about two miles long and one wide, which is covered the greater part of the year with the most exuberant herbage, of untrodden freshness. This little island is about three miles from the shore. Between this and the town is the principal anchorage. Here the vessels of all nations rest in safety and peace, and their flags are displayed by the aromatic breeze. Two hundred yards from the shore there is twenty-four feet water, and a short distance beyond that as many fathoms. The beach, immediately in front of the now business part of the town, is shelving, but it will, no doubt, in a short time, be filled up and become the most valuable part of the place. * * *

"The town was laid off in 1839, by Captain John Vioget, and not withstanding all the troubles of the country, has gradually increased in size and importance. It now contains a population of about five hundred permanent citizens. Two years ago there were but about two hundred.

"Three miles south is the Mission Dolores, on Mission Creek, surrounded by a small valley of rich and beautiful land. The water from this creek can easily be brought by means of aqueducts to any point to supply vessels. For the supply of the citizens, the best of well-water is obtained in every part of the town, by boring the distance of forty feet.

"In going south from Yerba Buena, the traveler passes over this narrow neck of land—a most delightful region, interspersed with hills, valleys, and mountains—the valleys rich and beautiful—the hills covered with tall pines, red-wood, and cedar, that have withstood the tempests and whirlwinds of a century—and the mountains rising in majestic grandeur to the clouds. In passing out, the valley of San José opened to the view in all the loveliness of the climate of Italy and beauty of the tropics. This valley is sixty miles in length and ten in width. The Pueblo (which means an incorporated town) is the principal place of business for the valley and is about five miles from Santa Clara, the landing on the bay, or as it is termed here, 'the embarcadero.' Passing on from here northeast, the traveler in a few hours' ride, reaches the straits which separate the Suisun Bay, formed by the confluence of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, from that of San Pablo. Here it seems that the accumulated waters of a thousand years had suddenly rent the opposing mountains asunder, and flowed with tremendous force to the great bosom of the deep.

"On the north side of the bay, from the Straits to Sausilita, is one of the finest districts of the country in Upper California.

"Next to Yerba Buena, Sausilita is the best point on the whole bay for a commercial town. It is seven miles, a little east of north, from this place, on the opposite side of the bay, and has long been a watering point for vessels.

"An attempt has recently been made to lay off, and build up, a town at the Straits, to supersede the two last-mentioned places. It will, no doubt, however, be an entire failure.

"The town of Yerba Buena is called in some of the old maps of the country, *San Francisco.*"

JUST one degree from San Francisco toward the equator is the Bay of Monterey, into which the Buena Ventura debouches. On the south side of this is the town of Monterey. At an early date after the occupation it became a prosperous town. It was once a formidable position; but at the time of the American occupation, its defenses were feeble and crumbling. About one hundred and twenty miles south is the town of *Los Angeles,* near which occurred the battles between General Kearney and the Californians at San Pascual and San Miguel. The whole country of California is strewn with missions established by the Jesuits, who, previous to 1823, ruled the country. Now,

Read further on page 215

Samoa:

Coaling Station or Native Society?

By ELEANOR G. KNIGHT

"Let good and useful laws be made, let the foundations of the Government stand firm forever."
—From the deed of cession of the Samoan Chiefs.

AN AMERICAN commission has just returned from Samoa. The press paid some attention—the South Seas have been good copy since Guaguin—but it is possible that many American citizens do not know what it was all about. Some, no doubt, remembered Robert Louis Stevenson's epitaph and connected it vaguely with a Samoan mountain top. Others may have seen the play "Rain," written on the island of Tutuila, and still others, the movie "Moana." But what has an American commission to do with Samoa?

In 1830 Samoa first tempted two British missionaries. Thirty years later three great powers, England, the United States, and Prussia, had, in that order, established consular agents there. Why? The answer is the location of the islands themselves. They lie directly in the great circle track between San Francisco and Sydney—4,150 miles from the American port and 2,377 from the Australian—and they have several harbors. The Pacific Ocean is very big, and, as everybody knows, it is important that ships, and especially warships, have a place to coal or refuel on their way across it. Now the very best harbor in all the South Seas is at Pago Pago, on the island of Tutuila of the Samoan group. Here in 1872 an astute commander of the United States Navy made an agreement with High Chief Maugu whereby the United States got the exclusive privilege of establishing a naval station at Pago Pago.

What a lucky stroke this was for our Navy can be reckoned from the disaster that occurred at Apia, the next best harbor in Samoa. There, in 1889, a sudden South Seas hurricane left only one out of the seven men-of-war in the roadstead afloat, and drowned nearly 200 men. This could never happen in the harbor of Pago Pago. It is situated on the south side of the island and, about a mile from its mouth, turns sharply to the westward, forming an almost perfect lagoon, surrounded by mountains. The ocean cannot even be seen from ships lying at anchor in its shelter.

Following the 1872 agreement there was a free-for-all in Samoa. The chiefs went to war rather



A Primitive Dwelling on a Secluded Bay

consistently with each other, and alternately with Germans, Americans and British. The consuls, in like manner, squabbled among themselves and with the missionaries and traders. Deporting unruly chiefs and consuls did not mend matters, nor did the protests of one Home Government against the machinations of the nationals of another.

ONE incident is a pretty fair example of what was common enough. The 1927 United States Government report still puts the blame of the "accident" of 1899 on the activities of German officials and an American trader, a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. At that time the English and Americans wanted a young boy as head chief, while many Samoans and the Germans insisted on a seasoned old warrior by the name of Mataafa for the job. According to the report, after Mataafa's forces and villages had been shelled by American and British men-of-war, it happened that sentries in front of the American and British consulates were fired at occasionally. The report goes on naively: "It became necessary to destroy the native villages in the vicinity and drive the aggressors away. . . . Captain S—— planned an expedition. . . . The force seemed ample to do the work without much risk, especially as it was to move out along the beach and return the same way, under the protection of the guns of H.B.M.S. *Royalist.*" Something went wrong, however. The expedition deviated from the protected route and seven men were killed and seven more wounded. Destroyers were named after the two officers and one American seaman killed—a grateful country handsomely honored its heroes. But as for Samoa, this incident was the immediate precursor of the Commission which partitioned the islands between Germany and the United States.

In 1899 representatives of the three interested powers met in an effort to bring peace to the islands. Their conclusion was singularly unoriginal. Great Britain and Germany renounced in favor of the United States all *rights and claims* (sic) to the island of Tutuila and all other islands of the Samoan group east of longitude 171° west of Greenwich. Great Britain traded her *rights and claims* with Germany for other islands for which she had hankered a long time. And the United States in turn renounced in favor of Germany the islands in the Samoan group west of longitude 171°. Just prior to this, an executive order signed by President McKinley placed American Samoa under the control of the Navy, and so it has remained to the present day. (On August 29, 1914, a New Zealand expeditionary force escorted by an Australian squadron occupied German Samoa and in 1920 the Council of the League of Nations conferred it as a mandate upon New Zealand.)

In April, 1900, the chiefs of Tutuila gave a document of cession to the United States. It read in part: "Our whole desire is to obey the laws, that honor and dwelling in peace may come to pass in this country. We depend on the (U.S.) Government and we hope that we, indeed, and the Government will be prosperous, that the Government will correctly guide and advise us in order that we may be able to care for and guard well and uprightly our different villages and also our districts. Let good and useful laws be made, let the foundations of the Government stand firm forever."

Two years later they asked the American commandant if the United States had ever received their present. The commandant made a hasty recommendation to Washington, and in July, just two years and three months late, President Roosevelt wrote a thank-you letter and sent a watch, a medal and a diploma to each of the signers of the deed of cession. In 1929—actually after 27 more years—Congress accepted the cession. And this, in short is the background of the 1930 Commission.

Mr. Roosevelt's watches are probably worn out by this time, and it is hardly likely that President Hoover will send a new supply. Moreover, the day of the Naval Government is just about over. The present *fono,* or native Congress of chiefs, while composed largely of "navy men," still contains a few dissenting members who have voiced their dissatisfaction. What then shall the Government be? The *fono,* in its present anomalous state, bossed by a Governor-General who travels 10,000 miles every time we elect a new president? There is one other possibility—a suggestion made by Americans who are friends of Samoa.

LET the National Park Service—"representing American civil servants at their best"—take over the problem of fulfilling the desire of the high chiefs of Samoa. We have long been accustomed to the idea of conserving our forests, our fisheries and our flowers. It is somewhat novel to think of conserving the culture of a people. Whenever I have mentioned it to friends their first reaction has been a smile. But is it really funny? Not after they have reminded themselves of the fate of another people within our borders. What of the treatment of the Indians at the hands of self-styled Americans? What, moving westward, of the Hawaiians whose chief exports now are canned pineapples, sugar and swimmers? What of the Tahitians, reduced to a jealous pride in hideous corrugated iron houses? What of the original inhabitants of Tasmania, completely exterminated?

This would be a new job for the officers of the National Park Service but new jobs for them are all in the day's work. They are trained to meet

Read further on page 214

Shall the Village Save Us?

By ALVIN EDWARD MOORE

THE city man-out-of-work, whose groceryman refuses him credit, runs to the country. The lean, half-starved countryman whose farm has been sold for taxes, rushes to the city. Each finds the fire beneath the frying pan worse than the pan itself.

What solution is there to this impassé, disregarding the insane asylum and the jail? Where can the industrial worker and the farmer go to obtain relief from the intolerable conditions that have beset them?

Several writers in the past few years have hinted at a solution that is set forth in this article in concrete terms. The city man and the countryman should travel half their opposite journeys and stay where they meet—in the village. The small town, which has been scorned by urban and country dwellers alike, and satirized by no less a personage than a Nobel prize winner, may save both city and country in this, their hour of need.

This statement seems at first glance a contradiction of the idea proposed by Edison and so actively championed by Ford, that the salvation of the farm lay in its industrialization. In reality it comprises but a rounding out of that idea.

A farm, according to Edison and Ford, both immigrants to the city, should be operated like a factory, in an efficient, well-organized, scientific fashion. At its head should be an efficient executive who, aided by a staff of scientific specialists, should conduct his farming business from the point of view of profit and the elimination of waste at every turn. Many of the steps in the process of transforming farm products should take place on the farm.

There is no reason why farming should not be carried on as a large-scale industry. The mule-method farmer, who sells his crop and buys his food, is a joke, minus the laughter. A man would be considered slightly unbalanced if he set out to make automobiles by his own hands, in competition with the well-organized large companies. Yet the farmer is considered to be acting in a normal way when he attempts to survive in the present complex scheme of finance and industrial management by being both brains and hands of his one-family organization. No wonder urban people scorn the farmer. No wonder the farms are going bankrupt, with one-fifth of all the lands of Mississippi falling under the tax-collector's hammer.

Not many men with excellent, well-trained minds would think of trying to exist on the usual type of present-day farm. I have one intelligent friend who tried it; he is now practically broke and living with relatives. The one man who owns, manages and operates a farm, must of necessity do a great amount of hard, and at times, most menial labor. Expending nine-tenths of his time from dawn to dark in drudgery, he has little energy left to use in brain work. What man who has labored for years to develop his mind would choose to work as a slave?

Life in the city has its drawbacks—its noises, its confusion, its isolation from the environment of nature. Secluded country life with its lack of modern conveniences, is likewise to be avoided. Mr. Moore shows how the city man and the farmer may meet half way in the village, thus to enjoy the benefits of both urban and rural life. Our readers are asked to compare the "village plan" suggested by Mr. Moore with the custom of certain primitive peoples, or of the settlers of early days who for protection lived in community centers.

Farms are idle, and they will continue to be idle until more thinking pioneers take them over, consolidate and operate them on a strictly business basis.

BUT the new type of gregarious, thinking farmer and his wife will never be content to live in the isolation of the present-day farm. They will demand a great many of the city's conveniences and associations. They will not be satisfied with typical country life as we know it today. The location of their work, however, will prohibit them from moving to the city and commuting long distances to their incorporated farms.

Furthermore, they would not move to the city if they could, for urban people are now rebelling, and they will more and more rebel, against the confining city life known by most present-day industrial workers. Even after the street cars' wheels are rubberized as now proposed, and after the anti-vibrationist mechanical engineers have silenced much of the worse than barbaric noises of manufacturing life, the gigantic city will still be a trial to nerves and a bar to contentment. It is too divorced from the natural life from which we have just emerged. The pendulum in swinging has swung too far; it must now go backward a bit. The day of the Gargantuan city is passing.

It is quite as foolish as the one-man farm.

City people are beginning to seek a way out of their absurd environment; the lone farmer is demanding nearer neighbors and modern conveniences. City and country dwellers will meet in the village.

The present world-wide depression has shown the self-sufficing strength of the very small town. Countries, like France and Mexico, which are composed largely of villages, have suffered little. Cows, chickens, fruit trees and vegetable gardens, scattered through ten thousand hamlets, keep the people of these nations alive. They work in national industries mainly for luxuries. When world-wide conditions, as resistless to individuals as the tides of the sea, overcome their industries, they lose their luxuries but not their means of existence.

Stuart Chase has well described the great economic and artistic contrast between the typical Mexican village, with its slow unhurrying way of life, and our typical industrial community with its begging thousands, incarcerated between stone walls and streets, besieged by the Great American Depression. Their art, as I have reason to know, for I have lived among them, is of the earth earthy. It comprises unstudied, just-happened sort of beauty that is the despair of our synthetic artists. One can not put together nature; always the vitamin, or the soul, is left out. We have divorced ourselves too much both from the beauty and the economy of the old mother of us all in our cities of stone and steel and smoke.

Despite all the picturesqueness and the economic self-sufficiency of the village, however, present small towns have their serious drawbacks, as most of us who have left them well know. They may lack many of the city conveniences that instead of being a nuisance are actually a blessing to men. Furthermore they tend to have a narrowing influence, making their residents too provincial in thought and action for the well-being of the present closely-knit world. We can not turn the hands of evolutional history backward and live in the entirely self-sufficing hamlets of the middle ages.

IN OUR village of the future many of these drawbacks will be eliminated. Let us look forward a couple of decades and visit such a village, in which a young factory worker, going to and from his work by airbuss, makes his home.

The factory, where this young worker is engaged, is set out in the country near the source of its major raw material, as advocated by Ford. The man has worked five hours this summer day and is returning home many hours before the sun goes down.

The village where he disembarks after a few minutes' ride is green, calmly wrapped in that age-old silence which city-dwellers have almost lost.

The young man's house is not too large nor too small, not pretentious nor mean—just a liveable dwelling place, expressing within reasonable limits the individuality of himself and his wife.

He changes to his working clothes and works about the place, absolutely his own boss, until time for dinner, which is prepared by his wife if she does not work in industry, but taken at the village restaurant if she is employed.

Their acre plot contains the house, private walks and driveways, shade trees, a small playground for both adults and minors, flower and vegetable gardens and a small orchard containing fruit and nut trees of various kinds. There will be a few pets and maybe a hive of bees or a flock of ornamental as well as useful fowls.

Their house is heated by a thermostatically-controlled oil furnace and they have all really useful electric appliances at their elbows, including an electric stove, electric refrigeration, toasters, vacuum cleaner, radio, and so forth. They can have all these conveniences of the Gargantuan city with ease since there is a power line to their door.

Their little town is composed of just such homes as this. The houses are not standardized, neither are they cramped. Nor are the occupants divorced from the beauties of nature, for they have not stifled their instinctive love of the out-of-doors in the smoke-ridden city.

The village has community-owned water, electric power, telephones, schools, tennis courts and golf courses. These businesses are run by a town manager, scientifically trained in his special line.

Later, state ownership of large, nation-wide industries may come, as a logical development of the present mass-owned large companies, such as the telephone corporation. But this final development is so far distant to most of us it seems a mirage on the horizon. After glimpsing it we needs must turn away to the more workable present.

All workers of the not distant, brighter future may live in such little towns not far from their factories, offices or incorporated farms. They thus will be semi self-sufficient. If a depression comes they will not become gray-headed fearing the loss of their jobs, for if they are discharged, they can still exist since they own their homes with their vegetable gardens, fruit trees and fowls. Furthermore, they will have enough work to do about their places to keep them from thinking about themselves and becoming melancholy.

IF our young pair in their little home set in nature is a dream, then let us dream on. But many of us insist that such a dream is more likely to come true than are those sombre night-

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The Little Finger

By MRS. GEORGE LONG HUTCHINGS

CASTLEMAN sped deeper into the night. The rain beat into his face and the tall poplars along the gutted roadway bent and swayed as if to lift with titanic fingers his scurrying car. Far away he heard the low thunder of the guns and here and there a starshell blazed through the intense darkness.

Great swirls of gray-black clouds obscured the shrinking moon and the wind swept back of him as if its omnipotence propelled him, instead of the purring mechanism of the car which vied in its swiftness with the forces of nature.

"At last a light," he breathed with a heartfelt sigh of relief as a bright crimson glow came through the interstices of the mutiliated hedges, but as he slackened the motor he suddenly felt a terrific shock. A high stone wall hidden in the blackness of the night stopped his rapid course.

Backing away from the wall he pressed forward, passing between two high gateposts whose huge lamps dimly lighted up a building of fortress-like aspect, a rambling structure with round towers at either end. From many eyelike windows a bright glow winked out into the furious storm a cheerful welcome. To Castleman, in the inky night, it seemed a haven of refuge. Wondering if he had come upon a Chateau Hospital, a "Y" headquarters or perhaps an undiscovered religious retreat, he stopped at the entrance; was he in the enemy's country? It was perhaps a shelter, which would be welcome to his exhausted nerves after his search for his missing "Buddy," and for once the poor "blesse" did not add to the horrors of night work and the difficulty of piloting the car over the wretched roads and through the incessant fire of the enemy.

With difficulty and groping his way Castleman walked up the stone stairway. By the vivid flashes of lightning he saw that the building was indeed ancient and in places almost fallen into decay. Fungi spread a filmy webwork over its stones and a peculiar earthy mouldering smell was disguised only by the odor of red poppies which grew from the crannies of the dismantled balustrades and nodded from every mossy crevice.

As he stood waiting after lifting the heavy bronze wolfhead knocker the flowers appeared to be dripping blood, or was it the streaming downpour of rain? Someway the flowers seemed sinister as if their reincarnated souls breathed out to him a warning to turn and fly back into the fury of the night. As the door softly opened Castleman forgot these fancies, for the warmth and brightness within flung a wide pathway of light across the darkness.

The manservant from whom he asked shelter was far from prepossessing. That he was very old was evident and he stooped so much that his long, loose-hanging hands almost touched the floor. His gray, grizzled hair bristled over a forehead so low that it seemed as if the eyebrows and hair met over his small deep-set eyes; a smile servile yet cruel, betrayed the low cunning of his nature.

Begging Castleman to enter, he said, obsequiously, that he would seek permission of his mistress to shelter a soldier from the storm. He looked intently at Castleman who wore the uniform of an American Ambulance driver and then loped toward a great black paneled door, which, when opened emitted sounds of high strange laughter and the tinkling of glass and silver which faded away to low mumbles as the door closed again. The old servant on his return told Castleman to follow him and advanced down the dark, Gothic-arched hallway. As Castleman followed those stealthy footsteps which scarcely gave forth a sound, he was surprised that his own tread resounded as if from a vaulted tomb and that the high eye-like window casements rattled as he strode.

Castleman removed his dripping slicker in a small dressingroom, assisted by the old man, who in his fawning voice, asked him to be a guest at the dinner party then in progress, saying it was the desire of his mistress. Castleman, whose love of adventure was ever keen, needed little urging and only regretting the delay in his search for his friend Fleming, and the unsuitableness of his mud-stained uniform, was soon bowing to as motley a looking company as he ever beheld.

AROUND a magnificently carved table of dark rich wood in whose center gleamed a huge silver bowl of blood red poppies, sat a party of twelve people. To his utter amazement, whom should he see amongst them, but Fleming, his long searched for buddy! There he sat calmly hobnobbing with a lot of hideous old women and grizzled-headed Russians, actors, musicians or spies, for all he could guess. The prima-donna, he knew she must be, arose and extended to him two lovely slender hands of polished whiteness, gemmed in great winking rubies, with such a cordial clasp that he felt distinctly the impact of each pink-pointed fingernail. His eyes rested on her strangely lovely face, the extreme pallor of its perfect oval, while her long narrow eyes of miraculous luster burned into his own.

"You are very welcome, Monsieur," she laughed in a hesitating foreign accent. Castleman

had never heard this particular thrilling timbre of the voice before; it was low and gutteral, yet stirred his blood singularly like something half remembered. He dared not return her intense penetrating glance; it was like gazing into the core of the sun to look long at her. Seated opposite her, he puzzled his brain to think which of the great Diva's or theatrical stars she might be. A Russian, he was sure, her deep auburn hair with brilliant fiery gleams about the brow and temples, her nose rather long with quivering nostrils and her lips a scarlet stain in her white face and little flashing teeth pointed at the ends.

Yet it was not the long exquisite lines of her figure in its sheath-like gown of cloth of gold, its wide oriental bejeweled girdle, nor her beauty that fascinated him; rather it was the peculiar indrawing of her breath when she spoke, an "aura" of some new kind, that allured and mystified him.

With a smothered oath Castleman turned to Jerold Fleming, but he evaded his anxious questions by hurried inquiries as to Castleman's ride in the storm and indicated by a slight lift of the eyebrows that he preferred to remain incognito.

Angrily shrugging his shoulders Castleman turned his attention entirely to the dinner which was remarkably good for war times, for he was half famished after the long ride through the storm. The wine was spicy and of a delicious bouquet, but its effect extremely heady, for after the first sip he felt his blood flow through his chilled veins like a torrent of fire. That it was most potent was certain for the guests had become wild and boisterous and the laughter of the women shrill and disagreeable.

Above the table a curiously carved chandelier thrust out four huge arms holding cups of a strange device and workmanship in which candles of dull yellow wax, as large as a man's wrist, filled the room with their radiance. The high casements were open. A rush of wind nearly gutted the lights and for a moment the room was almost in darkness. Just then the old serving man thrust a tray of cigars and cigarettes in front of Castleman who selected one in the dim light, and as he lit a match and started to put the tobacco to his lips a thrill of horror clutched at his heart. The cigarette fell from his hand and as the lights flared high he saw lying on the table before him the stiff dead little finger of a man.

Horrified yet fascinated, he stealthily slipped it into his pocket. As the wine went round again the hilarity of the guests rose higher, but the burning eyes of his hostess he saw had noted all. The bejeweled and rouged old woman next Castleman leaned nearer him, gibbering stories the meaning of which he was unable to grasp, nor did he care to listen. He felt relieved when the whole company began persuading a gray mustached man to sing.

"SING to us, Maestro," they shouted in strange whining chorus for all the world like the drone of shells high in the air as Castleman thought, who was by this time sure he was in the throes of a nightmare. He bit his lips and pinched his arms and finally probed his pocket for the ghastly little finger only to find it there all too plainly.

In the meantime the Maestro had arisen and had begun to sing in a marvelous, deep voice, commanding and thrilling; the first burst of song flooding the room held Castleman spellbound. Never had he imagined the human voice capable of such range, such technique, such power, and although the words were in a strange tongue, the meaning was clear as English to Castleman. The fury of the storm, the lust of the flesh and the mournfulness of desolation surged through him as he listened. He felt as if led on to some high mountain and shown all the temptations of mankind; all that was low and evil in his nature arose and demanded control of him.

Turning to young Fleming he noted how his strong face grew sickly and craven in the ghoulish candlelight. His eyes were pleading with those of the lovely countesse, who with languid lids looked back at him. On her face was an expression so alluring, so fascinating, that Castleman, pushing back his chair, rose from the table as the last notes of the Maestro's song thrilled through the heated room and said:—

"I am sorry to interrupt, Madame La Countesse, but I have trespassed enough upon your hospitality and must push on before midnight." Then to Fleming with intense meaning, "May I give you a lift?"

"But this is ungracious of you," interrupted the Countesse, trying to conceal her anger, and raising her glittering eyes to his. "You must not break up our party now you have joined it. We are going to have more music and cards in the drawing room."

At the mention of cards Castleman felt a swift relief. That it was a gaming house accounted for Fleming's air of concealment, for it was a well known fact that Fleming's greatest weakness was cards. Partly from curiosity and partly to help Fleming, Castleman decided to stay. In a few moments more they were all in the drawing room, Castleman feeling alive and alert, for the spell of the Maestro's song had passed from him.

The drawing room was spacious and gloomy, paneled and wainscoted in darkest mahogany, lit only by huge sconces from the side walls. Card tables were set forth by soft footed servants and the strong delicious coffee was served by the Countesse from a high dias in a dim, unlighted portion of the great church-like room.

As they sat down to play, Castleman found he

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The Romance and Tragedy of Captain John Augustus Sutter—Pioneer Builder

By H. C. PETERSON, Curator, Sutter's Fort Historical Museum

PART III.

Continued from August issue

FRONTIER justice was efficient because it was simple. Ifs, ands, and wherefores were not part of its vocabulary. Good, hard, horse sense was the prevailing ingredient; the prisoner was given his opportunity to justify himself—the more direct and candid his statement, the better his chances for freedom. There were few, if any, jails, and, incidentally no small community wanted to be saddled with the expense of keeping a criminal in jail — so they gave no jail sentences. Particularly was this true at the Fort, with one exception, to be noted later.



Old Chinese Bank at Coloma, Close to the Spot Where Gold Was Discovered by Marshall

Captain Sutter was Alcalde for his district, all of Central California; his judicial rule was supreme there. He had but one divorce case — the eternal triangle, without the Eve. Essentially, the case happened thusly:

The body of a trapper was found under some brush not far from the Fort. He had been murdered. The discovery caused great excitement within the Fort's adobe walls. Two trappers, friends of the dead man, with an Indian, started out to look for the murderer. There were no telephones, no telegraph lines, no teletypes to aid them, but they didn't need them; their sharp eyes and woodcraft, their intense desire to avenge their comrade made up for everything.

About two miles from the Fort, near where the Southern Pacific railroad station now stands, they overtook two men, captured them and took them to the Fort dungeon. A jury was soon selected, and they held the trial in the open yard.

The prisoners finally admitted they had killed the trapper in cold blood, but denied they were guilty of any murder. They made no claim for self defense, nor pleaded extenuating circumstances, but declared they were innocent upon the grounds that they were in the hands of the devil when they killed the man, but since that event they had divorced the devil and severed all connections with him. Consequently the devil was the guilty party and should be tried, not them. This was a new one on that jury, but they were equal to the occasion. They retired, talked it over, came to the conclusion that the divorce from His Satanic Majesty was not legal, that the three should be re-united in unholy wedlock, which they proceeded to do by marching the two prisoners to an accommodating oak tree near the Fort and stringing them up.

The exception to jail sentences illustrates Capt. Sutter's diplomatic ability. After his appointment as Alcalde, his first duty was to impress upon the Indians that all their major troubles should be brought to him for solution. They had plenty of troubles, he soon learned.

One morning, a big, brawny chief strode through the south gate followed by a young, good looking Indian girl. The Chief had "a trouble" so he told Sutter, pointing to the girl. Between the Chief's grunts and the interpreter, the Alcalde finally learned the situation. The Chief had married the girl, but she refused to have anything to do with him. He beat her, he starved her, but she was stubborn. She wouldn't gather acorns, she wouldn't grind up grasshoppers, would not the all-wise white judge order her locked up in his dark, dank dungeon until she was willing to become a good squaw wife? Sutter did some rapid thinking. He agreed; ordered the girl locked up in the dungeon with its five-foot-thick adobe walls; then told the Chief to return in a month; maybe by that time she would come to her senses. The Indian was overjoyed. He was happy when he saw his wife being lead to the dungeon keep. He came back a month later, she was still in the dungeon, still stubborn. For over a year he made monthly trips to the Fort but always found her locked up. Captain Sutter was so sorry, but he could do nothing with her—

women were so hard to handle at times. At the end of a year and a half the Chief became disgusted, and secured another wife. The old one could rot in the dungeon for all he cared.

Captain Sutter enjoyed many a good laugh at the expense of his Indian friend, for as soon as he was out of sight, the Indian girl was taken from the dungeon and housed with the other Indian squaws. But on his monthly visits the Chief always found her locked up tight. Her eventual fate is indefinite. Quite likely she married some trapper, not an uncommon event in those days.

BY 1841 there were over a score of white men at the Fort. Some had been given grants of land in the immediate vicinity by Sutter, who made no charge for it. His one desire was to get his colony started. This necessitated a survey. He prevailed upon his countryman, Captain J. J. Vioget, of Yerba Buena, to come up and make it. Vioget had made the first survey of the Bodega Bay district and also of Yerba Buena. His first visit to the little Bay village was in 1837, when there were but two houses there. The wonderful possibilities of the harbor so appealed to him that he sat on the deck of his ship and made a water-color painting of it, the first illustration of the city that was destined to become the most romantic city of the world, a painting that traveled all over the world before Captain Vioget finally settled in the village itself and opened up the Portsmouth House on Clay Street, just off the old Plaza.



Marshall's Cabin at Coloma Today. Monument in Background.

It was no easy matter to survey the Fort lands owing to the trees and brush, but it was finally finished, and its completion celebrated with a dinner, whereat the juice of the wild river grape came in for its generous share of attention. From Alice Vioget, daughter-in-law of the Captain, I learned that the favored spot for their confidential talks was on a seat between the two great cottonwood trees out near the pond, which still stand.

The same year, 1841, John Bidwell, later the founder of Chico, arrived at the Fort with the Peter Burnett Party, the first party of Eastern immigrants to come to the new settlement. Bidwell was immediately hired as clerk by Sutter. Few people did more for California, and few men received less credit for their work, than did John Bidwell, one of the most progressive, upright and generous men that this state has produced. It was he whom Sutter sent to Fort Ross to bring up such material from there as could be transported in boats after he had purchased the Russian Fort. Bidwell, with helpers, went to Fort Ross, and by means of ox-carts, brought overland to Sausalito all the doors, windows, lumber and blacksmithing material they could get from the place and transported it in Sutter's sloop to Sutter's Fort. Many trips were required.

This Russian purchase explains a matter that has puzzled many visitors at the Fort here, who cannot reconcile the finished tongue-and-groove doors with the primitive adobe walls. The reason is simple—the original doors here were made in Norway, transported by sleds across the dreary wastes of Siberia to Behring Straits, across the Straits to Sitka, Alaska, by boat, thence by boat to Bodega Bay, and by ox cart to Fort Ross, finally ending up with an hundred mile river trip to the American River.

This first party of immigrants aroused the hostility of the local Mexican government; they didn't like this idea of too many Americans settling here.

Sutter saw trouble brewing. He rushed the work of building the outer protecting walls of his fort and mounting cannons at the loop-holes. These cannon he had secured from various sources. Some were from Moscow, some from Spain, some from vessels calling at Yerba Buena; two brass howitzers were mounted on wheels; some heavy iron ones on mounts with small wheels. We have several of these guns at the Fort today.

Among the Americans it was well understood that in case of trouble with the Mexicans, they should all assemble at the Fort, which they did several times when trouble seemed imminent.

Sutter welcomed all immigrants, however forlorn their condition, and most of them certainly presented the most forlorn appearance possible after their long overland journey across the uncharted wilderness, suffering every privation, every hardship, and usually arriving destitute and half starved. He housed them, fed them, nursed them back to health and asked nothing in return. To those who would stay, he gave employment. To

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Cuba and Havana and How to Solve the Sugar Problem

By BEN FIELD

ANY story about Cuba must deal, to some extent, with sugar and sugar cane.

Our chauffeur who drove us for many miles where the royal palm trees grow and the ceiba trees and the mangoes and bananas, took us to many sugar cane plantations. He appeared to be very well informed and talked of sugar and politics and the various conditions at the present time on the Island.

This state of being well advised as to the affairs of their Country I found to be true, generally, of the Cuban people.

Cuba, in the recent arrangement, reflected by a subsequent order from His Excelencia General Gerardo Machado y Morales, President of the Republic, was allotted 2,700,000 tons of refined sugar production, on the market for the current year.

The Island could, I suppose, produce many times that amount from its great refineries; but these have been forced to shut down. What was wrong with the vision of the bankers? Could they not forsee the present condition?

We visited the attractive Hershey mills at "Sugar Town" on the way to Matanzas. They do not make chocolate bars there—just sugar and more sugar. The plant has since suspended. Also practically all of the more than five hundred million dollars invested in Cuban sugar mills will be inoperative, for a considerable time at least.

The world uses about 27,000,000 tons of sugar per annum. Prorate this among the 2,000,000,000 people on earth and you have about 27 pounds per person. Subtract the enormous amounts used in the industries, candy factories, soda fountains and allied activities and there is still enough left for coffee and berries.

But the world just now can and does produce more than 27,000,000 tons per annum. What is to be done with the surplus? A report recently issued states that sugar adds great strength to concrete and brick building work. What a field for speculation is opened up by this illuminating statement!

If only, however, some enterprising humanitarian would use ship loads of sugar cane, in its natural state, from Cuba and the Philippines, and great plantations of it from our southern states of America for the food of man, what beneficial results would follow!

I remember, years ago when I was a boy traveling about the West Indes, seeing the natives of Haiti eat sugar cane. They used it almost exclusively as a diet. A stalk four or five feet long would be seized in the hands and flashing, white teeth would tear it to pieces. On this food they did strenuous and powerful work as dock and lighter hands and in similar capacities.

Yes, let the United States of America squeeze the juice from millions of tons of raw sugar cane and serve the inexpensive drink-food to the people. And let it be sold also in sections for a cent or less a foot. A blessing would descend on the people if raw cane were used, as oranges are used, to make a drink for the millions. It took education, propaganda to induce the people to turn California's surplus and cull orange crop into a delicious drink. Great benefit has thus come to the people and to the orange growers. But the same thing could be done, no doubt, for the sugar cane of Cuba.

Suffice it that raw sugar cane would revolutionize the diet and health of hundreds of millions of people if only its use could come into vogue. Toxic poisons in man's system would be relatively unknown, with all their train of direful diseases. The reserve stores of sugar would be exhausted. Prices would advance for the poor, discouraged farmer and plantation-owner, and several billion of dollars invested would return dividends in one way or another. Prosperity would further encourage the fine system of Cuban railways that has done very much for Island industries.

The New York Times, in its issue of March 23, 1932, says in a prominent article headed: "Grape-Juice Craze Hits South Africa—Active Demand for New Native Product Hailed as Boon to Industry: South Africa has suddenly awakened to a realization of the fact that this drink tickles the palate more than wine, beer, whiskey or any other beverage sanctioned by British tradition.

The new soft drink is alcohol-less, white or golden in color and is devoid of preservatives. The first consignment of 30,000 liters sold quickly. Expected to last a month or two, it disappeared in four days. A new lot of 100,000 liters was manufactured and placed on sale.

Success in the manufacture of grape juice might prove an economic boon for this country. Vintners in the Cape region are at a loss to know

what to do with their grapes. From grape juice to high finance seems a long step, yet there are connecting links."

If orange juice and grape juice are conducive to the health of the nations, (and they are), and if their manufacture and consumption are connected beneficially with the finances of the nations, how much more would the consumption of sugar cane juice, (generally admitted by great dietetic authorities to be the most perfect and healthful food nature has made), serve for the physical and moral rejuvenation of peoples and the stabilizing of finance!

God sent manna to the Children of Israel in the wilderness. Today He sends invention, science, genius, ideas to solve the difficulties of overproduction and depression. Man in turn should have faith and perseverance.

But our chauffeur from the good Hotel Plaza was saying something about Bacardi cocktails and rum—wanted to know if we would like some of this extract of sugar cane, at a pleasant road house we were approaching. This amber-colored liquor, by the way, comes from a great plant at Santiago de Cuba where about seventeen million dollars are invested to produce it—which amount includes a fine marble and stone business building in Havana—monument to progressive business methods.

How much better for the people of Cuba to have pure, wholesome liquor, rather than the raw, green and poisonous stuff of bootleggers and speakeasies! There are about 6000 bars in Havana. Nearly every grocery store has a bar. Every kind of liquor that is known to commerce can be found in any of an hundred places which are almost at hand in practically every part of this ancient, yet modern City. And only visitors from other shores become intoxicated. There may be and probably are cases of drunkenness amongst the residents of Cuba, but such cases must be rare for we do not see them.

Our hotel guide and chauffeur called attention particularly to the royal palm and ceiba trees; also the salvadora or salvation tree. These are protected by law and may not be cut down without a permit from the Government. The royal palm, that stately, graceful, beautiful tree-being of Cuba, provides all of the building material and the roof, (leaves for thatch), for country homes. Rather it did until the Government decided to save these enchanting tropical growths.

When a young country swain falls in love with a Cuban girl he diplomatically helps her dad dig his sweet potatoes. Also if the family thatch roof is as much as five years old, (a time when all such roofs are renewed if possible), he offers to replace it. The beautiful leaves of the palm are to be had without felling the tree itself, so he is within the law here.

Then comes the day when the engagement is announced. A picnic is held, music, dancing and the food of these happy people spread on the green-sward with milk and wine for the thirsty, or perhaps cocoanut milk from the green nuts of nearby trees. Yet what a tragedy is an old roof! It means there is no daughter in the house.

We talked of the admixture of races, a problem such as that in Hawaii, yet not as acute. I asked our smiling chauffeur whose Spanish-Cuban-American tongue is hard sometimes to follow:

Do the 40,000 Chinese in Cuba marry here?

"Oh yes," he answered as he flashed me a challenging glance, "they marry Negro women—companionate marriages, you know."

Our car bowled along the one hundred and twenty-five million dollar highway that runs like a clear river between Pinar del Rio and Santiago de Cuba, for 750 miles. It is a good road but one hundred and sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars, plus, per mile is a lot of money, don't you think? said I.

"Yes," he agreed and his eyes were somber, "but they had to haul the gravel a long way, and the rock and cement; and there were many bridges."

Oh, that was it, I answered.

I noticed that occasionally an on-coming automobile would flash its headlights on and then off again quickly. And our chauffeur and man-of-all-knowledge would raise his hand in salute, the while his white teeth would show in a dazzling smile again. Then he would slow down. Finally I said to him:

What is the meaning of this signal of the headlights that you answer?

"Didn't you see the motorcycle officer back there?"

Yes, I saw him by the side of the road.

"Well, that other car signalled me to go slow because the officer was there. It is a courtesy of the road in Cuba."

Mr. Holm, the Cuban enthusiast, suggested that we pause at the attractive roadhouse and partake of refreshments. As we sat under a great ceiba or God tree and sipped our cocktails or drank our beer he told us of the effort that is being made to enlighten the people as to the medicinal value of Cuban fruits and vegetables.

"These," he said, "contain more iodine than fruits and vegetables grown in any other quarter of the globe. The very breezes from the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean are laden with chlorine and saline substances which contain iodine salts. Cuba, of coral formation and volcanic origin, has during the known ages been submerged three times. This acounts largely for the iodine content of growing things. The great

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Reclamation—A Short, Short Story

By ST. CLAIRE MUNROE McKELVEY

DRAMA is where you find it. Abner Thoms reflected wealth and refinement. Also, there was an intangible factor in his personality which eluded definition. A "man of mystery,' he had been termed, howbeit he gave no evidence of concealment other than a habit of reticence or reserve.

Tall, erect, sandy-haired, though greying at the temples, his firm face and steady eyes bespoke perfect control over self and an inherent ability to control situations.

We come now to events which make this chronicle possible and show again that truth is stranger than fiction.

On a certain evening, Abner Thoms sat before the broad fireplace of his library. He was not reading. Rather, his thoughts seemed remote from the present, as the smoke rings from his pipe drifted lazily upward. At last he sighed, rose, shook out his pipe, crossed to the wall-safe, twirled the knob and retired to his sleeping room and disrobed.

Some two hours later he wakened. Whether some sound had roused him, he did not know. He lay idly listening for a time, then rose, drew on his wrapper, passed quietly down the stairway and paused at the entrance to the library.

As he stood thus a thin bar of light swept the room for an instant and came to rest, as he looked within, upon the combination of the wall-safe. Also was revealed a gloved hand that moved silently and with precision.

Abner waited, watching the tableau before him. Presently a form arose as the safe door swung open. Abner touched the switch at his right; the room was flooded with light to reveal a young man with an automatic leveled in a steady hand.

For the space of a minute neither moved. Then Abner, a slight smile, whimsical, playing about his lips, walked to the chair he had occupied earlier in the night, seated himself and, without speaking, motioned the other to a seat opposite.

There was no gesture of haste, of threat, of request. Merely quiet assurance, a mastery of circumstance.

The young man stood motionless, alert. Finally he placed the weapon in a pocket, advanced and seated himself in the chair indicated.

"You seem to have rather pressing need of funds." The elder man's voice was modulated, possessed of a subtle, magnetic quality.

"Not particularly," replied the youth. "Shall I bid you good-night, or do you plan to disturb the estimable gentlemen in their card game at the Central Station? Personally, I never like to incommode them."

"Is this your honorable profession, may I ask?" inquired Abner.

His "guest" raised an eyebrow: "My avocation, rather."

"Surely an interesting one, although beset by dangers."

"Perhaps there is spice in danger, as there is in variety," answered the intruder.

The eyes of the elder man held those of the youth: "The face of Danger, like that of Vice, seen to oft', becomes familiar—and 'familiarity breeds contempt.' You have not served a prison term—as yet?"

"No, do you purpose that I shall?"

Abner smiled, passing his fingers through his hair. Finally, "May I ask your name?" he said.

"Certainly—it is not Jack Dean; call me that. Have I your permission to smoke?"

Abner Thoms indicated the cigarette container. The mantle clock chimed the hour.

"I WAS employed as a young man," Abner Thoms was speaking—the tone was reminiscent, "in a home-like community where most people knew everyone else. You have seen such places. My most intimate associate was a young fellow of my own age. He possessed a pleasing personality and occupied a position of trust. He was deeply in love with a charming and gracious young woman. They married and a son was born to them. Then—how, why, it does not matter, he became involved, was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years. Whether guilty or innocent is non-essential. Do I weary you, Jack?"—glancing at his companion.

"Please continue," said Jack Dean.

"Needless to say," resumed the other, "his wife was loyal. 'Love endureth long, and is kind.' Shortly she died, perhaps of a broken heart."

Mayhap the youth did not notice the husky voice or observe the moistened eyes of the man.

Abner continued, "He had seen his young son but once—before the gates of the prison closed behind him. Fifteen years later he was pardoned. I said I knew the man. He walked forth, free! But something within him, I think, had died. I cannot explain. His search for the boy proved unavailing.

"He went to South America, found wealth, returned to his native land—but not to happiness—not to peace.

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The Romance of Captain Sutter

Continued from page 206

those who wanted to go on to the Coast, he gave every assistance. His one great desire was to build up California.

IN 1842 arrived the Pierson B. Reading Party of thirteen men, who, with the exception of the Donner Party, probably endured more hardships than any other immigrant party. Quoting from his diary, recently published by the San Francisco Society of Pioneers, through the courtesy of Phil B. Bekeart:

> "Friday, Nov. 10, 1843. . . . and came in sight of Fort Nûva Helvetia (Sutter's Fort). This gentleman made us all welcome . . . giving us such information of this beautiful country as to induce most of our party . . . to settle in Sacramento. . . . sixty soldiers, principally Indians, comprise the military force. It is the largest and best Fort in California.
>
> In one corner of the yard is a mill for grinding wheat. There is a blacksmith shop, carpenter and shoe maker shop and a tannery. In short, you may say that the enterprise of Capt. Sutter is such as to provide all that man wants within his own resources.
>
> It is almost impossible to conceive in what manner and in so short a time Capt. Sutter has made such extensive and permanent improvements, but when you read the character of the gentleman, you will at once perceive that with his intelligence he is also remarkable for his perseverance. No one could have labored under such disadvantages as he, in carrying forward the improvement of this beautiful property so far removed from where he could obtain the necessary equipment. All this he has most certainly overcome. He has converted the wild Indians into good and faithful servants. They are called in the morning by reveille, and at a certain hour the bell calls them to breakfast and again to their labors. The drums again in the evening announce the hour for bed . . . he is a great benefactor to this tribe of Indians."

Reading went on to Monterey, but soon returned to enter the employ of Sutter, later becoming very prominent in the early history of our State.

Captain John C. Fremont and Kit Carson rode up to the south gate of the Fort on March 8, 1844. The party was destitute, so Sutter immediately started rehabilitating the outfit. Two weeks later Fremont left.

That same year the first overland immigrant train to California, the Murphy Party, arrived at New Helvetia, but later most of them went on to Santa Clara Valley. John Brown stayed with Sutter and acted as cook. A trapper named Kennedy, always hungry, was addicted to helping himself to things in the kitchen when Brown's back was turned, but Brown laid for him and swung a heavy iron skillet over his head. It was a well worn skillet and the bottom was thin, so the blacksmith removed its heavy rim from around Kennedy's neck. Just another incident of speedy, capture, trial and execution of sentence.

The Kyburz family arrived in 1845. They arranged with Capt. Sutter to open a boarding and rooming house. He assigned them three rooms in the Central Building annex. The two lower rooms had dirt floors. In the upper room the men slept. Mrs. Kyburz was an excellent cook, and they made money. The descendants of the family have followed the same profession ever since at Kyburz, on the Placerville road.

This same year General Castro decided to make Sutter an official visit. The Fort was gaily decorated with flags, the largest moveable cannon parked near the wall outside, pointing down the gate roadway. Sutter had instructed the gunner, an old seafaring tar, to load it well. All would have been well had not the old sailor loaded himself up first full of California hospitality. He filled the cannon half full of powder, cramming wadding in the rest of the barrel until it stuck out the muzzle. As General Castro approached the gate Sutter gave the signal to fire. There was a flash, a tremendous roar, the General was covered with smoke-blackened paper and nearly unseated from the concussion, while the cannon vanished from sight as the recoil forced it back through the adobe wall, thus giving Sutter's Fort the credit of having the first disappearing cannon on the Pacific Coast.

IT WAS in 1845 that James W. Marshall arrived—also half-starved and worn out. He was a millwright and carriage maker and was hired on the spot to open a wagon making shop at the Fort.

The story of Marshall is a story in itself. Suffice to say, he was employed by Capt. Sutter in the Fall of 1847 to go to the mountains, locate a site for a sawmill, erect one, and turn out lumber.

He selected a place at Coloma, put up the building, but had trouble getting his mill-race low enough to carry off the water after it had passed the water wheel. It was in this mill-race that he picked up, on the morning of January 24, 1848, the little flake of gold that was to electrify the whole civilized world, resulting in the greatest gold rush known in history.

The first piece of gold was not a nugget. There are no nuggets in the Coloma formation, but in-

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George K. Brandriff, Painter of the Sea

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

A NEW and vital American marine painter looms large upon the Western art horizon, in the person of George K. Brandriff, who, today, bids fair to take his place beside William Ritschel and Armin Hansen as an important figure in the limited field of authentic deep-sea painters on the Pacific Coast.

Unlike Ritschel and Hansen, who live and paint at Monterey, Bandriff is a product of Southern California, hence his background is more glamorous and his perception more mellowed.

To the average layman living east of the Great Divide, this statement may require some qualifications.

It seems an absurdity to divide the Northern portion of California from that of the Southern, in dealing with art, yet in order to do justice to the equally important achievements of both sections, it is necessary to approach the subject from almost opposite viewpoints.

It is readily understood that art reflects the physical and temperamental conditions of its time and place with mirror-like accuracy. Thus it becomes a simple matter to appreciate the differences between a canvas painted in Southern California and one inspired by the less languorous beauties of the North.

While much of the same topographical formation is found throughout the state, none can dispute the fact that the South coast is as unlike the colder waters and the etched shore-line of Monterey and Santa Cruz as anything could well be; yet, no doubt, the chief difference lies well within the realm of the inner mind known in art as feeling.

Herein is the essential dissimilarity between the more heroic works of Ritschel, the more classic intellectuality of Hansen, compared to the intimate and personal interpretations of the sea that Brandriff brings to his canvases.

No doubt many will take issue with the writer by reason of the fact that, at the present time, Bandriff is considered a very versatile artitst, and not typically a marine painter. True, he paints



Courtesy Biltmore Salon

"Desert Home" by George K. Brandriff

successful landscapes, brilliant desert subjects, foreign market places, shore marines and beach compositions with figures, but none of these approach the profound as do his powerful renderings of the might and majesty of the deep.

I believe that in the not far distant future, Brandriff's fame will rest on his power to limn the sea. Already his viewpoint as a marinest is more masculine and more craftsmanlike than is evinced in his romantic landscapes or colorful shore studies. He undoubtedly possesses the ability to weave a tremendous drama and a fine composition out of the content of waves.

In his translation of eddying foam, clouds scudding before the wind, the swelling hull of a ship, he symbolizes both visual beauty and philosophic significance, and thus he never fails to arrest attention by his almost fatalistic phases of the human interest of the sea.

His seascapes have much of the mighty slow breathing of the element, coupled with the grave poesy of sea-faring folk—an idealized chantey of the Pacific.

Rich and luminous in color, Brandriff seems able to suggest the terrific depth and crushing weight of water, its force and power, relentless cruelty and its menacing, clutching movement, in a surprisingly simple and wholly direct and sincere manner. In his work he seems to relate his own vision and temperament, like a coast-born scion of a Viking race, whipping his waves to high frenzy or echoing ocean moods with a subtle, quiet and eloquent potency.

Brandriff's advent is of story-book interest. To have chanced suddenly upon his first public exhibition at the Biltmore Salon, two seasons ago, was an unusual experience. The critics and the laymen were completely disarmed. His work could not be described as promising because fulfillment was already apparent.

His second, and last, showing, was no less brilliant, and followed a year spent in Europe. This later work showed growth and variation and improved atmospheric qualities.

Yesterday in American art there was no such person as Brandriff. Today he is a force to be reckoned with.

His first exhibition was a sensation, his second an assured success. Sales were prodigious. No such record has been duplicated in a western gallery.

Of course, there had been some dark, silent years of study, of hard work and deep thought, yet I believe his only tutors were the late Anna A. Hills and Jack Wilkinson Smith, who gave their friendly encouragement and criticisms. He is quite without academic training in the strict sense of the word.

Brandriff realizes what good drawing really means—also he realizes that drawing, to convey artistic impulse, must be more than merely accurate.

There is never at any time a taint of the purely scenic in Brandriff's marines. He is able to express, through form, the essence of emotional appeal of natural appearances. His work often articulates that abstract, musical quality of rhythm with which an artist should never lose touch, even in the most highly realized detail of his work. Brandriff admits to a significantly modern dual-romanticism.

His original bent was toward lyrical painting, but of late he has developed a more positive quality, and has added strong design and greater simplification, and also his color is vastly enriched.

A notable feature of his landscape interpretations, aside from their sparkling color and poetic quality, is his feeling for the subtle color of shadows, which he uses to great advantage in his compositions.

It is in his deep sea marines that Brandriff excels. Combining daring and knowledge, these are more positive than his landscape subjects, more difficult to paint and often more difficult to appreciate.

From the first showing of Brandriff's work, one felt the freshness of a wholesome, vigorous and unbiased painter working out his own art salvation. His meteoric rise to success has placed him in an enviable, yet perilous position. Sky-rocketing to fame in any branch of the arts has its disadvantage.

The artist who has enjoyed an instant recognition must retain permanent lodgment in the art firmament. No anti-climax is possible. As a general rule, we find that the great majority of our most able painters have had small and uncertain beginnings, and have developed consistently under the scrutiny of the public eye, over a long period of time.

I anticipate little dispute when I say that today George Brandriff is one of the most watched, most intetresting and important painters of the modern group of California artists.

So far, Brandriff's art tends to maintain a sane balance, accepting the sound, rejecting the superficial, and pointing to an assured and brilliant future.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the League of Western Writers was held in San Francisco August 16 to 20. High spots of the Convention will be found in our next issue. The new President is Ben Field, of Los Angeles. The next convention will take place at Long Beach.

MELODY LANE

BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

REDWOODS

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

LONG have I felt all gracious trees to wear
The looks of comrades; but I never knew
Even the flowering almond calmly fair
As these whose pillars climb the templed blue.

Colossus-footed, with green heads aloof
As tapering hills that mock at humankind,
They rear a feathery-leafed, tremendous roof
As though to keep our noblest dreams enshrined.

I think that could the weary world but know
Communion with these spirits breathing peace,
Strangely a veil would lift, a light would glow,
And the dark tumult of our lives would cease.

BLACK-BIRDER

By CONNY LEIGH HILL

HE sits beneath an apple tree,
And pares the fruit with a curious blade;
A single blade, all wavery,
That shines steel-blue in the shifting shade;
And he peels the ripe fruit 'round and 'round,
And the skins drop down on the sun-baked ground.

Round is the earth . . . that ships may go
With the shift of the tides, and the gust of the gales,
To the distant ports that the traders know:
Mexican dollars for fat females
In the black slave marts in Singapore!—
And he sighs for the slaves he sells no more!

And he sighs for the screaming gibbons, caged
In the bamboo slats on the rolling poop;
And his mild blue eyes are moist and aged,
And his lips dejected droop;
For black farm labor comes down the Fly,
While he dreams dreams as the days drift by,—

Peeling red apples, and voyaging far
Where the cannibal kings and the orchids are.

SAN FRANCISCO SKY LINE FROM ALCATRAZ

By HARRISON DIBBLEE

LIKE the full chord of some stupendous harp
That ranges from the ocean to the stars
With long receding notes of mystery,
Reaching once more to heaven in liquid bars,
The score is written on the skyline sweep
Where the hill rises high above the bay
In soft tones of the trees; and then the leap,
The curving saddle and the treble play,

Where the bold towers cluster, pointed high,
And from their base, Nob Hill lifts up the strain
To a crescendo, where it seems to try
To cast the scale into the stars again;

Surging and undulating over hills
Whose windows signal to the setting sun;
And in the restful green the measure stills
Where the swift currents of the channel run.

The score is finished at the Golden Gate
In the unwritten music of the sea,
Where age-old echoes fly and penetrate
Into our visions of the time to be.

DESSERT

By EDITH BOYDEN HOLWAY

BENEATH a canopy of azure skies
Enwrapped in age old mystery,
Pregnant with mem'ries of the past,
The tawny sanded desert lies.

Dry splintered buttes like castled turrets rise,
Tall yuccas stand as sentinels
On guard, the while mirage depicts
Enchanting scenes before the eyes.

Circled by lofty mountains veiled in mist
Of pastel colored draperies,
Their spiraled peaks enmeshed in clouds
Of amber, rose and amethyst.

EARTH-MAGIC

By LUCIA TRENT

EARTH that can hold a flowering tree
A silver-footed stream,
Should give to every human son
A cool, untarnished dream.

Earth that can make a dahlia bed
Where waves of color roll
Should find a way to mirror love
In every human soul.

Earth that can hold a flowering tree
Upon a Southern night
Shall make her human children grow
To spiritual height.

Samoa—Coaling Station or Native Society?

Continued from page 200

new problems and accustomed to confer with scientists in working them out. Moreover, they are blessed with a continuity of office, while ordinary colonial government can count on only four years. It would be a pity to sink the culture of a people in canneries and the like. And yet such misfortunes inevitably occur when a foreign government, however "benevolent," takes over the reins. On the other hand, the National Park Service seems unusually fitted to make "good and useful laws" so that the chiefs of Samoa may "guard well and uprightly" their people. The value to science of preserving a disappearing culture that contains many beautiful things is certainly to be weighed before it is dismissed carelessly for the uninteresting conventions of imperialism.

What a haven the place might be for bird-lovers, botanists and men who do things like William Beebe, as well as anthropologists and geographers. Such are our national parks in this country, free, too, from the distorting signboards of business that line unprotected highways. It may be argued that all this would be possible under a "good" political government. The answer is: Yes, perhaps, but has it ever, anywhere, happened?

In pre-Navy days, Samoans used their exquisitely fine mats as we use money. Mat-weaving was a cherished craft and one glance at the mats explains why. Their texture—they are made from the leaves of various plants—is that of fine satin. Sometimes, for a special decoration, they are edged with the scarlet and green feathers of birds. Besides these large mats, there are smaller ones, looking like crystallized spider webs. The Samoans are also excellent basket-makers. They weave everything from the tiniest baskets to small-sized trunks. Skill in such crafts is natural with a people who build their houses and their boats with not a single nail. Formerly they dyed their materials with natural colors—crimson from a mixture of the root of the Malay apple tree with sea water and lime; yellow from turmeric and oil; purple from the young shoots of the mountain plantain; brown from the inner bark of another tree mixed with sea water; and black by burying the stuff to be dyed in the soft mud of a taro-patch in a swamp. Now, of course, they have been unable to resist our anilin dyes and I have seen the silkiest straw turned a violent magenta and an obstreperous orange as if by the black magic of a wicked fairy godmother rather than from the contents of harmless-looking packages imported from a "civilisatein protectrice." But perhaps their most famous craft is that of making *tapa*-cloth. These cloths, usually about two yards long and a yard wide (although they are now made any size for trade), are used for the lava-lavas or native dress—the sarongs of the Malayans—skirts, simply, wound around the waist and tucked securely with a skillful twist and without a single pin.

Tapa is made from the young oa tree. The bark is beaten out flat until it resembles the finest lace with a pattern of knot holes. Then layer after layer is stuck together with arrowroot paste until the holes are all covered and cloth of the desired thickness and of a creamy color is attained. On this, with a rich chocolate brown dye, the artists print their curious geometrical designs—zigzag lines, half circles, triangles. Sometimes to print these they use a large block print and sometimes the design is drawn freehand.

The National Park project for Samoa has nothing to do with the Navy. Let it keep its naval station. But let us hope that for the rest of American Samoa such a plan will appeal to Congress as a forward-looking step, and that it will choose to use the best agency at its disposal, the National Park Service, to preserve Samoa for the Samoans, not a country grafted onto cheap westernism, but one which, in progressing, will be true to its old, simple beauty and natural light-heartedness.

Nation's Business Magazine Says Advertising Pays in Lean Years

NATION'S BUSINESS: When prosperity rides the heavens, magazines and newspapers bulge with advertising. But let the clouds of depression descend, let the lean years come—and then the publications grow thin.

Yet the history of business during the last 20 years shows that it is the manufacturers who continue to advertise year in, year out, in good times and bad, that hold top place in their respective lines. And many of these strong-hearted consistent advertisers will tell you that most of their prestige has been built, not in times of prosperity, but in periods of depression.

The reason is simple. When everyone is advertising, it is difficult for any single advertiser to dominate the field. But when the volume of advertising dwindles, then it is easier for those advertisers who remain to command the attention of readers, to dominate the pages of magazines and newspapers.

California Pictured in 1852

Continued from page 198

though decayed and ruinous they are most interesting, and are yet the important points of the country.

On the Sacramento, previous to annexation, there was a sparse population; and except a few American emigrants, a Russian establishment at Ross, and Captain Suter's vast plantations, were a perfect desert. West of the vast sandy plain we have spoken of, runs the Rio Colorado, or *Red River* of the West, a tributary of which is the Gila, along which General Kearney, with his forlorn hope, marched, and which is the boundary between the Mexican Republic and the empire she ceded.

Such is the physical geography of *California Nueva,* or New of Northern California. The southern portion of the country is extremely hot and dry, except during the portion of the winter. As we move from the sea though, we find the rainy season prolonged. * * *

About the year 1842, a most accurate and *curious Frenchman,* M. de Mofras, traveled on the Pacific, and published, in relation to California, etc., a book the French Government thought worthy of its patronage. He described California as it was, and thus particularized its population. Its area, he thought, was 500,000, and its population he estimated (there had never been a census) as follows:

Californians of Spanish origin	4000
Americans	360
British	300
European Spaniards	80
French and Canadians	80
Other Europeans and Sandwich Islanders	90
Mexicans	90
Total	5000

Thence to the time of annexation the population vastly increased, so that when the flags were changed there were not less than twenty thousand in California. Now the population is far nearer a million than five hundred thousand.

The population was in small villages, the largest town being San Diego, which had thirteen hundred inhabitants. Santa Barbara had eight hundred, Monterey one thousand, San Francisco eight hundred, and the fest of the missions divided the other hundreds and thousands. All other inhabitants (Indians) were estimated at thirty-three thousand; and this included the people of the peninsula of Viega or South California. The Indians were spoken of as civilized. * * *

But southwest of California is Sonora, of which we know nothing except its boundaries. It lies west of the Great Desert, north of Sinalaa, south of New Mexico, and west of Chihuahua; it has a sparse population, and from time to time is ravaged by the Apaches and other wild tribes. Unless the United States take charge of it, in a few years it will become the home of savages and a curse to our possessions on the Pacific. It has few towns, and no government beyond the chain of sentinels of the forlorn brigadier, sent to keep the Indians in check. New Mexico is now the property of the United States, and before the year rolls around will be well governed.

SUCH was California, and such were its adjacent territories before the annexation. Let us, before we pay attention to the *statu quo,* look at its history.

The discoverer of California was a Spaniard, and strangely enough it was first visited by land from the east. Alvaro Nuñez, nicknamed, *Cabeza de Vaca,* one of three hundred Spaniards escaped from the massacre of Narvaez' party, wandered across the American continent until he heached the coast of Cubiacanan Sonora on the Vermillion Sea. While there, he heard of rich mines, mountains of gold, beds of pearl; and on his return told such stories that all Mexico was excited by them. Just then, Marcos de Niza, who had been sent (he was a priest) to convert the Indians, and who had reached California, came home. He told strange stories of a civilized race; and it is probable that he told the truth, for Major Emory has described curious architectural ruins in the country he visited. He saw Cibola, the city of the desert, now no more, but evidently the home of a civilized people.

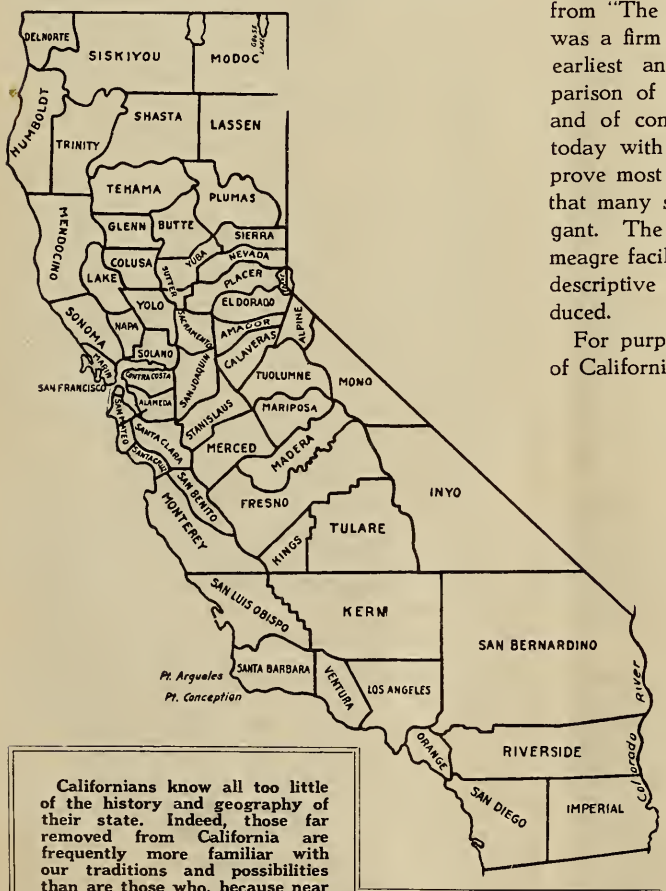
Niza's tales induced the fitting out of an expedition, under the command of Coronado, who went as far as Utah, or the Salt Lake, but who returned without making any discovery. A new era was, however, to dawn on California. Between the years 1697 and 1791, the Jesuits, Ugarte, Salvatierra, and Kuhn, visited the Californian, or Vermillion Sea. Then only was it known that California was not an island, and the monks were California's true conquerers. We need ont say how they conquered it; but they ruled it until 1767, when the Order of Jesus, having been suppressed in all the Spanish dominions, the Dominicans became their heirs. Thenceforth the property the Jesuits had begun to create, commenced to decay.

The Dominicans finally lost the control of California as the Jesuits had done; and in 1825, after several military commandants and governors, Don Jone Echandia was in possession of the supreme

authority in California. Thus things remained until 1829, when the garrison of Monterey revolted. Echandia, however, suppressed the mutiny, and retained power until 1831, when he was superseded by Don Manuel Victoria. The tyranny of this officer produced a revolt, which is important only from the fact, that then, for the first time, foreigners appeared in California. * * *

An inspection of the map alone will show that this is a region of country with capabilities greater than are contained by half a dozen European monarchies. It unites the qualities of every climate in the world, and is able to produce, within a few leagues, the productions of every part of the world. The orange is found on the shore, and the fruits of the colder climates on the declivities of the hills. No mineral seems to have been forgoteen in the composition of this seat of empire. The great mineral which is the germ of all wealth (coal), abounds on the north of the Bay of San Francisco. Cinnabar is found so pure that heat alone suffices to extract the liquid quicksilver. Vast deposits of lead and copper are scarcely noticed; and beds of silver, richer far than those of Zacatecas or Potosi, are scarcely attended to. Every mineral has been found there, Platinum, the rarer iridium, and every variety of gems. Emeralds of the most transparent hue, topazes and amethysts, all have been found; and richer pearls than Ormus ever produced, have been brought from the depth of the sea.

What may we not expect from this country?"



Californians know all too little of the history and geography of their state. Indeed, those far removed from California are frequently more familiar with our traditions and possibilities than are those who, because near at hand, lose perspective and balance... A comparison of this article with the writings of modern geographers and historians will prove of interest and value to readers.

THERE were at the time the book was written in 1852, but 22 counties in California, against our present 58. The counties then organized are listed below with the added statement that "those printed in Small Capitals are either on the sea or the great bays. The others have no seaboard.

"These counties are merely temporary,' says the author, "a provision having been made for their subdivision as exigencies may require."

"The above", says the author, "we believe a fair exhibit of the present state of California, and, as such, respectfully submitted to the public."

No one can doubt on reading these excerpts from "The California Text-Book" that the author was a firm believer in California, and one of her earliest and enthusiastic proponents. A comparison of present day text books with this one and of conditions and possibilities as they exist today with what is set forth by the author will prove most interesting. It will of course be noted that many statements are overdrawn and extravagant. The wonder is, however, that with the meagre facilities for travel and the lack of available descriptive matter, so good an account was produced.

For purposes of comparison, we present a map of California showing the present 58 counties.

TRINITY,
SONORA,
MARIN,
CONTRA COSTA,
SANTA CLARA,
SAN LUIS OBISPO,
Shasta,
Butte,
Suter
Sacramento,
Calaveras,
MENDOCINO,
NAPA,
SOLANO,
BRANCIFORTE,
MONTEREY,
SANTA BARBARA,
Colusi,
Yuba,
El Dorado,
San Joaquin, ,
Tuolumne.

The Little Finger

Continued from page 204

was placed opposite the Countesse; the old Dowager, his companion at dinner, and Fleming were his opponents. From another room the low strains of stringed instruments filled the air; again the music was wild and barbaric, probably Hungarian or Russian. Castleman watched the men at the other tables stooping over their cards with long fingered and hairy hands intently shuffling and dealing. The women in their over-dressed, theatrical clothes and palpably made up complexions and with the grim card players' expression, which transforms the purest of faces to hardness and avariciousness, disgusted and revolted him.

Castleman lost again and again, until with his pockets emptied he laughed, and looking into the baffling cruelty of the Countesse's eyes said: "I have nothing more to stake, Madame, but this"—and he laid down on the table the little finger. Then strange things happened. The lights went out and in the darkness the tables were overturned. Castleman felt himself seized and dragged through halls and up stairs into a room in one of the round towers he had noticed on his arrival. Outside the storm roared like a beast of prey and beat on the tower, but even through all its tumult he heard them draw great iron bolts across the door and knew he was a prisoner.

HE peered out into the darkness of the night. From the narrow casement and by the vivid glare of the lightning saw sixty odd feet below a rushing stream of black water which flowed around the towers and in the uncertain light seemed to disappear directly under the middle portion of the building. He felt in his pockets for a match. Fortunately they were intact in his silver case. Lighting a curiously carved brass lamp he examined the room carefully. The only door was very old and had enormous hinges. With his knife he began to loosen their bolts. He made no noise, but the storm and the roar of the water beneath would have muffled a pistol shot. Through the pauses in the storm he heard angry shrieks and growling cries below and just as he had succeeded in prying off one of the hinges he was sure he heard his own name called by Fleming. With almost superhuman strength he thrust his broad shoulder against the ancient door and struggled through the aperture ripping the top hinge from the rotten wood of the lintel.

The hall was still enshrouded in darkness, but guided by Fleming's cries he quickly found himself before the heavily curtained door of the drawing room. Stepping inside noiselessly, Castleman saw the only occupant of the room to be Fleming and—could that disheveled, frightful creature be the lovely Countesse? She held Fleming in the waxwhite arms and her teeth, those little even pointed teeth, were embedded in the throat of the gasping strangling man.

Castleman had never believed before that he was capable of such desperate hate and fury as he now felt. With an oath he caught hold of the frantic woman and attempted to tear her from Fleming, but with the strength and agility of a fiend she pushed aside with her foot a portion of the heavy rug beneath them and before Castleman could gather her intention had raised an iron-ringed door in the floor and flung the body of poor Fleming into the black waters of the surging stream. No need for this as the great ragged gash in poor Fleming's throat had already caused his death. But now with heaving breast she sprang at Castleman with impetuous fury and grasping his arm twisted it so that it hung limp and useless from his shoulder.

Though the pain was excrutiating the thought of Fleming's murder was intolerable and a strength more than human filled Castleman. Grasping the Countess by her jeweled girdle, with his good arm he lifted her high over his head and flung her into the black, rushing stream below. The house rocked on its foundation, the strange phosphorescent glow that dimly lighted the room disappeared as the storm dismantled the windows, and the masonry came crashing down about him. Castleman felt pressing about him a pack of hideous creatures whose foul, reeking, fetid breath sickened him. There was a shuddering convulsive shouting sound as if the storm had burst in its fury for the last time, and above the tempest's roar he saw and felt the crumbling of the ancient pile and knew no more.

WHEN Castleman regained consciousness he found himself pinned under the wheel of his ambulance, one arm broken and the little finger of his hand was crushed and almost severed. It was broad day light and as he painfully dragged himself from his prison, the torturing pain was over-powering.

About him the earth was full of shell holes. Here and there a half buried body, a hand or foot protruded through the rain pools and mud. A familiar sound of rushing water was in his ears and almost at his feet lay a graceful red fox, its back apparently broken; it too was quite dead. Nothing remained of the fortress-like house with

Read further on page 220

The Romance of Captain Sutter

Continued from page 210

stead was a small flake, or as the Spanish called it, a chipsa, worth about fifty-three cents. It is now the property of the United States Government and is on exhibition in the U. S. National Museum at Washington, D. C.

There was no particular elation over this first discovery, mainly because they were not sure it was gold. Four days later Marshall brought it and about a quarter of an onuce more like it, to the Fort, where Sutter tested it and pronounced it gold.

As Sutter was just completing a $25,000 flour mill, four miles distant, and had hundreds of acres of grain growing, they decided to keep the matter secret until the mill was completed and the grain harvested. But the secret leaked out, and within two months reached the East, and then Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and Australia. The excitement was intense. Gold-searching parties were organized in every section of the world, all bound for one spot—Sutter's Fort, in the heart of California. An hundred thousand strong they came, in ships, on horseback, afoot, in wagons, buggies and carts. Others trundled wheelbarrows, some even rode cattle. They had but one major object—to reach California, make their clean-up of gold and return home to the wife and kiddies.

Like an avalanche they descended upon Sutter's peaceful fort, and like an avalanche they left desolate and waste the grounds and buildings Sutter had worked so hard to create.

This is no particular reflection upon the Forty-Niners. They were in an alien wilderness, fired by wonderful tales of rich gold strikes. By the greatest stretch of their imagination they could not conceive how any man would want to slowly build up an agricultural center when he could go up in the mountains and scoop up gold by the handful.

So they were not over particular as to how they used his property, so much so that in disgust, Capt. Sutter retired to his ranch on the Feather River until things quieted down.

But Sacramento was started on the river bank in the Fall of '49. All business moved down there, and with it all the transportable material from the Fort. The doors from Norway retraced their journey two miles and became front doors to small stores and houses.

The Fort was abandoned about 1850-51. Time and the elements did their work well, so well that when the Native Sons of the Golden West bought it in 1890 and deeded it to the State, there remained nothing standing but the original central building and the foundations of the outer fort wall.

The State appropriated money for its reconstruction; caretakers were appointed and for many years it was a local historical attraction. Some eight years ago a new policy was adopted, a curator put in charge and the Fort was turned into a "Days of Forty-Nine Museum" with all its exhibits restricted to the Great Gold Rush Period. Since that time it has received international publicity and is now one of the most noted landmarks of America.

AND of the man who made this glorious State possible for you and me? This man who was the keynote to the acquisition of California by the United States? That part of his history is stark tragedy—something we, as Americans, cannot be proud of, something that history will always hold against us, however much we, as individuals, may be innocent. The very Government for which he had done so much, fought him to his dying day. For years he had withstood strife and turmoil. Is it strange then, that he selected the Moravian Colony at Lititz, Pennsylvania, as a place for his declining years?

In the peaceful Moravian cemetery, with its beautiful avenues of cedar trees he was honored by those new-found friends with a special plot for his burial place. General Fremont attended the funeral and spoke lovingly of the man who had befriended him in 1844.

Though Sutter's life was rough and filled with disappointments, his last resting place is quiet and peaceful beyond belief. Age has lent its softening touch about his tomb, rows of century-old pines wave their dark branches over the plain marble slab, so typical of the unpretentious man whose life it commemorates.

And on that marble slab is the inscription as Captain Sutter wished it:

GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER,
BORN FEB. 28, 1803
AT KANDERN, BADEN.
DIED JUNE 18, 1880
AT WASHINGTON, D. C.
REQUIESCAT IN PACEM.

The series of articles on Captain Sutter by Curator Peterson, has drawn continued favorable comment from many sources. Peterson throws new light on the character of Captain Sutter. The social significance of the Gold Rush can better be understood after a reading of the Captain Sutter articles.

Books and Writers

BRADFORD'S SAINTS AND SINNERS

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

EVERYONE who reads biography must feel his debt to Gamaliel Bradford, New Englander, who, according to H. L. Mencken, invented the formula for the writing of biography that has been so successfully used by the English biographer, Lytton Strachey. The recent death of Bradford places a new emphasis on his long list of collections of biographical sketches, each one his effort to see into the inmost being of the person of whom he wrote.

Damaged Souls, The Soul of Samuel Pepys, A Naturalist of Souls, Darwin, Life and I, As God Made Them, The Quick and the Dead, and a number of others have appeared within the past fifteen years. Ten years before *Confederate Portraits* appeared in 1915, Bradford published *Types of American Character,* an earnest of the work that was to follow. Some readers will begin with this, noting the ripening of his powers in the volumes that follow it. Others will group *Portraits of Women, Portraits of American Women,* and *Daughters of Eve;* others, *American Portraits, Confederate Portraits, Union Portraits, Lee the American, and As God Made Them,* which consists of portraits of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Greeley, Edwin Booth, and others. One wonders why he did not save the title *As God Made Them,* for less worthy subjects.

Saints and Sinners, on the contrary, suggests that the book may have been derived from the title. The two outmoded words, rich in the connotation of the ages, bring many names to the mind of any who will consider them receptively. In a more or less hurried mental search for a sinner to lead the procession, most of us would return to Borgia. Perhaps because this age is much more interested in sinners than in saints, both of course, under twentieth century names, Bradford has placed his most gruesome sinner first. *The Riot of Youth: Caesar Borgia,* "the true child of his age" is set against a description of his time ending with a native query as to whether this is twentieth-century America or Italy of the Renaissance. Those to whom murder is the chief motive in fiction—and they are the majority of magazine readers, to judge by the output of the presses—should welcome Caesar Borgia. *The Devil's Vagabond: Casanova* and *The Prince of Darkness: Talleyrand* are the alternate sinners who stand between the saints. The book ends as it began, with a sinner, *The Glory of Sin: Lord Byron.* It would have detracted nothing from Bradford's reputation for making enduring judgments had he omitted this final sinner. One can but feel that the Byron-bogey of Bradford's youth, when the author of Don Juan stood for all that was evil, influenced the biographer far more than any recent defenders, such as Brecknock *(Byron, A Study of the Poet in the Light of New Discoveries,* or the notably able defense of John Drinkwater.) Not one jot or title of the profligacy charged to Byron can Bradford abate. In "The Glory of Sin," the final chapter, he could not bear to lessen the titular emphasis. Was the essay, perhaps, written some years ago? Did the author intend to lighten some of the darkest strokes? If all the animus of ultra-conservatives against Byron because of his sympathy and active aid for the downtrodden—witness his speech in defense of the frameworkers in the House of Lords—were forgotten, Byron still might qualify for the place to which Bradford has assigned him, but the reader does not like to feel that Bradford leaves any reputable authority out of his findings.

Ina Coolbrith's warm admiration for Byron's defense of the downtrodden, whether in his writings or in deeds, as in his throwing in his fortunes with the Greeks against the Turks, helped her to recognize his nobility of nature. She welcomed Brecknock's and Drinkwater's championship. Years before the appearance of those volumes, Ina Coolbrith instrusted to Joaquin Miller a wreath of Marin pine to place upon Byron's grave in the little Torknard church, the tomb that should have been in Westminster. The simple evergreen tribute aroused much comment. Long-needed repairs were made upon the church. The King of Greece sent a wreath to hang beside the one from California and sent, too, a slab of Greek marble for a memorial. To those who know Byron from his best poems and his twentieth century defenders, Bradford's Sinner seems to be painted in unalleviated blackness.

To counteract the four sinners there are but three saints, *God's Vagabond: Saint Francis of Assisi,* the man *Alone with God: Thomas A. Kempis* and the man who knew *God and the World: Fenelon.* The best bit of writing in the book is the last three or four pages on Saint Francis. Those of our City of Sain Francis who would read a delightful study of the man for whom the city was named may well read Bradford's chapter on him whose out-of-door is "penetrated, permeated with God." The closing word regarding "this illimitable roamer and dreamer" is

Read further on page 223

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The Little Finger

Continued from page 217

its round towers. The faint opium scent of poppies filled the air.

Castleman raised his well arm to his bruised head. What did it all mean? Of a truth he had been perhaps in No Man's Land. Far away came the incessant boom of guns, and nearer still the purr of a motor. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out into the light of day a crumpled cigarette. Again his head whirled, he felt the ground heave under him. "There he is," he heard a well known voice call out. and then as he stumbled forward he fell into the arms of—Fleming.

Overland Monthly is greatly in need of copies of the July, 1932, issue. If you who have extra copies of this issue will mail same to us at 523 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, the courtesy will be greatly appreciated and their subscription gladly extended.

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LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

To Our Readers . . .

The Contents of this magazine are copyrighted. The articles are listed in the Readers Guide to Periodical Literature and International Index. This furnishes the best reference possible as these publications are on file and available in every library in the country.

Reclamation

Continued from page 209

"To escape the stigma of the past, he changed his name—lost himself amongst strangers."

The man paused before resuming. "I tell you this true story, Jack, to give you an insight into what the future holds for those who come foul of the law. Also, because I read beneath the surface, and believe it worth while. I would like to be the means of turning your footsteps into ways of worthiness. I think tonight you will choose your future course. There comes to all, a parting of the ways—good or evil."

THE young man was sitting with folded arms and bowed head as the elder finished.

He looked to the speaker, "I think I see the light," he said. Then after a silence, "Since you accept me without reservation, asking no confidences, with your permission I will tell you of a chap—an intimate acquaintance he was—and is."

His companion's face again wore that quizzical, friendly smile.

"He knew no father, no mother, an orphanage sheltered his early years. I guess it's a poor substitute for a home. When he was ten he was adopted into a home of refinement. He was made one of the family, given their name, and came to respect and love them.

"At twenty death claimed his benefactors. He was employed by a firm manufacturing safes; became specialized in locks, combinations. A few years slipped by; restlessness was in his blood. He began drifting, found himself in wrong environment; money came easily—to his trained fingers.

"Why continue? He is your 'guest' for the moment. But I imagine a different and a better man will leave you, for freedom or ——?"

ABNER THOMS' face was somber, the lines a little more sharply drawn, the grey eyes penetrating.

Silence fell upon them. After an interval he arose, excused himself and walked from the room.

Presently he returned, treading slowly, eyes upon the boy.

He paused, extending his hand in which was the portrait of a woman—young and beautiful.

Jack Dean took it—it might have been the reflection of his own face.

"Jack Abnerdean—son, this is your Mother!" said the elder man, simply, standing with arm outstretched.

In bewilderment the man who had come to rob looked from the face upon the card to that of the man facing him. The whimsical smile had somehow changed to one of entreaty, longing.

For a space they stood thus, then the boy slowly advanced and was enfolded in the arms of the other.

"My father," he murmured.

"God is good," said Thomas Abnerdean.

Dedication ceremonies of the Edward L. Doheny, Jr., Memorial Library at the University of Southern California will be held Monday, September 12. The exercises will include presentation of the key by the donors, to the University Administration; dedicatory address; academic procession and ceremony of unlocking the doors of the Library; tour of the Library; brief addresses by visiting librarians; President's reception to the Faculty, Alumni and guests.

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COW GIRL

By BEN FIELD

STRAPPED around her bosom,
Just above the breasts,
Is a leathered circle—
Thus it sweetly rests.

One pearl-handled six gun
Under each arm pit—
How shall lovers fathom
Love, or half of it?

You who are enamored,
Better shoot than pout—
Easier is a six gun
Than a love, burned out.

Los Angeles La Fiesta, 1932

LA FIESTA will once more rule the city of Los Angeles on Labor Day. Celebrating the 151st anniversary of the founding of the city, dignitaries of state, city and civic organizations will open a colorful one-day birthday celebration Monday morning, September 5, on the steps of the Los Angeles city hall in honor of pioneers of the section who have fostered the rapid growth of the great Metropolis of the Southwest.

Gov. James Rolph, Jr., and Mayor John C. Porter will deliver the opening addresses on the floral-banked steps of the municipal edifice, whereupon a huge and gaily bedecked parade of patriotic and civic bodies will march through the city streets to the music of twenty bands.

Nine units will comprise the parade, each division decorated in holiday uniform or Fiesta attire. They will pass in review before a stand at Twelfth and Broadway, where will be seated the high dignitaries of the state and city, together with pioneer families of the southland.

The thrilling event of the day promises to be the second annual World's Congress of Rough Riders and Rodeo to be staged at the Olympic Stadium in the afternoon under the auspices of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

At that time more than 1000 daring, expert horsemen, many of them crowned champions of past rodeos during the season, will compete for the crown of "champion of champions" with prizes of $4,000 at stake. Bucking broncho riding, steer roping, bareback riding and breathtaking feats of skill on horse and chuck wagon is to be the schedule in a grand jamboree of horsemanship, officials in charge announce.

The Junior Chamber has opened a downtown ticket office at 511 South Spring street, and 75,000 seats will be placed on sale at $1.00, with children admitted for fifty cents, it was revealed.

Shall the Village Save Us?

Continued from page 202

mares scattered to the four winds by present-day pessimists. Contrary to some current opinion, the most complete artist, the most truthful prophet, is not he who paints only in black and white. How can the black-and-white artist paint the rose of sunset and the radiant blue of early morning? Can the prophets find nothing but clouds and shadows to point out. Even shadows are soft. And what is more peaceful than a cloud breaking forth into life-giving rain?

Perhaps the Community of America's future, instead of being a monstrous thing of harsh-outlined steel—a mere extension of the barbaric present—will be more like that Eden that the race forsook so many eons ago. Only the wild would be left out, for the wild, tamed by man's unconquerable spirit, shall be no more. This future Eden is to some of us more logical than the steel and stone monster reared by some industrial prophets.

The old Eden was based on instinct. The new (semi) Eden will be based on science. The old Eden was set under nature; the new Eden will be set over it. When science becomes our instinct the millenium will be dawning.

Books and Writers

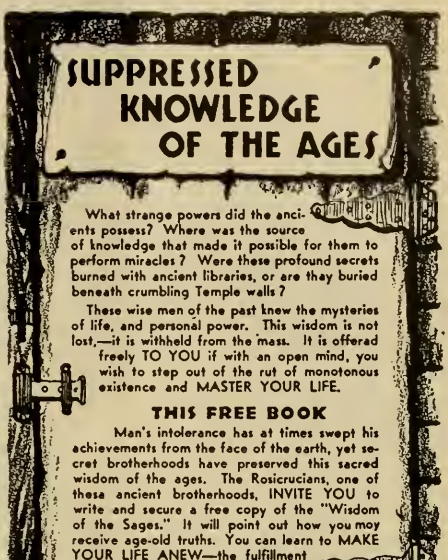
Continued from page 219

a word that one would like to apply to Bradford himself. Throughout the book wherever he speaks of a man who deals with human souls there is always his half-hidden wish, "That I might have understood men and women as he understood them —that I might have had his opportunities to hear their revealings, to know their inmost thoughts." In writing of Fenelon and his wonderful power in dealing with people, Bradford breaks out with,

"Think of the mine of curious discovery that is thus laid open to a born naturalist of souls." A naturalist of souls, is that what Bradford would have called himself? His biographer will find in this volume many a revealing word and wish. He is carried away with what such a life as he is describing offers, he catches himself and comes back wistfully"—but could we? This is the twentieth century."

Saints and Sinners. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. Pp. 262. $3.50.

Note: The Los Angeles address of Overland Monthly has been changed. The new address is 523 H. W. Hellman Bldg., No. 354 South Spring St.



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Cuba and Havana

Continued from page 208

value of iodine in food and air is, of course, that it arrests the growth of and cures goiter."

Are there cases of goiter among the native residents of Cuba? I asked.

"No, there are none, but the disease does prevail to an alarming extent in some of the northwestern and north-central states of America. In these sections little if any iodine is found in vegetables and fruits."

Yes, said I, but the artichokes of California, abundantly grown in late years, and the kelp and other sea weed from the ocean waters are freighted with a large iodine content.

"True," he replied, "but if I were a goiter patient I would certainly plan to spend a considerable time in Cuba, eating the delicious fruits and vegetables, stimulated by ozone breezes and made clean and wholesome from the almost-constant perspiration of the skin. Why!" he exclaimed, "if you eat a golden mango in the Springtime you can taste the iodine in the fruit!"

"And the pineapples," said one of our young lady passenger, "I never in my life ate anything as sweet and juicy and satisfying as pineapples. I almost live on them."

On we came through the little town of Madruga. This name means: "get up early in the morning." No wonder the population is scant in this particular place and in this mañana-land.

Occasionally a sinsonte or mocking bird flashed its wings by the road as they do in California. We were nearing Havana and the ease and rest of our hotel. How good it is to think of these comforts when a long ride is nearly completed! We were tired, a little. It had been a tense walk and climb in the Bellamar Caves near Matanzas. Interesting, yes intensely interesting, more intriguing than the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky some of our party thought. Stalactites, stalagmites, grotesque and beautiful formations, as if the powers that be knew what was to transpire on earth, and dripped lime water for ten thousand years to make a wonderful sight for the tourist.

But now we could see the lowering sun on the dome of the capitol. It was dinner time and home again.

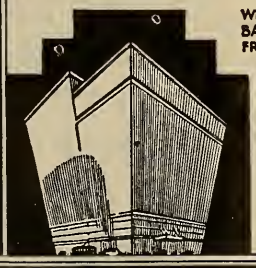


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FICTION — VERSE — BOOKS

Vol. 90 OCTOBER, 1932 No. 8

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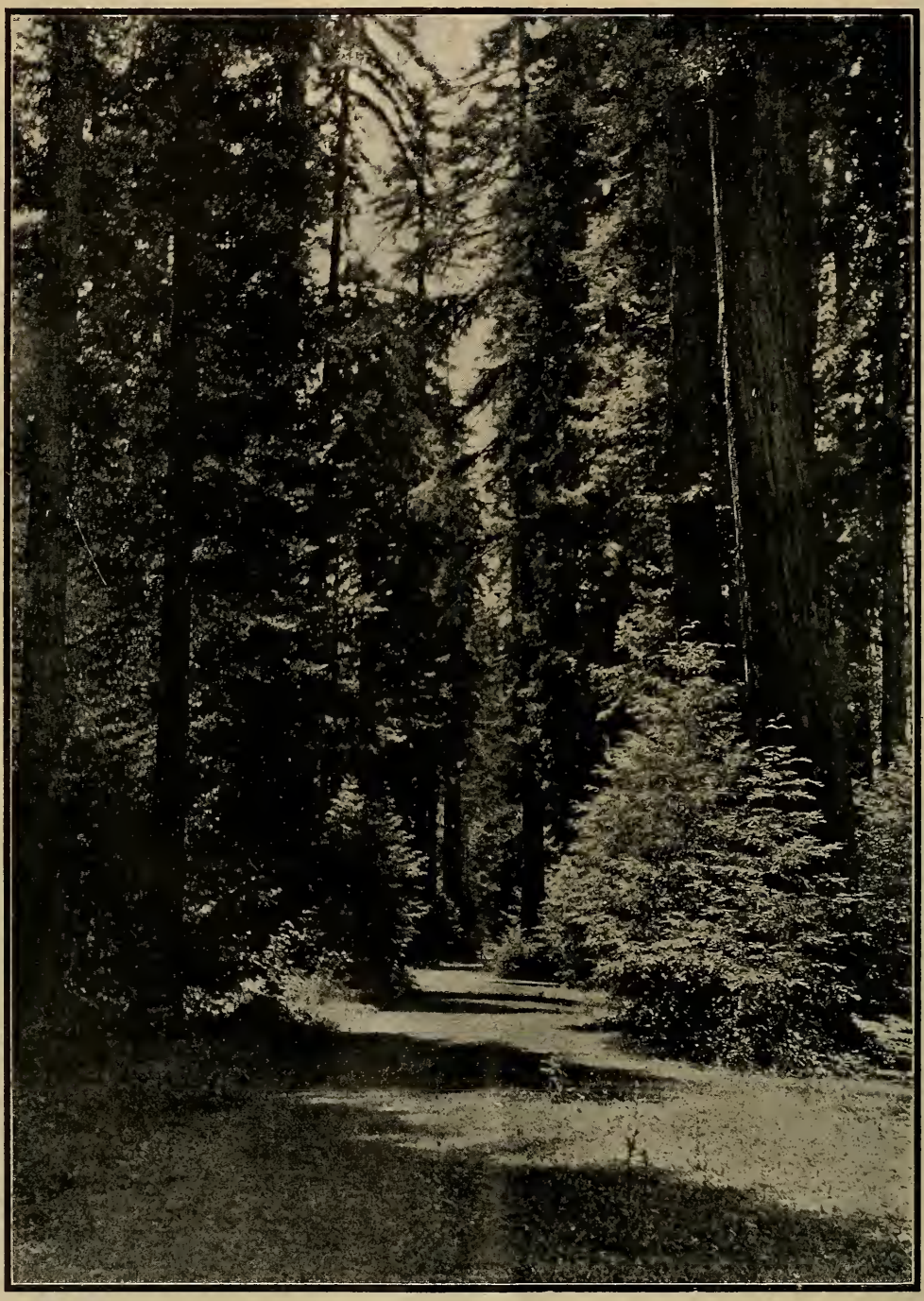
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California Redwoods In Autumn

Overland Monthly

Founded by BRET HARTE in 1868
and Outwest Magazine
"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Vol. 90 OCTOBER, 1932 No. 8

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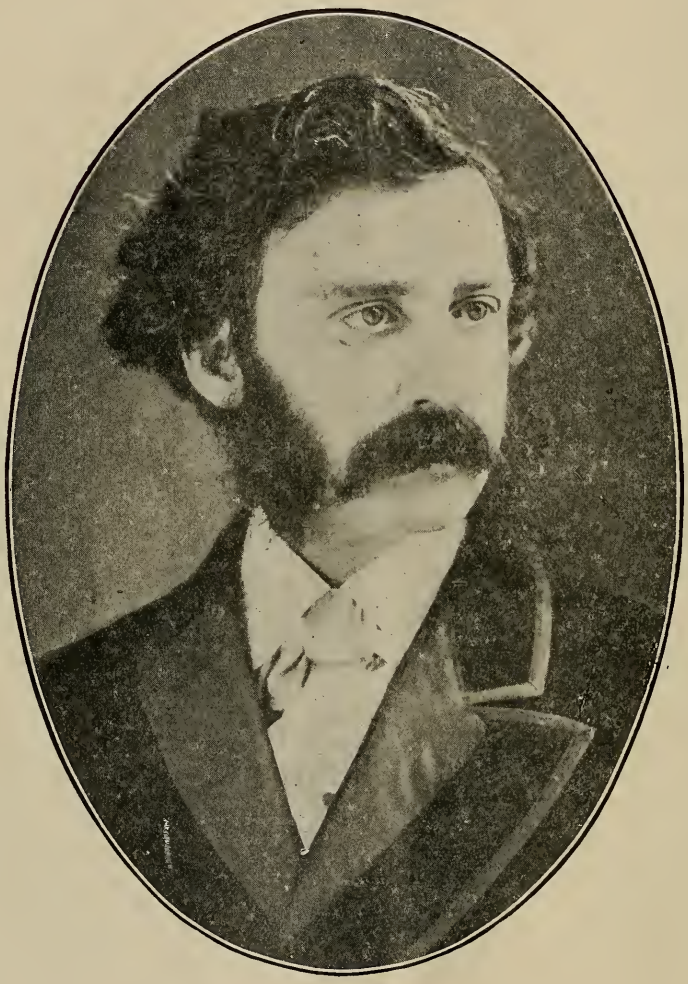
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OVERLAND-OUT WEST—PUBLICATIONS



Francis Brete Harte

Three Lost Years of Bret Harte's Life

By SOPHIE WHIPPLE ROOT

All too little is known by the average reader of the experiences of Bret Harte in Humboldt County. Sophie Whipple Root, in the present article, has given us a true human-interest picture. Because of the close contact of her father, Col. S. G. Whipple, founder of the "Northern Californian," the paper upon which Bret Harte worked at Uniontown, now Arcata, Mrs. Root comes to her task well prepared and with a rich historical and literary background.

THIS title—The Three Lost Years of Bret Harte's Life—is taken from an article in a San Francisco newspaper, printed in 1926 at the time of the discovery of a bound volume of "The Northern Californian." This weekly newspaper was founded and published by my father, the late Col. S. G. Whipple, in the '50s, in Uniontown, now Arcata, Humboldt County, California.

This volume, containing the complete files from 1850 to 1860, was packed away in 1895, after my father's death, and remained with other things in storage for many years. When the chests were finally brought to my home, and opened, this large bound volume came to light. Through conversations my husband had with friends in San Francisco regarding the old papers which had just been unpacked, Mr. Boutwell Dunlap (since deceased), the well-known historiographer and lover of California history, heard of the existence of this particular volume and asked to have the privilege of examining it. The book was loaned to him. Immediately recognizing its importance but carefully refraining from informing any member of our family of the fact, he began negotiating for its purchase and finally succeeded in obtaining it for a small sum. Judge of our amazement a few weeks later, when on opening a Sunday issue of a metropolitan daily, we saw in large type: "Three Lost Years in the Life of Bret Harte." Appended was an account of the discovery of our volume, and extracts from its pages.

The book was later sold for a large amount of money to the Huntington Library, where it is carefully treasured.

Because of the stories told us as children by my father, to me Bret Harte was not merely an author, a poet whose volumes I read. He has been to me a real person who had lived many years before in the same county in which I did, and for that reason it is a great pleasure to speak of him more intimately.

MY father came across the plains in 1849. He went to Humboldt County in 1856 and immediately became a factor in its early development. The county seat was at first located at Union, or Uniontown, but through political pressure it was removed to Eureka, across the bay. Later, the "Humboldt Times," the county's first newspaper, followed the county seat and established itself in Eureka. This last loss was too much for the inhabitants of Union to stand, and in response to a popular demand and with the assistance of Mr. Charles A. Murdoch, my father founded in 1858, the "Northern Californian," which had a brief but colorful existence.

The office was in a small frame building facing the Plaza which, as in many of the old California towns, was approximately in the center. Around its sides were hitching posts and watering troughs. The main business buildings, hotels, saloons, gambling halls, and eating houses surrounded the Plaza. In the center was a flagpole from which Old Glory floated on proper occasions. For special celebrations a grandstand was erected from which rolled forth music and oratory.

From the door of this little frame office—later to become of great interest—one looked up the road to see the big teams bringing down the supplies from the mines; the Indians with their wares and the ever-increasing, ceaseless procession of miners and prospectors going to and from the mines.

IN starting "The Northern Californian" the plan was to have its two founders in the office; Colonel Whipple, as editor-manager and Mr. Murdoch as news-gatherer and writer, with of course the necessary apprentices in the shop. Col. Whipple had had previous experience in the newspaper game, and Mr. Murdoch, who possessed considerable aptitude for the work, was anxious to improve under this tutelage. But before the plans were finally made, there came to the office a young man who had been in Union some little time; he had been teaching Capt. Liscum's boys out Mad River way. He was sent to Col. Whipple by Judge Wyman, with whom he was connected by marriage. He was a slight, tall, young man, wore a mustache, and remembered by my father and many of the old-timers for his very bright, dark eyes,

and for being "soft-spoken," a noticeable trait among the youth of that day. He had done a good deal of writing, although nothing in the line of newspaper work; he was well educated, very much in need of work and extremely anxious to get the job. Judge Wyman urged my father to take him, so after several interviews, Mr. Murdoch yielded the position to Frank Harte and went on with his own hardware business.

So the new paper was an accomplished fact. As may be imagined the installation of the primitive presses and simple machinery of that day was quite an event in Uniontown—especially with the rivalry existing between it and its sister city, Eureka! My father told us of the crowds of people, including many Indians—which followed the wagons and wheelbarrows bringing the huge boxes from the wharf to the new office.

The position of printer's devil, much the same then as now, was to the fastidious young man who had been engaged at the princely sum of $16 per month—a very dirty job. This story was told about him. In a corner of the shop there hung the one and only office towel; perhaps it had once been clean and white—but no one remembered that day. Harte, always particularly neat, tried to find a clean spot, but in vain. He asked one of the boys where to get a clean towel, and was told that only so many towels were furnished the office during the year and it would be a long time before another was due. Harte, in disgust, brought his own towel to the office, much to the enjoyment of the others. "Harte's Towel" was long an office joke.

The first issue of "The Northern Californian" was dated December 15, 1858. It was an immediate success. It was the usual four-page weekly but its set-up was attractive, it published the news and the community liked and supported it.

FRANK HARTE, then about 22 years of age, was broken into the mechanical end; he was quick and accurate and while of a slender build was strong and wiry and able to handle the forms and work the presses. Very soon he began to write—verse, short prose articles, news and editorials. It was but a few months after he started in that he was left in charge of the office while the editor went to San Francisco, where he remained for several weeks. On Col. Whipple's return the following appeared in the paper:

"We are under obligations to our friend, Mr. Frank B. Harte, for editorial assistance during our three weeks' absence in San Francisco. Mr. Harte has frequently contributed to our columns, and is a graceful and easy writer."

Within a year he was practically an associate editor, Col. Whipple's business taking him away much of the time. Harte was left in full charge and accepted the responsibility willingly. He was very happy in his surroundings and opportunities, and wrote constantly. While much of his writing during this time was unsigned it can easily be identified by one familiar with his inimitable style. Realizing his ability, my father encouraged Harte in every way, by personal help and public commendation.

During this time of California's most romantic era, Harte was in the center of a district crowded with characteristic types and rich in scenes which he later used in the stories and poems which have given him his rightful fame. Across the stage of this frontier town passed the miners, the gamblers, the traders, the dance-hall girls, the outcasts—the few parsons—sky-pilots;—to Frank Harte—now known as Bret—all were real characters and to us he has left them, limned in pen portraits, clear as if painted in oils.

Some of the characters he found in Humboldt he placed in other settings. He also gleaned from the columns of the local exchanges dramatic incidents to be used later in his stories. Such a real happening is supposed to have been his inspiration for "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," where the two gamblers were found dead "about twelve feet apart, having evidently become exhausted and laid down to die."

Harte's interest in writing was now intense. He had found a reason for it; he had a wealth of new material and through the columns of this little weekly he first found his world—the readers were his audience and he played to them well. This was the inspiration he needed. From this time on he developed rapidly in technique. He had formerly written more poetry; now he had to write prose and to write it in the language of the day. He wrote editorials, he wrote news; he commented on the weather. On February 9, 1859, he wrote: "The jar of the Heavenly Water Bearer was accidently upset one day last week. In the language of one of our noblest poets IT RAINED."

Some of his unsigned articles in serious vein, taken at random from the files of "The Northern Californian." include: An editorial on "The Dashaways"—a temperance organization of San Francisco in those days; a story on "Legislative Reporting," and a fine description of an Indian squaw in "An Indian Pallas."

His humorous articles were many. My father used often to read aloud at home an editorial

Read further on page 246

Unemployment on the Continent of Europe

By FELIX FLUGEL

IN Europe, as elsewhere, displacement of labor by mechanical inventions, seasonal fluctuations in the demand for labor and slackening of economic activity on the downward grade of the business cycle have contributed their share to unemployment. By careful planning, seasonal and cyclical unemployment could be controlled to a very large extent. Unemployment resulting from displacement of labor by machinery constitutes a somewhat different and more complex problem. It has been cumulative; like the proverbial snowball it has gathered momentum. In a number of Continental European countries, mechanization of industry was hastened by the world war. After 1918 competition demanded that nothing be overlooked to reduce the costs of production, and thus, in a number of European countries, notably in Germany, a systematic reorganization of every important branch of industry was undertaken. It involved the introduction of the most effective machinery and abandonment of factories and of equipment, which compared unfavorably with the best that skilled technicians could devise. The training and direction of labor, factory management, marketing—nothing was overlooked in the systematic reorganization which took place. The weakest links in the industrial system of post-war Germany were swept aside. But like a hurricane, this reorganization left its mark of destruction in the form of abandoned factories and a surplus of labor.

The unemployment question is pertinent and timely and is a pressing one abroad as well as at home. Professor Flugel is a close observer, and familiar at first hand with conditions on both sides of the Atlantic. He analyzes the situation as an economist in a sane and practical way. Readers of this article are referred to Mr. Flugel's discussion of "Hitlerism" in our issue of August last, page 169.

It is not, of course, reasonable to assume that the unemployment problem in Germany is the product of the rationalization movement—so-called. Without it Germany undoubtedly would have sunk even deeper into the mire of economic distress. But it plays its part in the unemployment situation today. Thus, while the world depression has seriously added to the vast army of the unemployed in every country of continental Europe, it is by no means solely responsible for the plight of hundreds of thousands, indeed millions of unemployed workers. Unemployment, on a large scale, existed even before the present depression began, a fact which should not be overlooked in surveying the present situation.

Fundamentally the economic difficulties of the European continent are much the same as those found elsewhere. Not the causes of unemployment and its possible cures, but rather its repercussions, have attracted public attention. In Central Europe, especially, politics and economics have been kneaded together to the disadvantage of both. Unemployment has been used as a threat to advance political ambitions. It has filled ballot boxes, both in local and national elections, with social and political grievances.

DESPITE the staggering losses in human lives during the world war, the surplus of able-bodied men seeking employment has mounted steadily. Today Germany alone records her unemployed in the neighborhood of six millions, and even France, the land of small landholdings — which provide at least a minimum of security to the bulk of her population, bends her shoulders noticeably to carry the weight of her unemployed, which number hundreds of thousands. Austria, Belgium, The Netherlands, Poland, Czechoslovakia and even Switzerland have all felt the shock of the post-war readjustment and the present depression—Austria probably more than other European countries. The degree of the burden borne by various classes of the population need not be debated here. All classes have been seriously affected. That much is certain.

To avoid the necessity of dependence upon public charity, unemployment insurance has been introduced in practically every European nation. Compulsory insurance is found in Italy, Austria, Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, in nine of the Swiss cantons and in Germany. Almost without exception the other nations of Europe have established voluntary state subsidized unemployment insurance systems.

Read further on page 240

Square Pegs

By ALVIN EDWARD MOORE

MYRON POPE climbed the long flight of stone steps that lead from the canon of traffic below to the main entrance of the United States Patent Office. His step was not juanty, nor was it slow. Myron although a young man, had learned a lot about life since last he climbed those steps two years before.

He passed through the swinging door, past the blue-uniformed guard's stance, into the wide rotunda, where showcases of models exhibit the patient work of bygone inventors and where the ghosts of past commissioners slumber in the paintings on the walls. It was all familiar to him and not distasteful, though he had deserted it two years ago.

He made his way to the Chief Clerk's office and was sworn in as a United States Patent Examiner.

Then he was ushered past the august colored messenger, Chauncey Depew Smith, into the presence of Dr. Whitehouse, the Assistant Commissioner.

Dr. Whitehouse sat at his desk in the large room, looking over a sheaf of papers. He did not look up. He was a stocky, dark-complexioned man, with the slow, ponderous air of a tractor.

At last he signified his readiness to listen, and Myron's companion introduced him, then left.

"Have that seat there," said Dr. Whitehouse, speaking with calm, sure, almost mechanical precision.

Myron sat down in the leather upholstered chair opposite the desk. Dr. Whitehouse took up another sheaf of papers and methodically ran through them.

"I cannot put you back into your old aeronautical work, Mr. Pope," he said slowly. "That division's quota is full." He took up last week's work report and began studying the lists of personnel.

"Doctor," said Myron, "I wonder if there is a vacancy in the book-making division. I'd like that work. I am very much interested in bookmaking."

"No, considering your training, I couldn't place you there," said Dr. Whitehouse. "They only have unimportant little machines there anyway. You would not be interested in them. No, I will give you something much more important than that . . . . Here, there is a vacancy in the railroad division. I'll give you that."

Pope looked mildly disappointed.

The Doctor leaned over and pushed a button. An attendant came.

"Take Mr. Pope up to Division 34."

After Pope had left, the good doctor pushed another button and the giant, suave, colored messenger appeared. Chauncey always looked well-groomed, with the edge of a freshly laundered handkerchief showing from his outside coat pocket.

"Chauncey, bring me a glass of water."

While the Doctor drank, he idly wondered why young Pope had wanted to go into the relatively uninterestnig book-making division from M. I. T. The very best technical educamore interesting frontiers of mechanical invention.

Setting down the glass, he took up Pope's record.

"Three years in the United States Naval Academy," he mused, "and the M. E. degree from M. I. T. The very best technical education this country affords. And he wants to examine little book-making inventions."

He looked further down the record. "Ah, here it is, Chauncey. He resigned two years ago to become a—a "free-lance author!" He failed and has come back where he belongs. He has an excellent record in his former division—a good man—and he thinks he's a square peg in a round hole.

"I suppose we are all like that. Chauncey, do you know why they call me doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said Chauncey suavely. "It's because you got a degree."

"Yes, Chauncey, I'm a Ph.D. and I have been in mechanical work since I graduated. And you'll laugh, Chauncey, when you hear this. All my life I have wanted to be a missionary to your own race in darkest Africa, but I never had a chance. Educated to be a philosopher, desirous of being a minister, I go high in the mechanical world. Isn't that life for you?"

"Yes, sir. You sure are right."

"I venture to say, Chauncey, that you also have wanted to be something that Providence, Fate, or whatever you want to call it, kept you from becoming. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, sir. I always wanted to be a college president, like Booker T. Washington. But I ain't."

* * *

FATE

By Coralyn Noble

WAITING along on the path of life,
Are the things that will happen to you;
Whether by chance or predestiny,
You will find Rosemary and rue.

Motoring With Washington Irving

By MINNA IRVING

THE motorist who has followed the trail of bouillabaisse, whitebait and goulash in Europe may profitably adopt the same plan for his week-end excursions in this country and so make sure of lunching and dining in comfort. He will also add greatly to the interest of the trip if he makes it a tour of mild sightseeing, such as visiting the scenes made famous by the Sketch-Book, if he takes the route along the Hudson. At Yonkers he finds Hendrik Hudson turned to stone and forever gazing out upon the great river he discovered. Dobbs Ferry has many landmarks of the Revolution, and the Children's Village is worth a look. Leaving behind him numerous roadside cottages displaying signs of chicken dinners, he enters the dreamy region of the home and haunts of Washington Irving.

He turns from Broadway down a shady lane and sees Sunnyside, where the Sketch-Book was written, and Irving burned hundreds of matches in wakeful midnights jotting down ideas and passages on a bedside table by their flickering light. The old house has been so modernized that the author would hardly recognize it now. On the green bank sloping down to the railroad tracks, Captain Kidd is reputed to have buried a chest of gold one stormy autumn night and to guard it with his ghost,—a terrifying specter enveloped in blue flames with a knife between its teeth. At Tarrytown is Christ Church where Irving was a vestryman, and distinguished visitors are allowed to sit in his pew. The square red brick tower is thickly veiled with English ivy which Irving brought from Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and planted with his own hands. The church bears a tablet with Irving's name.

Near by is the Florence Inn, better known for nearly a hundred years as the Franklin House, where Vanderbilt's tantivy coach used to stop overnight, and roll away for New York in the early morning with a flourish of horns and cracking of whips. Just beyond the stately new Washington Irving Trust Bank (a striking memorial to the author who put this somnolent region on the map for all time), entrance into the true Sleepy Hollow country is marked by the Andre Monument, a bronze figure of Militiaman Paulding forever on guard—one of MacMonnies best.

By this time lunch will be appreciated, and stopping at the Shotwell Tavern in the heart of the legendary land of the Sketch-Book, the motorist may have a home-cooked meal topped off with apple-pie like his mother used to make, and eat it in sight of the bridge over which the headless horseman galloped. The original bridge was replaced a few years ago by a fine stone span, the gift of the late William Rockefeller. The historic mill, older than the Old Dutch Church by six months, was recently destroyed by fire, but the local legend, that the ghost of Caesar, the first miller, used to be heard turning the wheel by the light of witch-fire candles, still survives. Heedless of time and change the brown Pocantico ripples on between its weedy banks, murmuring of the moccasined red men who glided along its borders on their way to the great "speak-stone," the ancient council-rock in the Rockefeller woods.

Not far from this point Bedford Road branches off from Broadway; up it Andre was taken by his captors to the house of John Romer; and to the same house Irving was in the habit of riding on Sunday afternoons to take tea with Aunt Fanny Romer and enjoy his favorite dainties, hot shortcake and peach preserves. At Sleepy Hollow Cemetery the motorist may wish to halt for a brief glimpse of Irving's modest resting-place, a short flight of stone steps leading up to a small iron gate behind which stands his plain headstone with its simple inscription.

The Old Dutch Church, too, merits more than a passing glance; in the crypt under it lies Catherine Philipse, first lady of the Manor, and around it cluster the early Dutch settlers under sunken brown sandstone slabs. Philipse Manor is still standing, well preserved, and lately the home of Elsie Janis.

HERE the dreamy country of the Sketch-Book is left behind and the road sweeps on through little villages and scattered farms into a lonely and mountainous landscape of woods and vales and singing waters, with an isolated dwelling or a tumble-down barn here and there at long intervals in the distance, but with roadhouses and refreshment stands aplenty all the way. Every farmer is turning an honest penny catering to the motorist, and the fantastic and fanciful names of these wayside places would supply Tin Pan Alley with song-titles for fifty years. "Miami Moon," with colored lanterns festooned across the front and a radio blaring jazz within, the "Log Cabin," a

replica of the house where Lincoln was born, and a whole string of similar names oddly out of place in the rural surroundings, flash by mile after mile. Just this side of Wappingers Falls a sign is nailed to a tree in the woods reading "Moggs Farm" and inviting the traveler to dine. But there is no hint of a house and no road apparent—just the sign, which flicks the imagination with a suggestion of mystery behind those dark and silent woods, a fit setting for a tragic tale.

In Wappingers Falls there is an old farmhouse without the usual sign-board where hunters like to stop in the fall when homeward bound with a buck strapped to the running-board. The food is plain but satisfying, chicken perhaps, but more likely pork chops with mashed potatoes, sour cucumber pickles, apple-sauce, apple-pie and coffee with real cream. If you distrust the effects of pork on your digestion you may have eggs, but you can't get any other kind of meat; if it is pork day, pork it is. You eat in an old-fashioned room with an iron pump in the corner, and oil lamps on the shelf waiting to be lighted at night-fall. There is no telephone—nor electric lights, nor gas, nor running water, nor bath-room.

The prices at these up-country farms are high; the night-clubs of New York have nothing on these simple rustics in the matter of charges. The farmers must find the motorist a better investment than planting corn and potatoes.

IRVING'S trail is picked up again a hundred miles from Albany, at Kinderhook, where the characters in the Sketch-Book really lived, and from which Irving transplanted them to the more picturesque scenes of Sleepy Hollow. He was a guest of Judge Van Ness at the house better known as Linden wold, the home of Martin Van Buren, when he conceived the idea of recording the customs and traditions of the Dutch settlers.

The farmhouse where Katrina Van Tassel lived is now the Van Alen homestead, but looks pretty much the same as it must have appeared in her time. Mynheer Van Tassel's flintlock hangs over the shelf, and the rush-bottomed chairs, occupied by Ichabod and Katrina on "courting-nights," still stand primly each side of the fireplace. There is a hole in the foundation through which the slaves, who lived in the cellar, pushed the logs for the fireplace in their subterranean quarters, and this has never been closed up.

The quaint covered bridge over which the headless Hessian thundered with his gruesome burden spans a stream as lazy and as brown as the Pocantico. There was talk of replacing the bridge with a modern structure, but it is to be hoped that nothing was done about it. The one-story school-house, where Ichabod Crane (Jesse Merwin) taught the three R's and applied the birch, is still attended by the children of the neighborhood.

If the motorist decides to stay overnight in Kinderhook he will probably be put to sleep in a huge puffy feather bed—real geese feathers—like the one that cradled the bucolic dreams of th old Mynheer. But if he is on vacation he can journey west by the Mohawk Trail, and in the vicinity of Lockport, and indeed all the way to Lake Erie, view the remains of the fortified villages, vestiges of an unknown race that vanished long before the era of the Indian. These ruins were first discovered by Kirkland, a missionary to the Iroquois, in 1788. Going on to Niagara he can listen to the eternal hymn of the great Falls, and visit the Indian Reservation where lives Johnny Green Blanket, full-blooded Iroquois and first trombonist in the Niagara Falls Concert Band; and on Sunday hear Johnny's mother play the organ in the church on the Reservation.

But for a week-end trip there is nothing better than to motor with Washington Irving.

OVERLAND-OUT WEST has long contemplated a material development and expansion of its activities. There has been organized, **Overland-Out West Publications,** which concern has already invaded the book publishing field. Arthur H. Chamberlain, leading spirit in the enterprise and president of Overland-Out west Publications, has in the past brought out a number of books for recognized authors, chiefly in the non-fiction field. The first volume of fiction is issued this month—a novel entitled "Marquee Ballyhoo," reviewed elsewhere in this issue. The authors, Maurice L. Kusell and M. S. Merritt, have produced a novel which the "publisher has more than the usual degree of satisfaction in presenting to the public, because," the statement continues, "of the staccato phrasing and potent appeal" of the volume.

The publisher will, during 1932 and 1933, bring out a number of books, emphasis to be placed on Western books in both fiction and non-fiction classes, the latter to include biography, history, education, verse, etc.

Elmer's Come-back—A Short, Short Story

By MAURICE L. KUSELL and M. S. MERRITT.

THIS as a sad story! An extremely sad story of subjugated love, with a sob in every vowel, consonant and syllable.

Elmer Ellsmore, erstwhile moving picture rage of an era when motion pictures, like little children, were to be **seen,** not **heard,** purposely avoided leaving the Aeolian Studio by the side gate. This gate led to the narrow wooden bridge over that damnably mosquito-infested river—and that despicable thing lying in the shallow water below.

It was tough enough on Elmer to lose the engagement. He wanted to play that part—needed the money. Losing it meant another postponement of his marriage to Barbara. If she would only understand and credit the almost unbelievable circumstance that prompted the studio executives to refuse him the contract!

For generations the Ellsmores had been born with silver spoons in their mouths. But from birth, Elmer was destined to surpass all who came before him in ancestry.

When he opened his cherubic lips to emit his first breath-taking squall, a nymph of fortune deftly slipped a gold spoon into his mouth.

True, the spoon was not solid gold. But the calendar had made several revolutions before the twenty-year gold fill began to wear through to the brass beneath. He cherished his emblem of fortune. Never—well, hardly ever, did he allow teeth to touch the lacquered gold plate of this spoon of plenty.

By the time Elmer had attained voting age, he was playing blue-shirt leads in such bills as "Tennessee's Partner" and "Old Kentucky," in the period when these plays were considered modern drama.

During a season of cut salaries, he had married Joan Royal, leading lady of a ten-twenty-thirty rep-show. Love lacking, an economic situation triumphed.

At the end of an extremely lean season, Hollywood discovered Elmer and Joan, quartered in a typical down-and-outters theatrical rooming house. Even in those days Hollywood had its failures.

Barely had these Thespian mates opened their one-night-stand, battered Taylor Trunks, when the Goddess of Fate spread a carpet of gold (also plated) for Elmer, leading gloriously to the Rajahs of Filmdom.

The display of his name in Gargantuan electric signs and handsome oil painted three-sheets, became a panacea to sickly box offices of moving picture theatres.

The world was at Elmer's neatly tied oxfords. But temptation was strong and alluring.

Temptation presented itself in the person of Barbara Lange. She was working as an extra on the huge set of which Elmer was the one bright and shining star, surrounded by mere satelites of lesser magnitude. He received the homage due him in a spirit worthy the dignity of a feudal lord.

Between scenes, Elmer stood in a repertorial pose, admiring, and being admired by the charming group of young ladies on the set. His philandering eye came to rest upon Barbara and loitered there a sensual moment too long.

Barbara was undoubtedly the belle of her home town,—Sandusky, Ohio. But in Hollywood she simply added one to the myriad of lovely young maidens who daily trek to the realms of the makers of film stars.

"Who's the cute trick, that looks like she doesn't know what it's all about?" Elmer had asked the assistant director, who had the knowledge of an adolescent messenger boy in a young ladies seminary.

"Dynamite—lay off!" the assistant advised.

"Ho, ho! Gold digger?"

"No! Adhesive."

"Mmm—interesting! Fix it for me."

"All right, but remember, you're buttering your own bread." The assistant slouched resignedly toward the fancy of the great star.

ELMER was still buttering his own bread months later. Barbara's too! No longer did Barbara climb the stairs of the Studio Club.

We introduce to Overland readers this month, two names new to our pages,—Maurice L. Kusell and M. S. Merritt. These fictionists, who frequently collaborate in their work, are known for their contributions featuring especially dramatic art and fiction. They are the authors of the new novel, "MARQUEE BALLYHOO," reviewed on page 244 of this issue and featured on the inside of our front cover.

Elmer had the lovely young maiden ensconced in a beautiful Beverly Hills bungalow, her cares and worries at an end.

Joan had heard the unsavory rumor. She hesitated to accuse her husband. He had scaled the ladder of success and given her everything—satisfied every material want.

It seemed ridiculous that after seasons of barnstorming with Elmer, he should neglect her and give this girl a serious thought. Especially if she came from Sandusky, Ohio. Elmer had always dreaded playing that town.

But rumors became more insistent. Joan forced herself to confront her famous husband.

"Elmer—," she reluctantly began, "is it true you are having—er—well, this girl! Is there anything in what I have heard?"

Elmer prattled on for hours. His artistic temperament must be fed—his art—good God; his art! What did he receive at home?—nothing—no word to spur him on to finer dramatic heights as a screen celebrity. In all, what she had heard was true. Joan and he must separate!

Joan was quiet. Too quiet he had thought. If she loved him—or ever had loved him, she would cry. One little tear at least in consideration of losing him. But no tears coursed down the cheek of his cast-off mate. This hurt the exalted Elmer. His pride would carry the scar of this wound. Millions of women idolized him. While his wife—his own legal spouse quietly smirked at their parting.

"How old is she?" Joan asked, with just a slight trace of humor in her voice.

"Why—er—I believe nineteen."

"O, Elmer!" Joan was sorry for him. "Can't you see what a grand chump you're being? Not that I care. Nor am I jealous—."

Another scar for his pride to carry.

"I won't say you're old enough to be her father. That would be unkind. But you could be her mother's twin brother."

Joan was considerate. She avoided, as far as possible, any scandalous talk. Of course the huge financial settlement was balm to her loveless marriage. The court was also generous with an alimony.

Elmer was relieved. He could now pursue his courtship with the shy, petite Barbara. The settlement with Joan meant little to him. The gold spoon was still in his mouth. Soon his option at the studio would be taken up, with the stipulated salary increase.

Motion picture executives, assimilating a tractor, may wheel about face and plow under the very furrow they have seeded.

Elmer's box-office appeal sagged during Lent. That was a natural condition. But when Easter was past, and reports on the Ellsmore starring vehicles were read, studio heads came together with a thud.

"Have to unload him." The studio manager advised.

"When's his option due?"

"Next month." The secretary to the President of Aeolian Films informed them.

"Too bad. He made a lot of money for us." One of the powers had a trace of sentiment, at least.

"It's his own fault! Getting mixed up with that glider; she has the mind of a moron. Her brain has to be towed to a hill before it will coast."

"Divorces always hurt the reputation of a star."

Max Greenbaum, President of Aeolian Pictures, had reached a decision. "Sadie," said Max, as one delivering a military ultimatum, "send Ellsmore the usual letter that his option will not be taken up."

"Yes, Mr. Greenbaum, it's on file and ready to go. All I have to do is insert the date."

Drops of acid slowly eating away the gold plate!

ELMER received the cancellation of his option unconcernedly, and threw the missle into the flames shooting up the chimney of his huge fireplace.

"The damn fools. Any studio in town will be glad to sign me to a long term contract," he boastfully told Barbara.

To the astonishment of the great star, the studios seemed to take a sudden aversion to the name of Elmer Ellsmore. It was almost impossible for him to secure an interview. When he did get past the outer precinct, the interview turned out to be: "Sorry, Mr. Ellsmore, our release is set for the year. Couldn't possibly squeeze you in our program. However, if anything turns up; we'll be glad to call you. Good-bye."

Minor engagements were offered in supporting roles. But the effulgent name of Elmer Ellsmore could not be disparaged. He'd starve first!

Alone perhaps, he could starve. But Barbara's appetite must be appeased.

It was through her insistence that he was finally induced to play starring parts for independent studios—at a smaller salary, of course, than he had previously received, but preserving his name as a film celebrity.

Even these engagements soon became fewer.

Read further on page 248

Jack Wilkinson Smith

CONSTRUCTIVE ARTIST

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

WE hear much about a new school of American painting, and many there are who declare with reason that a distinct and virile school of native art is already firmly rooted in California.

Unhampered by European traditions or influences the West is unquestionably developing a group of painters whose authority is already felt throughout the East and Middle West. These men have virtually matured in the environment they depict, and are a part of the West both in feeling and understanding.



Old Stage Station
By Jack Wilkinson Smith
Courtesy of Biltmore Salon

A leader of this group is Jack Wilkinson Smith, for practically the whole cycle of this talented painter's art has to do with his delineations of the West.

Smith sees a wide variety of color in Western landscapes which escape most artists,—or if they see it they fail to record it. Skies are not merely blue, sand yellow or buttes red. Each contains a myriad subtle tonalities and varied hues tantalizingly mingled, constantly changing —the joy and the despair of the discerning painter.

This artist paints Marine and High Sierra subjects with great force and understanding, yet his desert landscapes reveal his love for line and color in a totally different mood—one with a sparkle and verve seldom equaled by his contemporaries.

Jack Wilkinson Smith's development as a successful painter is one of contrasts. His first recognition came with his depictions of shore marines. Before this, he painted popular old mission subjects.

Smith's awakening to romance developed largely with his second cycle, which concerned itself with desert subjects, which were painted with a joyful enthusiasm,—always happy, always colorful.

Then came an opposite extreme—combining reality with romance—the cold, calm majesty of our seldom seen and little known peaks, commonly referred to as the High Sierras.

Few indeed have penetrated these difficult mountain regions, with their slow moving glaciers, snow-clad peaks and icy lakes. With horses and easel, Smith packs in to the heart of the snows, and has given American art a new and vital subject in pigment that promises much for future achievement.

An artist may easily become too highly specialized, just as he may become academically over trained. Success rests in establishing a happy medium and the individual must be the one to bring this about.

"Jack Smith has been a close observer of nature and has successfully evolved his own technique. Plus a sound, practical training, he has acquired a manner of expression that makes successful exhibitions and wins awards."

One seldom thinks of the mechanics of painting when studying Smith's canvases. His feeling for vast aerial perspective and organization of masses, combined with a fine feeling for elemental forces, lift his renderings of mountain grandeur above a scenic pictorial quality. Here perhaps we find the artist in his most pro-

found, and possibly his most successful interpretation.

His desert subjects reveal his love for color and are most suggestive of moods, and no artist realizes better than Smith how difficult is this Southland to translate upon canvas.

Smith deals with a different aspect of the sea. He looks upon its tonal moods, its wistful sunlit beauty, and its hushed quietude, when mists wreath the shore and dunes. These canvases are fine and true in color and exquisite in feeling, yet as forceful and broad in handling as can be consistent with their moods.



Pines by the Lake

Jack Wilkinson Smith was born in Paterson, N. J., and studied art in Chicago and Cincinnati. While in the latter city, he began to paint in water color, attaining a proficiency that brought a ready market for his pictures, which included both landscapes and figures. It was not until he came to California in 1908 that he began to regard painting as the really serious business of his life. The beauties of the West made their usual appeal, and he discarded water colors for oils. This decision was a wise one. Water colors have their technical distractions, their too close limitations. They may and sometimes do kill the spirit for the perfection of the rendering. Oils are free and malleable, asking nothing but a fine seriousness of intention from their manipulator. Every refinement of tone, of color, and of line may become yours when you once master this medium. Smith saw this and made his choice.

This artist has always been a staunch believer in the development of the school of art in the West, and has been active in fostering many art organizations, often sacrificing his own time and interests to further the lagging development of local art, or to foster appreciation for the work of his contemporaries.

Mr. Smith is a past President of the California Art Club, which he helped to organize and put on a permanent basis. He was instrumental in organizing the Sketch Club, the first group of its kind in Los Angeles. He is a leader in the Biltmore Salon, and a member of the Salamagundi Club and the Allied Artists of America, both of New York, and is a member of the Painters of the West, Jonathan Club, "Uplifters," and various other important organizations in the Southwest.

He has exhibited in the leading galleries of the United States, and has won numerous awards, the most recent of which was the Marius de Brabant purchase prize, and also the gold medal at an exhibition of Paintings of the West, in the Biltmore Salon. His canvases are exhibited in many of the notable private galleries in the United States and he is generously represented in public galleries throughout the East.

Among the many honors won by Mr. Smith were Silver and Bronze medals at the San Diego Exposition in 1915. In 1917 his canvas won the Silver Medal at the Sacramento Exposition; and in 1918, he won the Black prize of the California Art Club, and the first prize of the Los Angeles Exposition.

In 1919 he won the Gold and Bronze Medals at the Sacramento Exposition; in 1920, the Second prize at the Phoenix Exposition; in 1921, Second prize at the Sacramento Exposition, and in 1922 his canvas won First prize at Phoenix and was purchased by the Woman's Club of Phoenix for the Municipal collection.

Gertrude Atherton

By CYRIL CLEMENS

Cyril Clemens, who has met and interviewed many notables on both sides of the Atlantic, tells of his first meeting with Gertrude Atherton, famous author and interesting personality.

ONE of the best known Californian authors,—indeed nationally known,—is Gertrude Atherton, whom I had the honor and pleasure of meeting at the magnificent Saratoga estate of the late Senator James Duval Phelan, a modern Macenas in his lavish entertainment of established authors and his benefactions to authors still struggling for recognition. Never shall I forget walking up the long palm-lined driveway to the friendly white stucco house with red roof done in true California style. At the door I was greeted by Senator Phelan himself, one of the most courtly and charming gentlemen it had ever been my privilege to meet. In the drawing room with other notables, I met Mrs. Atherton.

Before I describe her personally the reader might appreciate a few biographical details. Gertrude Franklin Horn was born in San Francisco, and was educated at private schools and under private teachers. While still in her teens she married George H. Atherton of Menlo Park, California, who died in 1887. A few of her outstanding novels are **The Doomswoman,** 1892; **American Wives and English Husbands,** 1898; **The Californians,** 1898; **Senator North,** 1900; **The Aristocrats,** 1901; **The Conqueror,** 1902; **The Black Oxen,** 1923.

Mrs. Atherton was reclining on a chaise longue smoking a cigarette, engaged in animated conversation with the gentleman next her. Her eyes seemed to dart intelligence. Her nose was fine and firm and reminded one of her own Dido. No one could contemplate her without coming under the influence of her personality. She would be noticeable in any company; such was her vibrant personality. Mrs. Isabel Paterson has given the following vivid description:

"She has a classic Colonial profile. It might have been drawn by Peal or Gilbert Stuart. Her eyes are blue, her hair pale gold: she is of middle height, and of that erect carriage one associates with an earlier generation which used straight backed chairs as a matter of self respect."

Mrs. Atherton looked at one with such friendliness, and with penetration that was keen and searching, but not in the least inclined to be inquisitorial, that meeting the distinguished woman for the first time you immediately felt attracted towards her.

Our talk at first centered about humor.

"Will Rogers," remarked Mrs. Atherton, puffing at her cigarette, "is a descendant of Mark Twain in the field of humor, but I do not think that Rogers has the same versatility that Twain possessed. I was interviewed lately by a college paper and they asked me to give the students some practical advice about writing. I gave them the following:

"Try to be a Mark Twain or a Will Rogers even though you only become another grub street writer."

THEN I asked Mrs. Atherton had her historical novels required much reading up.

"A great deal," she answered with a smile. "To get the local color for **The Immortal Marriage** I had to read some 200 volumes: read them carefully, not merely skim through. Recreating a past age, first in your own mind, and then on paper, is a trying and tedious process. Success of a sort can only be obtained by plodding, patient, persevering effort. A historical novel is built up in the same patient way that a coral island is, particle by particle, inch by inch, thought by thought, fact by fact. It is surprising how elusive a past age can be. After a few centuries it is bad enough, but when a thousand years or so have gone by, it is almost impossible to do anything. It can be compared to trying to write an account of an unimportant event a year after it has happened."

Mrs. Atherton told me some interesting facts about her early life.

"I was born in San Francisco and educated there and in Lexington, Kentucky. Before I finished school I married, and was widowed a few years later. I immediately started to New York to enter upon my career. I did not know much at that age, but I knew enough to know that I could learn little of the world in California and know the world I must, if I would be a novelist. I have been studying the world ever since. The small town interests me occasionally, and I am deeply interested in visiting the old California towns. I returned to write the life of the old Spanish era, which I embodied in **Rezanov, The Doomswoman,** and **The Splendid Idle Forties.** But life at its high-

Read further on page 253

Unemployment on the Continent

Continued from page 231

Combined with nationally assisted relief and local charity, insurance has brought subsistence to millions of unemployed, without the use of bread lines. While the exigencies of the present situation have made it imperative that public funds be used to subsidize the unemployed—charity and insurance should be sharply differentiated.

It required a good deal of ingenuity, especially in the face of the precarious state of the public finances for Germany, to devise ways and means of alleviating unemployment, which in the last two years reached catastrophic proportions. A program of public works construction was launched in nearly every German city giving employment to tens of thousands of workers. But it proved quite inadequate to stem the tide. Under the leadership of ex-Chancellor Bruening a deliberate attempt was made through emergency decrees to bring about a deflation of prices, thus reducing costs of production, allowing German goods to compete more successfully in the world markets. In conformity with this policy decrees were issued reducing the prices of many raw materials; wages and interest rates on long term loans were likewise forced to lower levels. An experiment of far-reaching significance was set in motion. Reducing the hours of work (incorporated in a non-compulsory decree) and schemes for rotation of employment, which would spread the incidence of unemployment, have been tried. Whether the deflationary tactics of the German government or the inflationary measures proposed in a number of leading industrial nations offers the necessary corrective is still far from settled.

IN view of differences in statistical computation, comparisons of unemployment between the various European countries are meaningless. The sources of information differ, the statistics are incomparable, and the definition of unemployment lacks uniformity. But from whatever source derived and irrespective of the methods of compilation, they tell the same story. That the significance of these statistics has been recognized is indicated by the tightening of the reins of government in a number of continental European countries and enactment of drastic measures to overcome serious economic barriers. Had the economic heritage of the world war—reparations, staggering war debts and destructively high tariffs—been liquidated a decade ago, the situation today, as far as Europe is concerned, would be far less alarming. Not to recognize this would be to ignore one of the fundamental factors in the present unemployment problem—which in a sense is the product of irrational economic behavior on the part of European statesmen in the period immediately following the war. It has been contended that Europe is suffering from over-population, that therein lies the explanation of her troubles. Too many mouths must be fed, too many bodies clothed and sheltered! But this explanation seems incompatible with the fact that great surplus stores of food fill the warehouses and that an appalling number of factories have been temporarily closed or operate far below normal capacity.

The solution of the unemployment problem as far as continental Europe is concerned is not to be found in the reduction of population, but in a carefully planned economy, involving first of all close cooperation between the industrial nations of Europe in all matters of economic consequence. The fact is often overlooked that the present system of production and distribution is extremely sensitive and responds immediately to any interference. Abandonment of a policy of economic self-sufficiency is fundamental to a successful and permanent cure of the economic distress from which Europe is suffering today. If this is clearly recognized and the necessary steps taken to make such a program effective, the solution of the unemployment problem will be much closer to realization.

WEEDS

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

IN neatly trimmed enclosures
Men talk of plucking weeds.
Yet high on the open hillside
The humblest plant succeeds.

The poison oak, the mustard,
The poppy, briar and fern,
Have each a timeless title
The hill-wind would not spurn.

And each, bestarred with flowers
Or smilingly green or red,
Turns to the sun, its monarch,
A proud yet a modest head.

Only where man, the spoiler,
Preaches his lordly creeds,
Trampling his fellows weed-like,
Has there been thought of weeds.

The Literary West

Sixth Annual Convention League of Western Writers

By ELEANOR GRAY, Vice President, San Francisco Chapter

Auspicious Mid-summer Weather of San Francisco Greeted the Assembled Writers as They Came to Listen and Learn by Hearing the Plights and Progress of Their Fellow Craftsmen.

THE League of Western Writers, the largest organization of active workers in the literary field of the West, has now reached its sixth birthday. It includes members from Vancouver and Victoria on the north, Hawaii on the west, the Rocky Mountain states on the east, and Panama Canal Zone on the south.

Delegates from many of these widespread localities appeared at the brilliant and well-organized sixth annual convention of the League, held at the Clift Hotel in San Francisco from August 15 to 20. The committee which handled the arrangements consisted of Mrs. F. H. Colburn, chairman; Dr. Carl Holliday, president of the League; Miss Grace Hadley, secretary of the League, and Miss Eleanor Gray.

Particularly fitting at the time, when the Olympic Games were taking place in California, was one of the purposes of the convention; namely, the honoring of the memory of those who had created a new world of western literature, and who had commanded the admiration and fulsome compliment of the entire world.

Bret Harte's triumph as a sophisticated delineator of pioneer life in the mining camps of California; Mark Twain's laughter, philosophy, yet paradoxical vein of sadness; Joaquin Miller's ability to recognize in the scene about him a source of amusement; Jack London's deep human sympathy, tenderness, and fundamental common sense; the spiritual quality of Ina Coolbrith's verse; the feeling word pictures of George Sterling; the vigorous descriptive power of Charles Warren Stoddard; the helpful inspiration of Henry Meade Bland's work; and, too, the meticulously careful creations of Robert Louis Stevenson held the stage before as receptive and appreciative an audience as could anywhere be brought together.

Governor James Rolph, Jr., gave the first impetus to the outstanding achievement of the convention by his enthusiastic proclamation establishing the week beginning August 15 as "Western Literature Week," to be devoted to the commemoration of the founding of western literature.

Mayor Angelo Rossi and staff welcomed the assemblage in the rotunda of the City Hall in the Civic Center. The key to the "most hospitable and best loved city in the world" was there given to Dr. Carl Holliday, president of the League. Following this welcome by the civic authorities a tour was made of the city.

The next step in the convention program showed that the writers were keen business people as well as literary artists. Markets, where their literary wares might find purchasers, were discussed here. The amount of coin which creative brain children might bring was thoroughly discussed at a round table presided over by Miss Eleanor Gray, a member who had recently contacted both American and British markets.

On the evening of the first day of the convention, the Celebrity Dinner in the magnificent Roof Lounge of the Clift Hotel took place. Dr. Carl Holliday, in sincerely cordial fashion, here greeted the visiting guests, and gave a scholarly address regarding the early literary lights of California.

Mr. John D. Barry, well known writer and publicist, generously responded with delightful personal reminiscences of the same.

Members from all parts of the western half of the continent then answered to their names, and told of their particular forms of literary work.

On the second day were again held spirited and illuminating round tables for fiction and non-fiction writers. Here leaders in the special fields of writing told their opinions and forecasts for the literary future.

These round tables were followed by two memorable luncheons—one for the men, and a Spanish luncheon for the women. At this latter function, Spanish California days were faithfully recalled by the women guests' wearing of colorful dresses, and by the giving of speeches commemorating the splendid life of this gay and carefree pre-American period in California history.

At the men's luncheon, too, male leaders of the business and cultural life of the state discussed the important historical epochs of early California. Under Mr. Harr Wagner's chairmanship, Prof. Herbert E. Bolton, Mr. Douglas S. Watson, Mr. Thomas Brown, and Mr. Arthur H. Chamberlain gave spirited addresses.

The Book Fair, at the Museum in Golden Gate Park, was next inspected. Here tomes of exceeding interest and value delighted the visitors. The success of the event was due largely to the untiring efforts of Mrs. F. H. Colburn, chairman.

The visit to the Book Fair was followed by a book lovers' dinner in the Sierra dining room of the Clift Hotel. The themes for the dinner speakers were the great libraries of California. John Howell, Miss Mabel Gillis, and Chester Rowell ably reported the existing conditions.

A pleasing feature of this dinner was the souvenir program containing Sterling's poem, "The Cool Gray City of Love." Mr. John Nash contributed this as his particular gift to the League.

The third day of the convention was spent under the able guidance of Mr. Charles Keeler. A pilgrimage was made to the Heights, Joaquin Miller's home. Luncheon followed by discussion on "Poets and Poetry" was held at the Claremont Hotel.

The International House at the University of California cordially held open its doors to the literary guests.

Professor Paul Cadman next greeted the writers at the Greek Theater. His address was notable for its fine scholarly flavor.

High Tea was held at the magnificently located Cora Williams Institute, where the Berkeley Pen Women and California Writers Club graciously acted as hostesses.

The party then returned to the Hotel Leamington in Oakland for buffet supper. Here Mr. Charles Keeler, host of the occasion, read several of his inspiring poems written to commemorate the occasion of the sixth successful convention of the League.

After supper a pageant of amazing beauty and originality took place at the Oakland Auditorium, where a strikingly lighted billboard announced the holding of the convention. In this pageant, for the first time in history, Queen Califia appeared in a tableau vivante, and issued a proclamation indicating her departure from her fabulous kingdom, the island of California. She was preceded by a group of dancing gnomes, while a hidden choral of mixed voices sang the marching "Flower Song." Prominent club women acted as heralds, trumpeters, and advance guards. Maynard Dixon designed the costume of Queen Califia.

Mayor Fred Morcum of Oakland and Governor James Rolph, Jr., gave enthusiastic addresses of welcome. These were responded to by Mr. Lewis Byington in a tribute to Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Honorable Joseph R. Knowland, of Oakland, added a tribute to Jack London and Ina Coolbrith.

Mr. Harr Wagner and Mr. Arthur H. Chamberlain were the principal speakers of the evening. Mr. Wagner told in a feeling and fascinating way of the life of Joaquin Miller, while Mr. Chamberlain gave highlights of the history of "The Overland Monthly." He accorded honor to a notable group of men and women and declared the entire western coast to be the theatre of their activities.

The last day for the social and literary side of the convention, Peninsula Day, was held at Stanford University under the gracious leadership of Mrs. Carol G. Wilson and Mrs. David Starr Jordan.

A delicious luncheon was served at Stanford Union, where greetings from the University were extended by Dr. Eliot G. Mears and Professor Ralph Latz. Professor M. H. Davis and Professor Augustus T. Murray also gave inspiring talks. Later in the afternoon visits were made to the Memorial Chapel, Stanford University Press, and to the library where rare materials were inspected. The day closed with a tribute to David Starr Jordan, a visit to the Memorial Room, and a tour of the campus.

Thus ended a most memorable literary event in the history of California; namely, the convention of craftsmen who genuinely believe the Indian proverb which says, "Fig trees grow more fruitful by looking upon other fig trees," and who also consider that honor is due to those who have wielded the pen well, and who no longer "carry on."

Minutes of Business Session, August 20, 1932

By GRACE T. HADLEY, Secretary

THE meeting was called to order at 10:30 a. m. in Room D, Clift Hotel, San Francisco, by Dr. Carl Holliday, President. Grace T. Hadley was at the secretary's desk. In his opening remarks, President Holliday stated that the By-Laws did not provide for a State Organizer. He also expressed hope that patrons of the Arts and those friendly to the work of the League might be interested in offering cash prizes for the best fiction and non-fiction ,poetry, etc. He suggested that members of the League send to the secretary, news

items of their recent activities for publication in the News Letter.

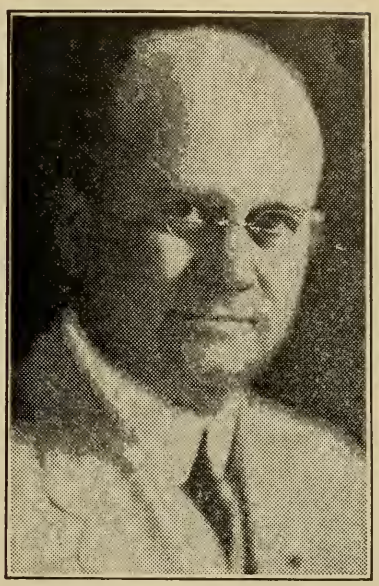
The secretary presented a report of the Vancouver Convention of a year ago, which, on motion, was adopted as read. Mr. John Lamb of Seattle, Historian, presented his report, the history, he stated being largely the work of Miss Pamelia Pearl Jones and Mrs. Lebold, of Seattle. His report was received with appreciation.

Judge L. D. Mahone, of Portland, reported on the organization of his chapter and the President presented to Mr. Mahone the charter for the same. Prospects for additional new chapters were mentioned by representatives of other cities.

Following full discussion, decision was reached that for the present year only, the initiation fee of $5.00 be reduced to $3.00. Representatives of the Santa Rosa Chapter favored the allocating of the entire fee to the head office. Miss Cotton and others spoke of the need for money to conduct the affairs of the national. On final motion, it was decided that $1.00 of each $3.00 initiation fee be retained by the chapter, and two-thirds, or $2.00, go to the national.

The resolutions covered appreciation to Governor Rolph, Mayor Rossi and the City of San Francisco, Mayor Frederick Marcom and the City of Oakland, the City of Berkeley, Cora Williams Institute, Stanford University, President Holliday, Secretary Grace T. Hadley, Mrs. F. H. Colburn, Chairman Convention Committee and her colleagues, and to John Henry Nash, Mrs. Luther Burbank and others. These resolutions signed by Ben F. Field, Muriel Wanamaker and Eugenia T. Finn, were adopted, and the committee thanked for its report.

The President stated that a committee had been at work upon the revision of the By-Laws but that as suggestions had been received from a few of the chapters only, he deemed it advisable to refer the proposed revision back to the chapters for further study. Mr. John Jury, legal advisor of the League, was called upon to discuss the matter. Mr. Jury stated that while there were a number of proposals in the revision that should prove beneficial, that both the present By-Laws and the proposed revision contained defects. Provisions must be made for the election of a Board of Directors. Mr. Jury made it clear that any organization working under a charter as an incorporation, requires its Board of Directors to be responsible. The Board can not delegate its powers or responsibilities to others. Under the present By-Laws, the President names the Advisory Board, and if that body has full power to act, it is in all essential respects the President alone who



Ben F. Field, President

directs the organization. This is not in line with democratic principles.

Arthur Truman Merrill, for the Committee on Revision, made an enlightening report and showed that a tremendous amount of work had been put into the proposed revision. He expressed belief that further consideration might be worth while and that it would be indicative of a democratic spirit to have all chapters record their vote, section by section.

It was then moved by Mr. Jury, seconded and carried, that the proposed revisions be referred back to the various chapters for further consideration, returns to be made by November 30, 1932. Those wishing to propose amendments were to put them in legal form when sending them in.

Discussion ensued as to what constitutes a "professional writer," and of the general qualifications of League members. Mrs. Finn, Mrs. Graham, Dr. Holliday and others took part in the discussion.

The Nominating Committee, through Arthur Truman Merrill, presented its report, and officers were subsequently unanimously elected as follows:

President.....Ben Field, Los Angeles
First Vice President.....Dr. Carl Holliday, San Jose
Second Vice President..Lionel Stevenson, Tempe, Az.
Third Vice President..Wm. Freeman Hough, Seattle

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Arthur H. Chamberlain, Chairman.....Los Angeles
Mrs. Otis F. Lamson.....Seattle
Mr. John Jury.....San Francisco
Mrs. Snow Longley Housh.....Los Angeles
Judge L. D. Mahone.....Portland
Harr Wagner.....San Francisco
Major L. Bullock Webster.....Victoria, B. C.
Orra E. Monnette.....Los Angeles
Ethel Cotton.....San Francisco

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Esther Birdsall Darling	Alaska
Lionel Stevenson	Arizona
Arthur Truman Merrill	California
Major L. Bullock Webster	Canada
Clem Yore	Colorado
Ernest F. Ayers	Idaho
Dr. Levi B. Salmans	Mexico
Frank B. Linderman	Montana
Witter Bynner	New Mexico
A. L. Higginbotham	Nevada
Mrs. Charles Hines	Oregon
Sue Core	Panama Canal Zone
Virginia Spates	Texas
Dr. I. Spector	Washington

Colonel E. Hofer was re-elected President Emeritus, Mabel Moffitt re-elected Librarian. Pamelia Pearl Jones was elected as Historian.

The President is empowered by the Constitution to appoint the Advisory Board. On motion, duly carried, the Convention recommended to the President the following for Advisory Board members:

Dr. Carl Sumner Knopf	Los Angeles
Dr. Alice M. Smith	Tacoma
Mrs. F. H. Colburn	San Francisco
Judge L. D. Mahone	Portland
Mrs. Eugenia T. Finn	Santa Rosa
Mrs. Maude E. Graham	Seattle
Eleanor Gray	San Francisco
Arthur Truman Merrill, Secretary	Glendale

Invitations for the next annual meeting had been presented by Long Beach, California, and Portland, Oregon. Judge L. D. Mahone, of Portland, magnanimously moved that the 1933 convention be held at Long Beach and the 1934 meeting at Portland. In his second, Mr. Chamberlain emphasized the importance of meeting in Long Beach the coming year, and favored Portland for 1934. Long Beach was chosen as the next Convention city and Mr. Jack Horner, manager of the Convention Bureau at Long Beach, graciously presented the key to the city to Judge Mahone as representing Portland and the League.

Letters of regret were read from Mrs. Lamson and Anne Shannon Monroe of the Board of Directors, regretting their inability to be present and carrying greetings to the Convention. The Portland members, Mrs. Hines and Judge Mahone, brought word of the illness of Colonel Hofer, and Mr. Chamberlian was empowered to draft and send a letter to Colonel Hofer expressing sympathy and the good will of the Convention and hopes for his rapid recovery.

Mrs. Hines extended, on behalf of the Governor of Oregon, greetings to the Governor of California. Mrs. Clio L. Aydelott stated that she would return to the San Joaquin Valley and organize a joint chapter from Hanford, Fresno and Visalia. Other expressions of enthusiasm followed, and the meeting adjourned.

* * *

President Field has appointed Arthur Truman Merrill as Secretary-Treasurer of the League and Eleanor Gray to the Advisory Board.

Book Notes and News

Inheritance. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. 592 Pages. Price, $2.50.

AMERICAN readers are always glad of an opportunity to procure a splendidly written novel with an English background. Such a book is Phyllis Bentley's novel "Inheritance." While having to do with life in the textile trade region of Yorkshire, England, the book especially chronicles a leading family of this weavers' community—the Oldroyds. It is a volume well and powerfully written, with industrial and historic setting. As might be surmised, the book is built around interesting and dominating characters whose struggles and rivalry are set forth in dramatic scenes and tense situations. There are human touches and colorful climaxes with a powerful romance running through the pages.

* * *

Brain Storms of Humanism. By Thomas Carlyle Lattimer. Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco. 123 pages.

A SMALL book crammed full of idealism, philosophy and common sense. Those whose religious faith is wavering will find the book uplifting and inspiring. Those who are bound in tradition and feel they have all the truth, will be broadened and enriched by a study of its pages. Dr. Lattimer comes to his task with a rich inheritance and sound mental equipment. His style, his logic and his social and economic understanding produce a worthwhile volume. Interesting facts about the author will be found on page 247 of this issue.

* * *

"MARQUEE BALLYHOO," by Maurice L. Kusell and M. S. Merritt, published by Overland-Out West Publications, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Full cloth and colored jacket with publishers' introduction. 288 pages. Price, $2.50.

An enticing novel, just from the press, is "Marquee Ballyhoo," under joint authorship of Maurice L. Kusell and M. S. Merritt. These talented writers have produced a startlingly vivid story of the tent repertoire and the motion picture screen. In his introduction to the book, Arthur H. Chamberlain, publisher, says:

"Drama is where you find it. Comedy often reveals itself in the most unsuspected fashion.

Read further on page 250

◆ MELODY LANE ◆

BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor.

A-GYPSYING

By LOUISE E. BARBER

I SOUGHT an old lane for a gypsying day.
The trees were all gold-tan with Autumn's array.
Their fragrance perfumed the bordering road
And lazy bees, hovering, were drunk with their load;
The scarlet of sumac my slow pulses stirred
And I thrilled to the note of a brown woodland bird;
The way seemed to open and lure me along
Like a magic tale's charm or a minstrel's song;
A pasture gleamed with its tender green breast
And a rustic fence said: "Inside here is rest";
My California hills were dimmed in blue haze
And the nearer woods flamed in a polychrome blaze;
Oh, was it the touch that none can withstand,
Or have I been riding through fairy land?
For all the long day among commonplace things,
I heard the sweet note the woodland bird sings.

A RENDEZVOUS WITH LIFE

By BEN FIELD

I HAVE a rendezvous with life
In that envisioned sphere
Where we are done with flesh and strife
And bitterness and fear.

On some high hill among the stars
I shall exultant climb,
To know the deeds of avatars,
Inspirited, sublime.

I'll keep that dazzling rendezvous
When Death comes beckoning—
And one I know will keep it too,
There on the verge of Spring.

AN ORANGE

By BEULAH MAY

WHAT shall I do with an orange?
Set it on a Majolica plate for its color,
Roll it across the floor for the kitten to run after,
Or give it to a greedy child to eat?
Oranges are as pretty as toys,
They are always laughing.

WIND IN THE EUCALYPTUS TREES

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

THE silver of the eucalyptus tree,
When the tall winds are bending it like grain
And each leaf sparkles like a wave at sea,
Beats with a scintillant rhythm through my brain.

I hear the foliage threshing in the gale,
Noisy as ocean's tempest-echoing roar;
And the round pinkish boles, naked and pale,
Stagger like masts where stormy waters pour.

High on a brown autumnal hill they loom,
Waging a war no triumph can abate,
Each with tossed head against the blasts of doom,
A green Prometheus breasting windy fate!

CALIFORNIA, MY HEART IS ALL YOURS

By LURA ROBERTS BENNETT

I WANT a home on the top of a hill
Where flowers grow thick and the air is still;
Where the spirits of old and my spirit entwine,
And your heart is beating in rhythm with mine.

I love the brown hills reaching up to the blue,
I love California, the big heart of you,
And I love the ocean that kisses your shores—
My heart, California, my heart is all yours.

There are tropical rains that cherish your breasts,
And sweet, feathered songsters in thousands of nests;
There are golden days of sun and light,
And the silvery moon in the cool of the night.

I love the brown hills reaching up to the blue,
I love, California, the big heart of you.

MANZANITA

By RUTH CLAY PRICE

FRAIL
Grecian urns,
Of tinted alabaster,
Overflow with manzanita
Fragrance.

Three Lost Years of Bret Harte

Continued from page 230

Harte wrote commenting upon the Colonel's prolonged absence from Uniontown. This under date of October 26, 1859:

"Contrary to promise and expectation our senior did not arrive on the last steamer. No sign or token of his detention was received. No apology. He was last seen in Montgomery Street, gazing abstractedly at the figure of a female dummy in the window of a dry goods store. He was attired in magnificent apparel.

"A gold-headed cane, a present from John C. Breckenridge or J. C. Bagstock—we forget which—swung gracefully from his dexter digit. His sinister hand, clothed in a primrose kid, supported a large bouquet. Since then he has not been heard from. Any information regarding his whereabouts will be thankfully received at this office. The one-half of a broken pair of scissors, the Derringers he left with us, which won't emulate his example and go off, a challenge, two quarrels, a few letters in an indignant female hand, and our debilitated self await his return."

HARTE had made for himself quite a place in the social life of the little community. He was interested in the meetings of a debating society, called the Lyceum, which met alternately in Eureka and Acata. He took no part in the debates but found great joy in reporting them fully for his paper. One of the subjects chosen which aroused great interest among the public as well as the participants, was "Love or Anger—Which Is the Greatest Passion?"

Harte talked well, had a keen sense of humor, was somewhat of a tease and always alert for a joke. He was popular, played a good game of whist and while friendly with the young women of the town paid them but little serious attention. He did not mix very well with the rougher element which formed a great part of the population. For this reason they had no use for him and considered him quite a snob. But he had many friends among the more substantial citizens; Charles Murdoch admired him greatly and he was a welcome guest at the home of Alexander Brizard, head of the group whose trading posts were scattered throughout Humboldt and Trinity counties.

But the calm tenor of Bret Harte's days quietly working on the little paper was rudely broken and in an intensely dramatic manner he left Humboldt County, never to return.

Indian troubles were increasing in frequency and violence throughout the county. In the towns the whites and Indians were on good terms, but farther back toward the mountains there was ill feeling, culminating in bloody encounters. The small company of United States troops could do little over so vast a territory and the rougher elements gradually gained ascendency over the more quiet and peace-loving citizens. The situation was finally rendered acute by a determined effort on the part of the whites—who in a resolution called themselves "the superior race," and urged that the Indians be segregated on reservations. A full account of the incidents and history of the Indian troubles, culminating in the untimely ending of Bret Harte's career in Humboldt County, is found in that most interesting book, "Bret Harte, Author and Exile," by Mr. George R. Stewart, Jr., of the Department of English, University of California. In the chapter entitled "The Outcast of Uniontown," Mr. Stewart writes of the situation: "It was the inevitable, ever recurring problem of the frontier, old as the first English settlements."

At this time the lawless elements decided to take matters into their own hands, despite the fact that the tribes in an around the towns were quiet and peaceable, giving little alarm or trouble. On a small island, separated by a narrow channel from Eureka, was a little Indian village where, in the month of February, the group of peaceful Indians were celebrating one of their religious ceremonies, which concluded with feasting and dancing. They were joined by a group from Mad River, also known as "peacefuls." Exhausted after the three days' excitement the Indians lay down to sleep off the effects. For some reason many of the males had gone back with the Mad River group so that there remained mostly women and children. About four o'clock in the morning a small band of these lawless whites crept in and with knives and axes slaughtered the sleeping Indians and stole silently away. At daybreak a terrible sight met the eyes of the startled inhabitants of Eureka, just opposite and across the narrow channel. The massacre was one of the most dastardly in the annals of early days, and the story was sent far and wide, even finding space in the columns of New York City papers. The massacre of February 26, 1860, horrible in all its details, was long remembered as a stain on Humboldt County's history. The perpetrators were never publicly identified.

Read further on page 249

J. K. Jones, Alias Thomas Carlyle Lattimer

By HELEN ALLRED

J. K. JONES, author of "Brainstorms of Humanism" and "Will It March," who writes under the name of Thomas Carlyle Lattimer, is a pioneer resident of California. He has had many amusing experiences since the publication of his two books. His most intimate friends among bishops, authors and scholars have written him letters in praise of his work without knowing his identity. Some high spots in his life are here given.

Mr. Jones left Cincinnati at the age of eight weeks, by way of steamboat up the Ohio River to Pittsburgh, thence by stage over the Allegheny Mountains to Baltimore, from there to New York by rail, and, concludes Mr. Jones, "ever since the clipper ship Saratoga brought me here, I have lived in this beloved town of San Francisco; that is, with the ejeception of a few years spent in Santa Clara Valley."

Mr. Jones was very fortunate in having a father who brought with him a "working" library for the children. He left the university in his senior year and entered business. A driving ambition for law caused him to study night and early morning. Always a student, Mr. Jones became devoted to literature. To quote him, "My library grew through the years, and became a part of my home and fireside; the unspeakable joy of communicating with 'the kings and queens of the ages'." Addison's "Spectator," and his classic English, was his first love. Then he became a captive of Gibbon and his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." In analyzing frame of mind, he went through the classics: Macauley, Carlyle with his "Sartor Resartus," Goethe, Schiller, and Moliere. English—without limit of time and authorship. American—all that has come with the years to stay. Homer, Virgil, Horace. I have not the space to catalogue his literary tastes.

He is mystical, poetic, and temperamental. Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer, and Huxley bothered him but little. But it created in him a craving for truth, to differentiate between guessing and speculation and sound reasoning; the legitimate inferences from indisputable facts. He disliked sham of any sort. To quote him: "I hate a straddler; these peddlers of 'cure-alls'—social, economic, religious, and what not—are a particular abomination to me.

"Will It March?" Mr. Jones's first book, is a fine example of fearless thinking. It has received fine reviews and commendation from



J. K. Jones

such scholars and thinkers as Doctor E. R. Dille, Doctor William C. Poole, Reverend J. H. Williams, Reverend William Young, and Dean Gresham. The preface of the book was so remarkable that Doctor Durkee and the well-known writer and scholar, Doctor A. Z. Conrad, suggested that it be put into book form.

I was complimented and honored by Mr. Jones in being asked to choose a title for his book, "Brainstorms of Humanism" being my choice. The little book which has so much in it for the thinking public, is for sale at bookstores. It is published by the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, 609 Mission Street, San Francisco.

This Company also published "Will It March?" These books should have a permanent place in our literature.

Will Allen Dromgoole, literary editor of the Nashville Banner, in the issue of September 4 says of "Brainstorms of Humanism": "One is attracted to this book by the attitude of the author towards the church and its ministers of today, and for its fine scholarship, classical beauty and valiant truths."

Elmer's Come-back

Continued from page 236

After his divorce theatre-goers did not fall for him as in the former days.

The only things that **did fall** for him were the stocks he held on margin. They fell 13 to 20 points. He couldn't cover! The mortgage fell due on his home. He lost that!

Then Elmer, in meekness of soul, fell on his ex-wife's neck, and begged for financial assistance. But, like the stocks and the mortgage, she, too, fell down on him.

AND right then Elmer was on the verge of falling again—this time for an automobile salesman's glib line of talk concerning the merits of a second-hand car—when Barbara called out of the cheap apartment house window:

"Elmer! O, Elmer, the casting office of Aeolian wants you on the phone."

Barbara was in a tremor of excitement. So was Elmer. So was his hand when he hung up the receiver.

"Honey, Aeolian wants me for a lead! Harry Stein, in the casting office, said it was the chance of a lifetime. Said they've tried every leading man in Hollywood; and none of them could do anything with the part. As a last resort they **hadda** come back to me. Gotta report to my old director, Cadger, on the set in two hours. Isn't that great?"

Catching his reflection in the full length mirror of the In-a-dor bed, Elmer passed the back of his hand slowly under the bagging belly of flesh beneath his chin. Sardonically he straightened his sagging shoulders.

"Serve 'em right, though, if I wouldn't sign after they refused to take up my option three years ago."

Visions of a bright, shiny new car, made it impossible for Elmer to see anything in the way of a second-hand automobile. Promptly he went out to the salesman parked at the curb, and politely but arrogantly informed him of his recently distorted vision.

As Elmer donned his finest, though slightly shabby attire, his paramour intermittently punctuated his toilet operations:

"You'll have to take the bus out there. Hurry! You know it's a long way."

"I know how far it is," Elmer replied happily; "didn't I work out there for six years? Gee it seems great going back to work at the old Aeolian again! I used to cuss that damn river running past the studio on account of the mosquitoes. But—will I love it now! An' honey, soon as I get my contract, we'll be married."

"We certainly need the money." Barbara had almost reached the conclusion that Elmer would never make a come-back.

In the casting office of the Aeolian Studio, Harry Stein relaxed in his big chair, mopping his forehead, damp from the intense summer heat of the valley. Harry reflected on the comforts he could enjoy connected with a studio located in the heart of Hollywood. Then he'd get away from those aggravating daily trips over Cahuenga Pass, the valley heat, and that damn mosquito infested excuse of a river.

"Well, Joe," Harry said wearily to his assistant; "phone Greenbaum and Cadger and tell them I finally got a man to play that lead for them."

"Think they'll okay Ellsmore?"

"They told me to try every leading man in Hollywood first, but if I was stuck to get **him.**"

The valley bus from Hollywood jerked to a stop two blocks away from Aeolian Studio, across the marshy river. Stepping gingerly from the vehicle, Elmer expanded his chest, and filled his lungs with the hot humid air. Even that damn river looked good to him.

Familiar with the surroundings, Elmer decided to take a short cut by the old wooden bridge, and go into the studio by the side automobile entrance. Old Pop would be there and let him through to Cadger's set.

Jauntily Elmer was crossing the bridge with light thespian steps, when suddenly his eyes became focused upon a huge slithering snake at the end of the bridge.

Quickly brushing his hand across his eyes, Elmer wondered if a real live serpent was stretched out there or if he was getting another touch of the D. Ts. No, it couldn't be that; he hadn't imbibed a drop of liquor in three years—he couldn't afford it.

Another glance through his fingers assured him that the snake was still there—a monster boa constrictor! After all, Elmer was just an actor, not a South American big-game hunter. The reptile stared at him unmoving. While Elmer retraced his steps backwards, the boa wriggled forward in synchronous movements toward the actor, along the wooden floor of the bridge.

Panic seized Elmer. He sprang upon the wide hand railing of the bridge. With glassy eyes the snake came closer. Suddenly Elmer's

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Three Lost Years of Bret Harte

Continued from page 246

EXCITEMENT was intense. Colonel Whipple was away and young Harte was in charge of the newspaper. "He did not visit the island but probably saw the mangled corpses unloaded from the canoes as the remnants of the Mad River Indians passed through Union bearing home their dead. He was a sensitive youth, reared with high ideals. One needs little imagination to feel the sickening and revulsion with which he saw the brutally mutilated bodies, the smouldering anger which, the worse for being impotent, gnawed at him as he thought of the cowardly ruffians of his own race," says Mr. Stewart. But to publish what he felt—that was a different matter. Harte might justifiably in the absence of his chief have declined to comment editorially on so unprecedented a situation, being content to give it full publicity in the news columns. But his indignation was too great. While realizing the difficulty of the Indian situation he flung caution to the winds and wrote what he felt of the massacre and its perpetrators. In the largest of type appeared an editorial headed, "INDISCRIMINATE MASSACRE OF INDIANS—WOMEN AND CHILDREN BUTCHERED"—a bitter attack on the whites responsible for the outrage. It concluded: "We can conceive of no palliation for women and child slaughter. We can conceive of no wrong that a babe's blood can atone for."

Needless to say, feeling ran high against young Harte. Col. Whipple, hurrying back, found it impossible to stem the tide rising against his associate who had dared to take the part of the Indians against the whites. Within a short time Harte left Uniontown—certainly by request. Various stories are told of the incidents following the publication of the inflammatory article and preceding Harte's departure. One is that a troop of United States Cavalry arrived just in time to drag Harte from the vengeance of a mob bent upon lynching. At any rate serious danger threatened Harte and it was not until he was aboard the S. S. "Columbia" and safely out of Humboldt Bay that he could breathe freely. On March 28, the Northern Californian printed the following in the editorial column,—a kindly farewell:

> Mr. F. B. Harte—This young gentleman, who has been engaged in this office from the commencement of the paper, left for San Francisco a few days ago, where he intends to reside in the future. In addition to being a printer, Mr. Harte is a good writer. He has often contributed to the columns of this paper, and at different times when we have been absent, has performed the editorial labors. He is a warm-hearted, genial companion, and a gentleman in every sense of the word. We wish our friend the success to which his talents entitle him, and cordially commend him to the fraternity of the Bay City."

BY a fortunate chance in the midst of preparing this article, business matters called me to Humboldt County. I went to Arcata and then up into the district which in reality is as much the "Bret Harte" country as the other section of California to which the name has been given. Stopping over in Arcata, I paused a few moments at the corner where once stood the little building—the office of the "Northern Californian." In the rows of automobiles parked along the sides of the Plaza, where once the hitching posts stood, it seemed difficult to picture the old days, but as I went up into the hills, the years rolled back.

On an exploring tour the first day I arrived at our cabin, I stumbled upon an old, well-worn trail, leading from the flat up into the hills, and followed it as far as I could until the deep underbrush prevented further progress. Much interested I hurried back to camp and questioned the one and only "Bill" Shields, our guide, philosopher and friend, about my find. He told me it was the old Sacramento Trail, which ran from Eureka and Arcata to Sacramento by way of Weaverville and Redding—one of the best known of all the trails of early days—one which Bret Harte must often have taken on his trips to the mines. Next day I followed the trail to quite an eminence; there I stood and thrilled at the memories it brought of those early days. Here nothing had changed; the forests had hardly been touched by the woodsmen's axe; the view across the canyon was the same; the gently stirring breeze, the river murmuring below—all were as of yesteryear. Yet, as I looked, the sunlight glistened on a fast moving object across the canyon—it was the automobile stage passing on the beautiful Trinity Highway. The dream was broken.

That same night, in a mountain home far above the Trinity River, I experienced another thrill. There was placed in my hands by a

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The Literary West

Continued from page 244

Tragedy—intense, overpowering, may lie deep hidden under a calm exterior, unreflected in outward word or act. Comedy and tragedy may be so interwoven in the warp and woof of daily life as to produce situations dramatic and gripping in their intensity and pathetic in the courage and fortitude they engender."

Such situations are revealed in the novel "Marquee Ballyhoo." The authors have created a book, rich in dramatic flavor, shot through and through with comedy and tragedy, replete with humor and pathos and homely philosophy and human understanding. They have discovered to us the innermost life of the tent repertoire theatre, and as well, the high lights and shadows of the screen.

The book is a mirror of life today, unique in its sincerity, accurate in situation, realistic in character portraiture. Themselves at home in all that pertains to the actors' craft, Mr. Kusell and Mr. Merritt come to their authorship with a background and appreciation at once rich and meaningful. Added to this is the ability to translate into pen pictures the interplay of dialogue and action of their characters so that the latter are made to pass in review before the mental camera of the reader as players upon a stage.

The book does not theorize or moralize. The dialogue in places goes afield from the traditional conventions. But in "Marquee Ballyhoo" we have men and women in real life, clean at heart and forceful, engaged in rendering a distinct service through their professional field of activity.

Names of characters, save in one instance, are fictitious, but those who are familiar with the tent repertoire show, now rapidly passing from American life, through invasion of theatre chains and the sound picture, will recognize how true in detail are the scenes and circumstances set forth. Its rapid action, its convincing logic, and its power to sustain the interest and whet the imagination, carries the discriminating reader forward with anticipation and expectancy.

* * *

Bee of the Cactus Country. By Nora Archibald Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. 132 pages. Price, $1.75

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH is well known as the author of numerous books, including "Under the Cactus Flag," "Children of the Lighthouse," etc., etc., as well as a number of volumes in collaboration with Kate Douglas Wiggin. The present book centers around life and customs in our Sister Republic of Mexico. Bee is a little Mexican girl and the center of a most delightful story, made more interesting by her associates and family members and her pets. The book may be used for general reading or for supplementary work in school for children in the early years. It is beautifully illustrated by Erich Berry.

* * *

BALLADES AND IDYLS

ERNEST McGAFFEY, of Hollywood, he who wrote about an hundred sonnets to his wife, Cecile, and published them in book form, has just brought out another volume of poetry—Ballades and Idyls. Mr. McGaffey spent half a lifetime, perhaps, in the preparation of these 90 poems. And of all his several books, this I think is best. But why must an author, any author, limit a worthy volume to 125 copies. If a book is worth publishing at all, more than this number of the edition should be given the public.

Charles Edward Russell writes an introduction of remarkable interest. The author has divided the book—poems of The Classic Muse; Lyrics; poems In Urban Ways; and poems of Remembrance. Among them are to be found two or three entirely new forms, of regular structure, approaching somewhat the villanelle or perhaps the rondeau.

McGaffey is fired with enormous opposition to free verse. About the time he was selecting a binding for his masterly volume, some one proposed to him that he write at least one free verse poem for his book. Well—when you secure this treasure of classical gems you will know why the color of the binding is toreador red.

Read the poem at opening of the volume and learn of his love for a long-dead mother. Then let Sappho of Mitylene bring back again the nature-mystery of Pan and the Dorian hills. In the Ballade of Dead Poets you will find regret and a great wonder; but In Japan will stil you with beautiful rhythm.

"Where a cherry blossom glistens, and an ilex
leans and listens,
And a dainty Geisha maiden waves her silk-embroidered fan in Japan."

Antony revives that ancient appeal of Cleopatra and Egypt. Salome; November Woods (a Glose); Ballade of Christ and Calvary will stir you as few poems of this modern day can.

Ballades and Idyls—Saturday Night Publishing Co., Los Angeles.

Read further on page 255

The Educational Field

EDWARD L. DOHENEY, JR., MEMORIAL LIBRARY

DEDICATION exercises on September 12 in formal opening of the Edward L. Doheney, Jr., Memorial Library on the University of California Campus, gave to Southern California and the State, not merely ANOTHER library. In architectural perfection, in art and design, in technical fitness, the library is a model. Mr. Doheney, in providing this library in memory of his son, has performed a wise and useful service. At the dedication were Mr. and Mrs. Doheney and family members. Addresses were made by Governor Rolph, Mayor Porter, Secretary Robert L. Kelly of American Association of Colleges; Harry Miller Lydenberg, President American Library Association; President R. B. vonKlein-Smid, and others. An especial feature was the transfer of the keys of the library from the donors to the Trustees, which was done by Edward L. Doheney, Sr., through one of the grandsons, Edward L. Doheney III, as representing the Doheney family.

HARRY BRUCE WILSON

THERE is extreme regret experienced by thousands, not only in California but throughout the nation, on the passing of Harry Bruce Wilson. He was a leader in National Education affairs, Superintendent of the Berkeley city schools for a series of years, and called from there to the direction of the National Junior Red Cross in Washington, D. C. Some months ago he was compelled by illness to leave Washington and return to Berkeley. Dr. Wilson served in effective way in the California Teachers Association during the years the editor of this magazine was secretary of that organization. From the beginning of the work of the California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation, he served as a member of the board until his departure for Washington. As administrator, author and lecturer he made a distinct contribution to education.

CALIFORNIA SUPERINTENDENTS

THE Annual Convention of California School Superintendents, County, City and District, is scheduled for San Francisco, October 10, 1932. Headquarters at Fairmont Hotel. With conditions unparalleled before the schools of today, the important topics to be considered should bring worthwhile results.

G. P. MORGAN

GEORGE PHILIP MORGAN, familiarly known as "G. P.," and Mrs. Morgan, of Sonora, celebrated, on September 17, the 50th anniversary of their wedding. Mr. Morgan is Dean of public school officials in California. He holds a record for service and ability, is a recognized executive and an apt and dynamic speaker. Mr. Morgan's list of professional friends includes every person who has had the pleasure of his acquaintance. We wish for Mr. and Mrs. Morgan a continuing series of years of happiness and useful service.

DR. KNOPF RETURNS

AFTER some months in Europe, Dr. Carl Sumner Knopf of the University of Southern California, and President of the Los Angeles Branch, League of Western Writers, has returned to take up his work for the year. Readers of the magazine may expect later to hear through these columns something of the experiences of Dr. Knopf. His recent article, "In the Crater of the Moon," in our July issue, continues to draw favorable comment.

CARNEGIE REPORT DISCUSSED

DR. ALEXANDER C. ROBERTS, president of the San Francisco Teachers College, in commenting upon the conclusions of the Carnegie Foundation study of higher education in California, lists the following as points on which controversy may be expected:

"That the main function of the university system is the education of specialists.

—that unrest in the higher educational system is due to the lack of unity in control or of an effective State Board of Educatio n.

—That there should be a triad of Boards of Control in education matters,

(1) the University Regents, to control also the state teacher colleges and the training of all state teachers,

(2) the State Board of Education to control all common public schools through the junior college,

(3) the State Council for Educational Planning and Coordination to be an advisory body for the promotion of better education and better coordination between the educational units."

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230 EDDY ST.

Elmer's Come-back

Continued from page 248

foot stumbled against something hard. Looking down he saw a large rock on the rail.

When the boa was directly underneath him, Elmer raised the heavy rock over his head and let it fall with his full strength upon the head of the snake, crushing it.

The reptile writhed for a moment. Then its wriggling form slid off the bridge into the shallow water of the river below.

"Phew! That was a close one," Elmer said to himself, relieved.

Now he must pull himself together to make a good appearance before the director. He wouldn't mention the snake episode until later.

Greeting Pop at the automobile gate, he hurried over to stage 6 where Cadger's company was shooting.

Entering the set, he was seen by Cadger who approached Elmer with a welcome hand.

"Hel—lo, Elm! Ol' boy. It sure is great to have you with me again," the director lied. "You've been havin' a pretty tough time, hey Elmer? Well, I'm mighty glad to have you back. Good part in this picture. If you make

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THE COMMODORE HOTEL



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LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

To Our Readers . . .

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Lost Years of Bret Harte

Continued from page 249

member of the Brizard family, a treasured first edition of the Poems of Bret Harte, published in 1870, and sent by the author himself to his old friend of the early days—Alex Brizard. On the first page, as an introduction, is quoted an article by "Critic" in the New York Times. Written in 1870 it is as true today as then; it follows:

"Mr. Bret Harte has already won a reputation as one of the most original of American writers. The charm of his sketches is not only in his style. That has an undeniable grace and ease, a sub-flavor of gentle and spontaneous humor, hinting at possibilities of fun rather than bursting into uproar, and an adaptability to true pathetic feeling; but there are many other writers who display the same quality in quite as high a degree. His peculiar merit is that he has reproduced familiar forms of life in phases which we have all seen but which no one has ever before painted; that we have caught the gleam of poetic light which irradiates at moments common and vulgar scenes and detected elements of beauty which lurk beneath the coarser features of American life,—beauty which we have felt a hundred times but never learned to express in words."

* * *

Gertrude Atherton

(Continued from page 239

though I do not suppose that I ever took more pleasure in writing a novel than in the **Tower of Ivory,** which was laid for the most part in Munich."

OUR talk drifted to college education for women, and whether or not it was necessary for writers to go to college.

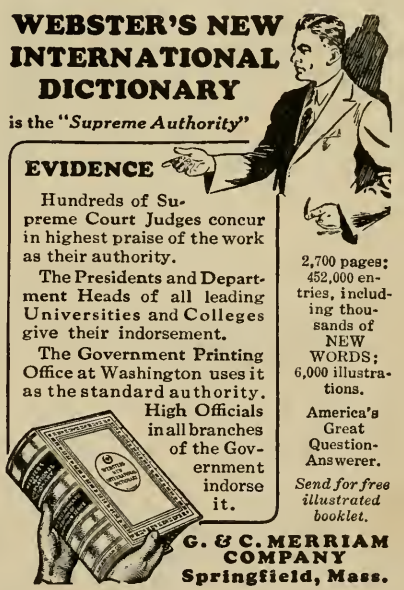
"I never attended college at all," replied Mrs. Atherton. "I was educated by my grandfather and as he had the finest library in the state, and was determined I should be well read, I owe the more serious turn of my mind to him, although I rebelled bitterly at the time."

When I asked Mrs. Atherton what gave her the idea for **The Conqueror,** she replied:

'The story was suggested to me by a line in Bryce's **American Commonwealth.** It was funny that a few lines should give me the idea for this book. This story of Alexander Hamilton is neither fiction nor biography but a mingling of

"Another one of my books was suggested in





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LONG BEACH CALIFORNIA

Gertrude Atherton

Continued from page 253

an unusual way," continued Mrs. Atherton. While I was in Monte Carlo in 1925, a chance remark made by one of my friends sent me off to Greece, where I visited Athens, Corinth, and Mycenae. Returning to San Francisco with a great trunk load of books I commenced reading some 200 volumes to get the local color for my historical novel, called **The Immortal Marriage,** dealing with the story of Aspasia."

I asked Mrs. Atherton if she had written other works dealing with the ancient days; she replied:

"I have written two more novels, called **The Immortal Gods** and **Dido, Queen of Hearts,** the latter written for the Virgil Bimillenium.

"I had a rather amusing experience with my book, **The Splendid Idle Forties,** in which most of the stories are fictitious. My purpose was only to give the spirit of the age. An historical pageant was held in Los Angeles, and a chapter or two from my book was made the basis for several scenes. Then some dry-as-dust historian pointed out—as if it mattered in the slightest degree—that certain episodes taken from my book and used as the basis for tableaux in the pageant, had no historical basis. But then came the rub, for the dry-as-dust professor claimed it was morally wrong for my fiction stories to have so much verisimilitude that they might be mistaken for history. The old fellow unwittingly paid me a high compliment. Naturally any historical novelist is greatly pleased when his work is mistaken for history: to achieve that result he has been foregoing sleep and straining his eyes."

Our discussion drifted to things European. "One of my favorite spots in Europe," said Mrs. Atherton, "is Naples. It is, indeed, a superb city. Hard it is to imagine that Heaven itself can be much more beautiful than the Bay of Naples on a moonlit night."

I left Mrs. Atherton, feeling that California has one more claim to glory in giving to the world such a gifted woman.

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Elmer's Comeback

Continued from page 252

good the old man will give you another contract. All depends on this one picture"

"Oh, say, that's great!" Elmer beamed his gratitude. "When do I start?"

"Just as soon as I get the cast on the set. Hey, Joe," he called to his assistant; see if you can locate that damn boa constrictor that got out of his glass cage. Then we'll be ready to shoot."

* * *

The Literary West

Continued from page 250

THE DESPERATE YEARS

ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL has written another of his winning books of poetry. This young, creative writer of Glendale, California, has an unusual attitude toward the words of the American language. He says: "Here they are in the dictionary; God and our fathers gave them to us and I propose to use them—all of them." And he does.

Read further on page 256

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

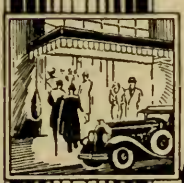
What strange powers did the ancients possess? Where was the source of knowledge that made it possible for them to perform miracles? Were these profound secrets burned with ancient libraries, or are they buried beneath crumbling Temple walls?

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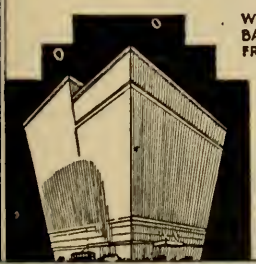


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The Literary West

Continued from page 255

This last book is entitled "The Desperate Years." These are the years after the World War. The author reads a lesson from the terrible aftermath of broken lives, dead men and gods, crippled limbs and smothered souls. Then he shows the inevitable reaction and, in the lines and between the lines, the reader learns of the truth of oppositions, relativities, polarities and compensations.

This mad moon—
As she rides
On the tides
Of the sea;
Sad as a Chinese lute,
Sweet as a Grecian flute—

* * * * * *

So wander the passionate dead,
Gregarious, promiscuous, lust-obsessed,
And the whiles
The moon smiles
On the sea.

* * * * * *

One cries: "This is more than I can bear—
Are there left no gods anywhere?"
In antithonal response voices multitudinous reply:
"No gods are left in earth or sea or sky."

* * * * * *

Suddenly in the midst of the surging crowd
A huxter cries him bold and loud:
"Space is not godless because the old gods are dead,
Life is not joyless because the old joys are fled,
'Tis not an opiate but a stimulus you need,
Come, forget the old gods, there's a newer breed—"

* * * * * *

Then a countering voice is heard to cry:
"Man needs no gods nor new nor old.

* * * * * *

What though he reign but for an hour?
His may be a sovereign power,
Self-fulfilled his life may be
If he'll but realize he is free."

* * * * * *

Then again the White Music rings,
Piercing the seeming sham of things:
"Be no dupe to eye and ear,
Leave behind
The desperate year—
Let appear
Supernal might,
Man's inheritance and right!"

* * * * * *

Then under jonquil skies
A voice, exulting, cries:
"Arise, oh my soul, arise!"
There is something—some certain bliss,
Something beyond, behind all this,—
The desperate years
And what one sees and what one hears,
"Arise, oh my soul, arise!"

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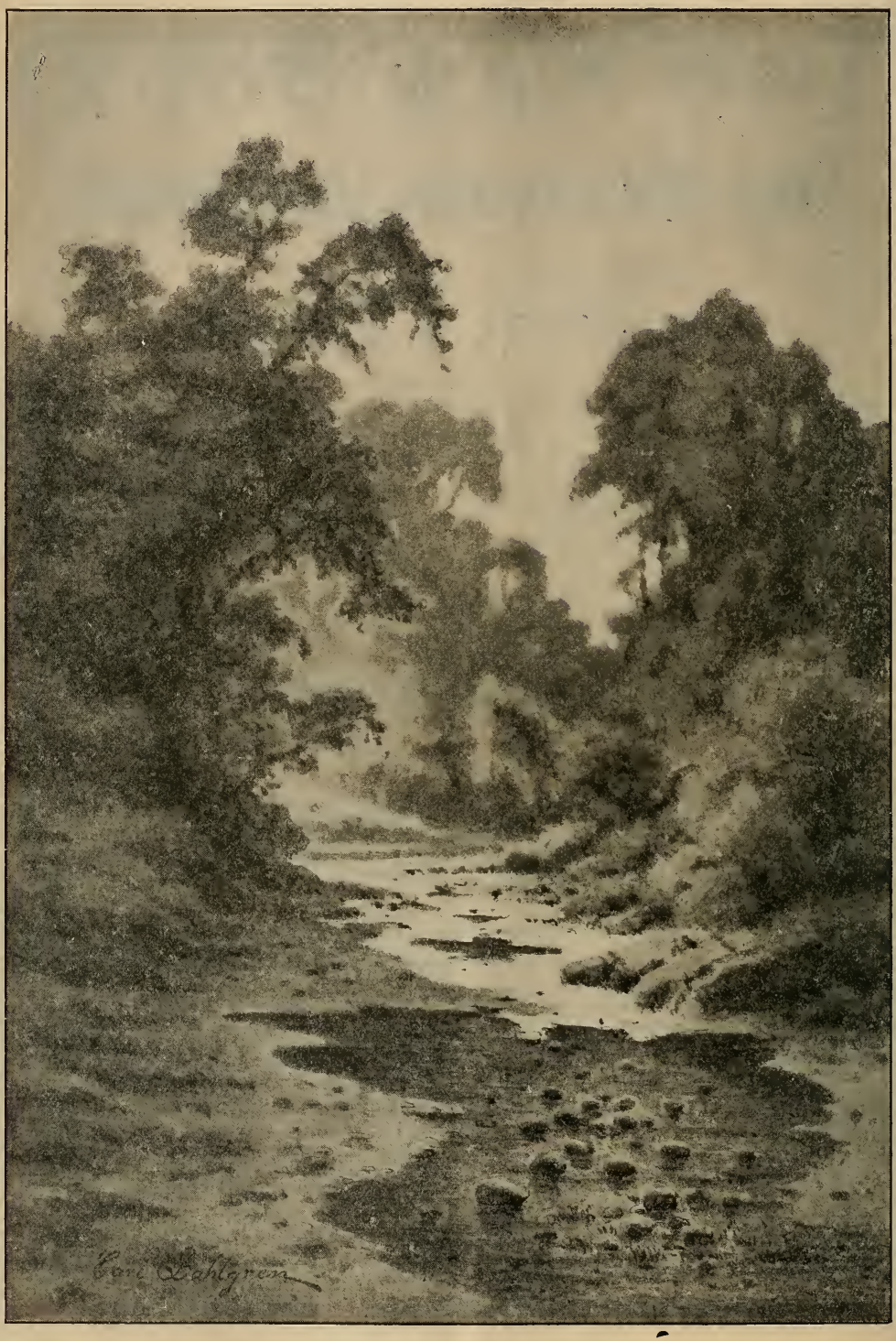
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OVERLAND-OUT WEST—PUBLICATIONS

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Dedicated to
Franklin D. Roosevelt
after hearing his lofty
and noble appeal
for the
forgotten man.

NOT on our golden fortunes builded high—
Not on our boasts that soar into the sky—
Not upon these is resting in this hour
The fate of the future; but upon the power
Of him, who is forgotten—yes, on him
Rest all our hopes reaching from rim to rim
In him we see all of earth's toiling bands,
With crooked backs, scarred faces, shattered hands.

He seeks no office and he asks no praise
For all the patient labor of his days.
He is the one supporting the huge weight:
He is the one guarding the country's gate.
He bears the burdens on these earthly ways:
We pile the debts, he is the one who pays.
He is the one who holds the solid power
To steady nations in their trembling hour.
Behold him as he silently goes by,
For it is at his word that nations die.

Shattered with loss and lack,
He is the man who holds upon his back
The continent and all its mighty loads—
This toiler who makes possible the roads
On which the gilded thousands travel free—
Makes possible our feasts, our roaring boards.
Our pomps, our easy days, our golden hoards.
He gives stability to nations: he
Makes possible our nation, sea to sea.
His strength makes possible our college walls—
Makes possible our legislative halls—
Makes possible our churches soaring high
With spires, the fingers pointing to the sky.

Shall then this man go hungry, here in lands
Blest by his honor, builded by his hands?
Do something for him: let him never be
Forgotten: let him have his daily bread:
He who has fed us, let him now be fed.
Let us remember all his tragic lot—
Remember, or else be ourselves forgot!

All honor to the one that in this hour
Cries to the world as from a lighted tower—
Cries for the man forgotten. Honor the one
Who asks for him a glad place in the sun.
He is a voice for the voiceless. Now, indeed,
We have a tongue that cries the mortal need.

(Copyright, 1932, Edwin Markham).

In Defense of the Machine

By ALVIN EDWARD MOORE,
United States Patent Examiner.

MACHINERY, since October, 1929, has by many been condemned continually as the major cause of our Pandora boxfull of troubles. "Back to the primitive!" we hear aspiring prophets shout on every hand. The machine, which, a few years past, was extolled to the skies, worshipped almost as a god, now is exorcised as a devil and would be condemned to the stake. Thus our mob mind moves from one extreme to the other.

Despite the fact that the machine enslaved my boyhood, and that I accused it and its science for years of stifling all art within me, I now rise in its defense.

What is the indictment? It is charged:

1—That the machine has been created by man to be his slave, but instead has grown to become his master;

2—That it makes automatons of the men who serve it as slaves;

3—That, due to its high speed and grinding force, it quickly crushes these automatons and discards them even before they are completely worn out;

4—That it is blotting out our individualism, reducing life to a mathematical joining of forms, stamping out art and religion under its iron heel.

Therefore, the prosecution advocates, the machine should be sentenced to eradication or at least drastic reduction in importance.

This is an imposing array of serious charges. Because they are largely impecable, the case against the machine seems conclusive. Review of the prosecution's evidence, good as it is, indicates the proposed sentence is not just or enforceable.

Division of labor and specialization are now so far-reaching that ten, twenty, sixty men divide among them the processes formerly carried on by one or two. A workman knows little . . . about details or processes outside his own narrow field. He is a HUMAN MACHINE, working automatically his business to turn out the largest amount of work in the shortest possible time.

From "The Classics of Industrialism," by Arthur H. Chamberlain.

"IN the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was Adam's curse, because he forsook the uncertain way of the wild which toils not nor spins. As the generations came and went and man fought his way upward from his rude beginnings, he questioned whether the curse was for always. More and more he used his brain to invent devices that lessened the sweat of his face.

At first his inventions were crude, small, and used only by their individual maker. As ages passed, the machines grew in size and complexity until the individual no longer could make them nor utilize them alone. We who are patent examiners, constantly searching the records of the dead past and the living present, can note this steady progress of invention from individual to cooperative effort, as clearly as we discern the steps in the solution of a simple arithmetical problem.

As late as fifty years ago each examiner had charge of the examination of one or two entire machines; now each examiner has some one little part only of a machine. For instance, I spend most of my working day examining alleged inventions in railroad bearings. I know very little about the building and operation of the gigantic locomotive; there is not much about its bearings that I do not know. My inventors spend their whole lives in the constant improvement of some one small feature, such as the spring-pressed lid to the journal box which contains the oiling waste.

The machine has become so incontestably large that the individual can not make or operate it alone. But one or more men may and do still own it. In consequence, the bulk of mankind has become enslaved to it. The men who own it, and thus control its slaves, frequently are driven gray-headed and are made narrow and selfish because of the responsibility entailed by its tremendous size and power.

John Doe and Richard Roe, John Jones and Henry Smith who make and operate a machine which they can not own nor utilize for their own purpose, have become enslaved to it. The truth of the prosecution's first charge is admitted.

THE charge that the machine tends to make automatons of men is also true. I can vouch for its truth from personal experience.

During the World War, at the age of 13, I told the foreman may age was 16. I worked

ten hours a day behind a roaring planer machine that shot 250 feet of lumber at me to be tied into bundles every single minute. The work, especially during the first few months, was slavery of the very worst kind that can be imagined. The machine continually ran and I had to run with it, whether or not I was worn to a frazzle.

The work, although fast and a bit complicated, was as monotonous as could possibly be. After I had learned it, no brain work was necessary. All day long the leaden hours dragged. I dreamed and made plans of escape.

At 16, after working purely as an automaton, I rebelled, much as did Jack London's juvenile character in "The Apostate" rebel against his 10,000 mechanical moves at a loom.

But there are other boys who went beneath that shed at 14, 16 or 18 who are there still. They have been automatons nine or ten hours of each day since boyhood. I know one man who has been behind one machine for some 20 years. All day long he talks to himself, but you can not catch his words because of the roar. He is not crazy, just attempting to prevent himself from becoming entirely mechanical.

It may be argued that certain men beneath that shed are bovine by nature, are not far advanced in the scale of human evolution, born with such a small heredity of brains that the work of an automaton is to their liking. Nevertheless the machine is guilty of encouraging and perpetuating their kind.

The defense is forced to admit that the present-day machine does in fact wear men out quickly and discards them even before the cruel process is complete. Operators must synchronize their whole bodies with the high-speed machinery. The constant noise and vibration, the continual monotonous round of forced rapid motion, wears out their nerves and they become prematurely old. I can show you in factories boys of 18 or 19 who look to be in their late twenties; and men in the usual prime of life who are gaunt, gray, worn out, old before their time. The machine, with its long hours of enervating work, driven by the cupidity of man, has worn them out. Until science progresses much further they will have no replaceable parts.

AFTER a machine laborer reaches 40 or 45, his co-workers begin to call him Old Man So-and-So. He listlessly realizes he is a labor-worn plodder. Soon he is turned loose to shift for himself as best he may, for his fifty-year-old muscles and nerves no longer can leap to the call of the machine as formerly. If he has children he exists in their households; if not, he settles down on a little tract of land with a shack, garden and corn patch, or—pensionless and penniless—goes over the hill.

This is a melancholy picture, but true as life. It is indelibly engraved on the retina of my own memory. My father, my uncle and some of my cousins left self-sufficing homesteads to become wage-slaves in our industrial system. I know whereof I speak.

Still I defend the machine. The lot of Franklin Roosevelt's "forgotten man" has ever been hard. The machine temporarily, in our time, may have made it a bit harder, but in the end shall raise it to the highest plane ever known.

The machine and its quantity production, says the prosecution, economically ruins those who try to exist by old handicraft methods. The truth of this charge is clearly demonstrated by the mule-method farm. The farmer is forced to sell his land for taxes because he is paying for his share of the complex organization of society without taking advantage of it. His little farm is a sinking mediaeval island in an ocean of modernity. Being owner, manager and laborer, but predominantly laborer, of his one-family unit, he is swamped by the efficiency and large-scale buying and selling power of the machined world that surrounds him.

The machine is choking out the handicraft system of producing necessities. But was this wasteful way worthy of survival? It was too slow, uncertain and costly to compete with the machine. If handicraftsmen scattered throughout the country made automobiles, for instance, their price would be entirely prohibitive to all but the wealthy. What a burden it would be on the common man to lose his car! The machine in fact has done us a good service by wiping out the old handicraft ways of making vehicles. Let us hope that it will soon do likewise with the mule-method farm and its back-breaking labor for men, woman and animal.

What in actuality is the much-vaunted individualism that the machine is accused of stamping out? It is the "quality of being separate; personal independence of action, character or interest," says the dictionary. Before the species **Homo** became human he thus was truly individual. Obeying only his instincts, he had almost complete "personal independence of action, character or interest." Later there was a space of untold centuries when his individualism was at a low ebb. Poor, ignorant fellow, he in turn was enslaved by his tribe, his witch doctors, his kings, gods and priests. He was made to conform to a rigid pattern.

At last in this country his individualism was reborn. Once more he was living alone, almost in a wild state. But even here his new indi-

Read further on page 274

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The Value of Western Art

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

THE picturesque Southwest, long known as the land of manana—has in the past decade become a vitalized and commercialized land of today. Much of the lazy, dreamy charm of the splendid idle forties, that made this section the mecca of the romanticists, has been obliterated by our second gold-rush.

The constant advancement and improvement of transportation facilities has wrought marvelous changes in this section during the last 50 years.

With the influx of the Yankee traders and the practical, if prosaic middle-westerners, our old-world background and environment has given place to a spirit of progress and enterprise, fulfilling the prophecy for a complete renaissance in our social, educational and artistic orders.

It was enevitable that, with the on-rush of a later civilization, the individuality and charm that once stamped our cities would give place to a standardized formula that is, in general, not very different from any other of our modern American cities.

The effect upon our development in the field of art is apparent. We have become, or are rapidly becoming, art-minded, art-wise and art-thrifty.

Just as our social and psychological aspect suffers grievously under the stress of our economic law, so it is that, with the relentless logic of the business man who reckons his values only by the items in his balance sheet, the progress of art is constantly retarded and its natural growth materially dwarfed.

We are, on the other hand, free to admit that already the world contains too many paintings, of a sort. The present day mass production of art is an ever increasing evil and will eventually have run its uncertain course to a disastrous end.

What the world needs is not more, but better paintings, and by better paintings I do not mean paintings that are better in execution, but ones that mean more, have more feeling and express som eindividual thought and emotion.

In the present era of commercialism we have reached a plane of the materialistic where quantity is the mark of efficiency. Mass production is the order of the day, and all forms of human endeavor turn upon a labor-saving, time-saving, and hence a money-saving axis.

In our hurry through life, it appears that small thought is given to the refinements or enjoyment of the cultural arts, solely for art's sake. We must produce vast numbers in a mad rotation of ever-increasing speed. I think that an idle eternity will be our supreme punishment!

The day is past, if this country is to develop ideals and live up to them, when a basis for governmental policies, moral life and educational growth is to be found in a sordid commercialism. Art and industry must work hand in hand. The artistic workman must take his place side by side with the technical workman; the artistic and technical elements must be developed in every man who plans and builds.

From "The Classics of Industrialism," by Arthur H. Chamberlain.

The effect of the age upon the Fine Arts is apparent. The paintings upon our walls are not vital. The books upon our shelves are uninspired. Our cities are hurriedly built; all in one hetrogeneous mode.

The growth of any art is necessarily slow, depending upon evolution and not upon revolution. Its ultimate success rests largely upon concentrated thinking, and this requires time,—slow, undisturbed centuries of time; plus a background of uninterrupted culture. For example, the exquisite refinement of Oriental art is perhaps the highest expression of the popular taste of a people.

Art without appreciation is about as effective as words without deeds, yet no doubt art to be good must first be misunderstood. At least this seems to have been the order of things down through the ages.

Civic progress depends upon culture, but before we have a cultural background we must first develop a unified civic consciousness. When as a community we have arrived at some fixed degree of values, both artistically and commercially, we may then feel that our civic well-being and our understanding of the arts constitute a sufficient background for cultural achievement.

When we awaken to a full realization that people and houses alone do not constitute a city, and are able to articulate in terms of

beauty, we will then begin to acquire a degree of civic consciousness that will eventually translate the true meaning of spirit into concrete terms of artistic perception and result in a willingness and desire to give the fine arts the place they rightfully demand in making beauty spots out of our stereotyped cities.

In the final analysis it is civic consciousness that makes a city, regardless of population or wealth, an dthis spirit, I fear, cannot be forced upon a community, but must develop by natural inclination.

AT present we are in a state of transition. The older generation, which replaced the Spanish and Mexican aristocracy, were gathered from New England and the Middle West. They are transplanted citizens in which the ties of home are inherently strong, and consequently are more interested in remodeling the old Baptist Church or erecting a new bandstand "back home" than they are in law enforcement or civic beautification in the city of their adoption.

With the new generation there is a more hopeful outlook. Nature's invisible forces are asserting themselves and already the change is apparent. Temperamentally we will eventually revert to type; come under the spell of natural romantic conditions and make no resistance. Artistically and architecturally the trend is unmistakable. What the moral result may be is quite another matter, and will bring its own perplexing problems.

Facing our present problems it is obviously true that when there is even a normal civic consciousness, crime and graft will not only decrease, but the refinements of art and all cultural advancement will be stimulated. Fine statues, publically owned collections of art, a unified civic center including a municipal art gallery and music auditorium, will follow in their proper order.

No doubt the city of the future will be planned and developed in a unit system, thus doing away with a hodge podge of architectural misfits, but that day is far ahead and of little service to us. However, it would be sane and sensible for a community to appoint a jury of artists and architects to judge civic improvements and thus endeavor to eliminate any taint of political influence that so often assiduously creeps into commission activities.

None can deny that we need in every city a centrally located and independent temple of music and an art gallery, unhampered by political red-tape.

The progress of art moves in strange cycles and it appears that we are about to have a cycle of civic statuary. This is a test for our Art Commissions, for standards once lowered can never be set up again successfully. In choosing designs they must remember that statuary of lasting value must be non-sectarian and escape the realistic.

At the present time there is really too much art of a kind in California. Look where you will and you will find an exhibition of paintings. What we need is not more art but better art—that is, more selective showings. A careful weeding out process should be fostered by leading museums, art associations, libraries and clubs, in an effort to establish an art standard which in turn will raise the standard of art appreciation in California and the West. It is high time for the entire Pacific Coast to discard the Lord Fontleroys and stop playing ring-around-a-rosie. On every hand we find a showing of paintings, hung in every conceivable place, regardless of lighting conditions or proper art atmosphere. Many of these exhibitions are commercial hodge podge, with little or no standard of quality to recommend them.

Good art is not esoteric or mysterious and should not require an audience of specialists. Neither should it be necessary to sell anyone on the idea of being familiar with art. One should not have to be persuaded to enjoy oneself. No doubt it is because so few can draw, that painting is not better understood. It requires an old civilization to fully appreciate art. We understand our industry, but it remains for our ever increasing foreign population to understand our art.

Why not stop writing and reading so many books on art and begin to train our eyes to see art? If we could transcend our embarrassed self-conscious American way, teach the child to emagine and produce original things, life and education would really be fun.

We can't expect to establish a standard of taste in this age, but we can establish a standard of quality in the works that are put before the public as a criterion of art.

Admirers of the work of Ben Field will welcome a new volume of his poems under title "Carcassonne" East and West. A splendid gift book. May be ordered now of the publishers: Address Overland-Out West Publications, H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California. Price, $1.50.

And the Mountains and Valleys were Divided

By FRANCES B. HACK

ON July 1, 1862, President Lincoln signed the Pacific Railroad Act, and the Central Pacific began its long, struggling journey across the Sierras to make another link in the romantic chain of early California history.

The vivid story of the building of the Central Pacific is known to almost every son and daughter of the Golden State, but few know or realize the importance that an obscure little rivulet, named Arcade Creek, played in the foundation building of the West.

With the signing of the Pacific Railroad Act, $16,000 per valley mile and $48,000 per mountain mile was lent in government bonds to the Central Pacific.

The next step was to find the dividing line between the Sierras and Sacramento Valley. Upon the advice of political authorities of the State, and a Mr. Whitney, who was State Geologist at that time, President Lincoln decreed that Arcade Creek should be that line. This act increased the bond subsidy which the Central Pacific received and enabled them to carry out their plans, as the point designated was just seven miles north of Sacramento.

Of the famous rivers and creek beds of the historic, golden area, Arcade Creek is perhaps the most insignificant, complacent, smug little creek of them all. Its inception is the uplands of the romantic region known in the "days of the Dons" as Rancho Del Paso, and its terminus the royal American River, whose bed is still sparkling with California Gold.

Behind this act, and interwoven with its application, figure the most prominent pioneers of California—Theodore Judah, the enthusiastic advocate and engineer of the project who crossed the wild, untamed sovereigns of the Western Slope 23 times in a one-horse wagon, for the purpose of finding the easiest and most appropriate path for the "iron horse;" C. P. Huntington, the New Englander who journeyed to California in the early days, and was afterward referred to as "the greatest railroad builder of the Southwest;" Huntington's business neighbor, Mark Hopkins (the old Huntington-Hopkins Company of California was formed by the partnership of these two men); Leland Stanford, Governor of the State of California at that time; Charles Crocker, and others too numerous to mention.

If one could gather words from this unsung brooklet they could piece together a tale of early California that would be akin to folk-lore.

FORGETTING its permanent distinction, let us go back to the "days of the Dons." Rancho Del Paso (ranch of the pass), was so named because it was on the direct road leading to Immigrant Gap Pass over the treacherous Sierras. The original trail of the pioneers ran diagonally across the Rancho.

Governor Manuel Micheltorrena, Governor of the Department of California under Mexican rule, granted Rancho Del Paso, then a 44,000 acre tract, to one Eliab Grimes. Grimes' son, years later, lost this fertile land on the American River, by a mortgage foreclosure, to J. B. Haggin, a San Francisco attorney. Haggin sent for a famous horse-breeder, John Mackay, and Rancho Del Paso became in time the world's greatest thoroughbred horse farm. On the banks of Arcade Creek may still be seen the remains of the race track, and the old Haggin-Grant home.

At that time the little creek was a veritable paradise. Wild roses and lilies followed its banks, and in the uplands of the ranch wild deer came down to drink from its waters. In fact wild life abounded on the ranch; wild ducks, geese, and coveys of quail, so tame that they hopped about in the carriage tracks.

The first white woman to settle in Sacramento Valley was Mrs. Mary Sinclair, and it was on the Rancho Del Paso that she took up her abode, employing Indian maidens to assist her in household duties. Unfriendly tribes were the Moquelumnes, Modocs and Pit River Indians, and these frequently swooped down upon the occupants carrying horses and cattle.

Arcade Creek could tell us that John Marshall stopped at the Rancho Del Paso with his precious discovery of gold before taking it on to Sutter's Fort.

On its banks stood the Oak Grove House, a resort made famous by the breakfast partaken of by James W. Denver, politician, and Edward Gilbert, editor-in-chief of the Alta Californian, before they fought their famous duel in which Gilbert was killed. Gilbert was elected United States representative in 1850. He attacked the immigration laws, pronouncing them a swindling scheme. Denver was the author of the law and challenged Gilbert to defend himself according to the "Code of Honor." Dueling had already been declared illegal in California and public feeling and indignation were aroused The duelists were prominent. The results disastrous.

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Men Away From Home

By THOMAS CARLYLE MAXWELL

I

At School

AT the age of fourteen I entered the preparatory department of a denominational college in the Middle West and found board and lodging in the home of a married senior at less than the prevailing rate of $2.50 a week. The senior, one of a large group of student preachers who supplied pulpits in neighboring towns each Sunday, was in demand as an evangelist. During the Christmas holidays he assisted in a revival across the line in Oklahoma. Soon after ere reopening of school his wife, who had accompanied him, became ill with smallpox. I had been successfully vaccinated, health ordinances were not rigid, and I escaped quarantine by moving my trunk and books into the street before the physician had posted his warning placard. Friends placed cot and blankets for me in "the pesthouse," an old cabin already occupied by two other students similarly exposed elsewhere. The midwinter wind blew through the cracks, but we were free to go and come, and a kind-hearted old lady gave me room at her table.

Men away from home, I had learned, face two questions:

Where do we eat?
Who is my friend?

The sliced fresh tomatoes of that first Kansas autumn, the Sunday night tapioca puddings of one house, and even the stewed dried apricots so often upon the table at which I ate for five successive years—their flavor does not die. But it was not the stewed fruit which held me so long to one board; it was the company whose ranks I had entered, and the fellowship which widens and deepens at the common table. Two men stand out. Together, with AEneas we sailed away from Carthage; together, we followed Phaethon as he wildly drove the chariot of the sun. All had in mind the study of law, but one only is today a practicing attorney. He was the real classicist,—his name was Lucius,—and lines from Horace were oft upon his tongue, but he was no stranger to Omar Khayam and "Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough, A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise Enow."

The other man was more wont to bellow in a deep bass

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough;
Each sting that bids nor stand but go!"

A gift to me of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" he accompanied with Lowell's counsel:

"Spend in all things else,
But of old friends be most miserly."

In 1917 an editor in New York described him as a "burly figure in the sheepskin-lined trenchcoat of a lieutenant of infantry," who had left "his rural charge, wone his commission at a Western training camp, and was under orders to sail that week for further preparation for duty."

II

In Barracks

IT is war time in Singapore. The lady of the parsonage pours tea for a score or more soldiers and sailors, who, after the closing hymn and benediction in the church, have walked with us across the turf of the tennis court and climbed the stairs to our verandah. Most of the soldiers are from a battalion of Shropshire Territorials, who, at the outbreak of the war in 1914, had first been ordered to Burmah to replace regulars called home to fight in France. When, a few months later, the Indian troops in garrison at Singapore had risen and murdered fifty or more English officers and civilians, the Shropshires had hurried down to assist in quelling the mutiny and had remained. Fine young men they were, bank clerks, drapers and schoolmasters from Shrewsbury.

The Sunday nights upon our verandah,—with the hot tea, cup after cup, poured by the friendly hand of a white woman; the sandwiches; the cakes, bought at a native pastry shop or baked by our own Chinese cook; the cigarettes; the piano, strung rust-proof against the humid air of the tropics, and the songs,—how they did enjoy them! And then one day the Shropshires sailed away to face the enemy on the Hindenberg line. Men of the Middlesex regiment took their places at our teas. The mining of their transport, the **Tyndareus,** off the African Coast, had delayed the new battalion's arrival, but in time our three small boys looked into the faces of soldiers who had paraded on deck in lifebelts and had sung "The Long, Long Trail," as they watched their ship's propellers rise out of the water. We heard gallant stories of the transfer of troops to rescuing steamers in a rough sea, of the wonderful seamanship which finally brought the **Tyndareous** into Simontown, and of how one man had dived from a life-

boat to save "Paddy," the regimental dog. But even these had to go. They received an issue of heavy clothing and embarked for Vladivostock. Red-coated Lancashires, from India, marched into their barracks in Singapore.

From an island, Blakang Mati, Malay for Behind the Dead,—where the rubber trees cover the slope from the water's edge and shade a thousand ancient graves—came alo gunners and bombardiers of the Royal Garrison Artillery, and from Pulau Brani, or Island of the Brave, men of the Royal Engineers. One day on Pulau Brani I found a dozen stretched out on the grass, where a high bank overlooks a narrow strait. Launches and sampans bobbed upon the water below; steamers lined the wharver beyond.

"What a wonderful view!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," growled one. "It will look its best from the stern of a ship headed toward Blighty!"

Time brought fulfillment of his thinly veiled wish. Soldiers came and went until middle-aged schoolmasters on week days wiped camouflaged guns, but on Sundays took our sons upon their knees to tell them of their own kiddies on rations at home. Thick lenses and gray hair betrayed the terrible drain on an Empire's reserves. Every part of the world levied tribute on our Verandah: France, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Siberia.

Space does not suffice to tell of sailors from cruisers, which arrived and departed mysteriously; of young Frenchmen en route to Saigon; of the young physician on the staff of the cable company; of the young Australian chaplain who later was assassinated in a Siberian port; of the young business man from California. One day a cruiser flying the Stars and Stripes led a dozen destroyers into the harbor. In the privacy of his cabin the commander, to whom I introduced myself as the American chaplain, by special appointment, to non-Conformist British troops in garrison, said that he was the only person who knew where the fleet was going, and he would not tell. He asked one question: "Where are the guns of this port?" I could not tell. A dozen boys, from states all the way from California to Florida, appeared next day upon our verandah. They preferred lime squash to tea, but were at one with their allies when we passed the cake and sandwiches.

Where do we eat?

Who is my friend?

"Do you get much tennis now," wrote one of the Shropshires from Fance, "and does my successor at the pay office come down? I get a parcel from home most weeks, but owing to tea being practically unobtainable, and sugar being rationed out . . . I am unable to get any, so would be obliged if you would kindly send me a pound of the tea you used to make for us and a couple of pounds of sugar . . .

'Have you still the old cook and house boy? . . . Did you get the children's photo taken in front of the Fan Palm? . . . I would give anything to be back in Singapore.

"P. S. Limit of weight for parcels for France, seven pounds."

The men of the Shropshires had given us their home addresses, and at Christmas we sent them cards. From the father of one of a group of four chums we received this reply:

"Shrewsbury, England.

"Your post card came to hand on Tuesday last conveying your good wishes to my son E—. I am most grieved to tell you that the poor boy made the great sacrifice in Belgium. . . ."

From a hospital in Sheffield wrote one of the four himself:

"The battalion has had a very hard time since our landing in France. When I left home on the 25th of January there were less than 125 of the originals left. On 30th October we went over the top at Passchendaele, and had over one-third of our strength casualties. . . . Our greatest loss, however, was on 30th December, before Cambrai, where the Germans came over in white. . . . Poor E— was killed . . During our stay in Singapore he was one of my greatest friends. . . P. . . . has been very ill, but has not managed to get to England. . . J. . . has been ill since November. . . . . He was buried in a trench for a few hours at Passchendaele.

"A great many of your congregation have, alas, been killed Several have greatly distinguished themselves The regiment has always had the highest awards of honor in the brigade whenever they have been issued.

"The weather during the Christmas season was terrible. Deep snow and frost, and our wounded were often frozen to the earth, and their clothes had to be cut before they could be taken away. Early in January the weather changed, and when we went into the trenches again we found them full of mud. . . . The great difficulty of getting hot food up to the front line was the cause of a great deal of sickness. . . . On 1st January I had a slight taste of gas. . . . . I was recommended for a commission, but when I was examined by the doctor, he would not pass me. . . .

"J— and I have often talked about the times we had in Singapore. Those were happy days, although we were very often miserable. I don't know whether I have ever told you, but you are the only people I ever knew out there, except Mr. W—, who lives quite near to you on Fort Canning Road.

"This hospital is situated just inside the Derbyshire border. The scenery is exquisite. The trees are just budding, and the spring flowers are all out. The Trees are very bare, after seeing the gorgeons Eastern foliage."

III

In Prison

IT is Thanksgiving Day, 1927, in a foothill town in California. There is an alarm at the prison, where I am the Protestant chaplain, and the sirens of racing automobiles tear me fro mmy desk. A straight mile of cement highway leads to a bridge over a creek, and then a winding road separates the prison grain field from a pasture, where a trusty herds his sheep among the oaks. A last turn, and one comes suddenly upon a long, gray wall. I park my car and, and on foot, pass through the outer gate unchallenged, but the next is doubly barred and guarded.

At an hour when 1,200 inmates pack the schoolhouse to enjoy a movie, six desperate convicts, armed with an automatic, a shingler's hatchet, and other weapons, have attempted to capture the warden and the captain of the guard, force them to call up the warden's car, and in that, with the two as shields, to drive through the gates to freedom. Foiled at the start and enraged by their failure to obtain the keys necessary to reach the warden's office, they have left a trail of blood on their retreat through the nearly empty corridors. They have stabbed and hacked the guard on duty in the dispensary, shot the assistant turnkey in the leg, and killed a trusty in the counting booth. They knife to death, almost disembowel, the guard who bars the passage to the school room and seriously injure another, who comes to his assistance. Wiping the blood from their daggers, the mutineers enter the school room and stop the show with shots at the ceiling. They hunt out and bind together in pairs the guards on duty among the cowed spectators. Through the bars of the front door the leader fires a shot, which narrowly misses a guard in the arsenal tower at the inner gate.

There will be no Thanksgiving dinner, and the chief steward locks the kitchen. An alarm calls the sheriff and ten deputies from Sacramento. Traffic officers from Marysville to Modesto speed toward Folsom on motorcycles. Yong men of the National Guard rise from turkey and cranberry sauce, don their uniforms, grab their rifles, and step on the gas. At the outer gate again I meet a high state official who carries a box of tear bombs. At home no one can eat; we do not even set the table, although it is long past noon.

Later, as from a hilltop I pointed out the quarries near the power house on the river and the main group of buildings higher up around the deserted recreation ground,—from which 600 convicts who preferred baseball to movies had been marched to the new cell house,—the gate at the arsenal tower opened, and an ambulance entered. It followed a road which led toward us, down between terraced gardens on one side and, on the other, the theater and the old cell house, the scene of the riot; half encircled the Administration Building and the warden's office; passed through another gate into the upper yard, and then made an uneventful return. An airplane flew low over the schoolhouse—with cameras! The gate opened again. National Guardsmen filed in and posted themselves near the wall opposite the school. Above, on the wall, stood prison guards with rifles. A dozen peace officers cautiously approached the building and hurled missiles through the windows, from which smoke puffed back. We heard a shot and saw the officers run for cover. There was a second of silence, and then the rattle of continued firing from the walls. . . .

Home at last to eat cold turkey. . . .

At the prison, as night comes on, a guard at the outer gate drops dead from heart failure. The prison physician enters the schoolroom to care for the injured. Eight convicts are dead and sixteen wounded, three of them mortally. (The conspirators themselves and the captive guards were out of the line of fire). The room is a wreck. The picture screen is riddled; the stone walls are pitted with bullet holes; and the floor of the library is a bloody mass of clothes, books, and broken furniture. . . . It is a night of horror. Twelve hundred hungry prisoners, in fear of another assault, make barricades of benches and tables. . . . Outside, 1,000 men under arms receive coffee and sandwiches while they stand ready to storm the cell house at daylight with bombs and machine guns. Two tanks are on their way by special train. . . Finally, after long parleying by telephone, the conspirators surrender, and 1,200 convicts in gray march to their cells.

* * *

IN the hospital, shortly after daybreak, the convict orderly asked:

"Where were you yesterday when all this happened?"

"On the hill across the river," I replied.

"You showed good judgment."

"I might have been here," I explained. "I had a visit on my calendar, but unexpected work from Sacramento held me to my desk. Whether I should have been in the school room

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The Influence of the Sea on Poetry

By MARGARET STEEL MILLER

THERE is something in the tidal rhythm and measured wave of the sea which lends itself to the music of words. From the earliest records to the present day, it has played an important part in the portrayal of poetry. Each period has added some mood or interpretation of the sea to its poems.

From Caedmon's Paraphrases of the Scriptures (670), we have a reference to the power of the sea, in the "Drowning of Pharoah and His Army."

"The sea-wall rose, the proud
Ocean stream, their might in
death was fastly fettered."
(From Exodus)

In "Beowulf" of the Anglo-Saxon period, we find the sea referred to as a place of dread, in being the home of sea-monsters.

"They saw in the water a host,
A host of the worm kind,
Strange sea-dragons
Sounding the deep."

In the Anglo-Norman period, from the "Proverbs of King Alfred," we find the fear of the sea still emphasized, when Alfred says,

"Small trust may be
In the flowing sea."

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales (14th century) mentions the sea in referring to Bible history:

"He seyde he hadde a goblet of the seyl,
That Seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Upon the see, tel Jesus Christ his heute."

The poetic attitude towards the sea is changed in the ballads of the 15th century, and it is mentioned as a convenience for travel. From "The Wife of Usher's Well" we have,

"There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

In the Elizabethan age, the sea is again cited as a means of travel in Henry Howard's "Departure of Aeneas From Dido."

"With ships the seas are spread,
Cutting the foam, by the blen seas they sweep."

The fact that England was surrounded by the sea had great influence on all of her poetry, especially during the Elizabethan age, when travelers were returning with almost miraculous tales of lands beyond the sea.

Shakespeare's poems, his sonnets especially, have caught much of the rhythm of the sea. In "Pericles" he cries,

"Put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joy rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality
And drown me with their sweetness."

Shakespeare also seems to have opened the mysteries of the sea:

"Me thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea."

The sea gradually increases in poetic favor, until in the 17th century we find it personified in John Milton's "Lycidas."

"That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?"

From John Dryden's "Song of Thamesis:"

"Old Father Ocean calls my tide;
Come away, come away,
The barks pon the billows ride,
The master will not stay."

Personification of the sea continues in the 18th century. In Alexander Pope's "Rape of the Lock" we have,

"Jove's thunder roars,
Heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps
resound."

In the latter part of the 18th century Thomas Gray, in his "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard," refers to the sea as a treasure holder.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Wordsworth was very fond of the sea, and used it most effectively in many of his poems. In "Nutting" he says:

"I traveled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor England! did I know till then,
What love I bore to thee."

Samuel Coleridge was a great lover of nature, and used the sea to portray his pictures

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Red Roses

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

IF I had no wife who reveled in ermine coats and boxes at the charity ball; if I had no profession which sometimes saves an innocent man from jail, and sometimes sends the guilty there; if I had been left to follow the instinctive promptings of my own inclinations, I am sure I would have been a gardener. A garden, to me, is a place of magic and miracle; a gardener an enchanter.

That is why I watched with wonder and envy the hyacinths and fleur de lis, the violets, lilacs and purple stock all blossoming prolifically before their wonted season under the tender nurturings of Tony, my assistant gardener; why, too, I told old Griswold, head gardener for many years, to humor Tony's strange whim and to prune, spade and irrigate the red rose hedge himself until we could learn the cause of the Italian's violnt aversion to going near it.

For that red rose hedge, which had given the avenue its name, was not only my own pride and joy, it was a public institution. Tourists made pilgrimages out Wilshire way just to see it. Post cards, broadcasting its beauty, did not exaggerate its color; and on the perpetual profusion of its blossoms real estate dealers had coined the slogan "If a city garden will do that, what wouldn't a country acre do?"

Tony's peculiar antipathy to the rose hedge had been brought to me only a few days after he had been engaged by Griswold, who also declared that never before had he seen such a skillful, nthusiastic worker as this silent, stubborn Italian with the big, sorrowful eyes, who lived alone and had no friend but an old brown dog.

Remembering the many incompetents we had been compelled to discharge, I asked Griswold to be patient with the new man's one fault. Later when I saw how Tony's fingers trembled with joy when he put the hyacinth bulbs in their bed and smoothed the soft, pulverized earth over them as tenderly as a mother tucks a downy blanket over her sleeping baby; when I watched him coax the backward lilacs into bloom and overheard him autcaully cajoling the camelia bush with croonings like a pleading lover, I decided whatever his shortcomings might be, that one day, when crotchety, faithful, rheumatic old Griswold was gathered to the German bosom of his horticulturally famous forefathers, I would make Tony my head gardener.

BUT Tony left my services to seek work in another garden, and the day he did so he revealed the reason for his peculiar prejudice. A series of annoying incidents, each inconsequential in itself, had assailed me that morning with such cumulative aggravation, that when, at the breakfast table, my wife said: "I think you are entirely too finicky, these eggs taste all right to me," I pushed back my plate, shouted angrily, "The age of eggs is something one doesn't argue about," stumbled over an unnecessarily beribboned poodle dog, rushed out of the house and slammed the front door in the butler's face.

As I crossed the wide veranda to the side entrance where my car stood waiting, old Griswold, his face drawn in like a gargoyle, his hand clutching his back, hobbled up to me.

"It's about the roses, sir," he said, a catch in his voice as he spoke. "The lumbago's hit me again and I can't bend over. The rose hedge needs spading around and I can't get that crazy dago to go near it; it's time he got down to earth and cut out his foolishness. Won't you speak to him please?"

Why did I have to have one more added irritation that morning? "Tony," I shouted, impatience and severity echoing in my tones, "I can't put up with your foolishness any longer; spade up along those roses there, get at it at once or get out!" and I made an imperative gesture.

I stood for a moment and watched Tony make one vicious dive into the earth with his spade, and as he did this I observed that his right hand was tied up in a none too clean rag. A second later he picked up his spade in two pieces as he muttered, "Breaka da spade. No more works," and dashed out the side garden gate.

TWO hours later I was amazed when my deliberate and unemotional wife rushed unannounced and weeping into my inner office. "I'm sorry," I began, hoping with male inconsistency that a forgotten kiss at last had produced an effect, but before I had committed myself she broke in—"It's Tony! He's taken something, he's dying! One of his neighbors phoned the house, he wants you to come—quick—get your hat—my car's outside."

Compunction and curiosity mingled strangely in my mind as we drove swiftly and in silence

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Brotherly Advice

By JACK BENJAMIN

I AM usually lost in deep thought when I sit at my writing desk, and the loud know at my door broke harshly on my ears.

I rose, walked quickly and somewhat impatiently to the door and opened it. To my great surprise I saw my old friend, John Drake, standing there; but my surprise soon changed to astonishment when I saw his deeply troubled countenance—for it took a lot to make John take anything seriously.

"Come in," I said. "What seems to be the trouble? You look as though you had fallen heir to a first mortgage on the world's worries."

"Jack," he said in a weak voice, "you must give me some advice. I'm in a terrible hole . . . I don't know what to do. If I were the only one to suffer on account of it, perhaps I would not consider it so bad, but—"

"What on earth are you talking about?" I replied.

I gave him a "bracer" and one of my mild cigars. After a few minutes passed, he regained sufficient composure to tell me one of the strangest, and at the same time, one of the most amusing stories I ever had the luck to hear.

In sum and substance it was as follows (in John's own words):

"My brother, Henry, who lives in Babittsville, wrote me a letter a week ago, asking me to meet him, as he wanted to discuss a matter of the 'utmost importance.' I must tell you that Henry is a cold-blooded person who would not be ruffled by anything short of an earthquake, and it would have to be a healthy quake at that. From the tone of his letter I gathered that Henry was at work again on one of his financial schemes, and it caused me to become quite worried. The last time Henry started selling stock it put me back a cool thousand dollars to have him escape prosecution. For some reason or other, Henry's various schemes have a habit of working out perfectly in theory, but as soon as they meet with hard reality—say no more.

"Well, a brother is a brother, and one finds it difficult to tell so near a blood relative to go to Satan's domicile for a permanent stay.

"I took the first train to Babittsville. Henry met me at the station and as soon as I had one look at his face, I knew his days out of the county jail were numbered. But, as I said a moment ago, a brother is a brother, and we can't pick our relations . . . . so we just grumble, admonish, scold, threaten but always do our level best to keep them out of hot water.

"Henry immediately took me to his office and were one to judge from appearances, it reflected the acme of success. It was, as Henry himself put it, 'swanky.'

"I noticed, however, that the frown over Henry's forehead kept on growing deeper and darker, and that his hands shook visibly . . . .

"Henry," I said, as though I had come to a wedding, instead of to the tangle I knew I had to unravel if he were to stay out of jail, "what's all the trouble about?"

"I'll tell you the whole story in a nutshell," Henry replied, heaving a sigh that seemed to emanate from the depths of his being. "Unless I raise $10,000 before another week goes by, I'm a goner. You see . . . I got myself in a fearful jam; the corporation I started—and the stocks I sold. If I don't have $10,000 within a week. . . ."

"But, Henry," I said, "isn't there any way . . . can't you—"

"You won't understand the financial intricacies of my scheme," Henry replied. "But, I simply mus thve that amount of money before next week. I can't jump town, either, because some of my stockholders are wise to the real state of affairs, and I would be arrested at the very first move I made to get out of town."

"And in this vein my brother Henry conveyed his troubles to me," said my friend, John Drake. "I would have let him have $10.00 if I had it, but he may as well have asked me for a million. I hated to see him go to jail—family pride, and all that, you know.

"However, a thought suddenly struck me! And I must say that it seemed to be an inspired idea, a flash from Heaven above . . . . But now I know that it was my undoing. If that thought hadn't come to me, I wouldn't have gotten into this confounded mess. Woe is me! Woe is me!

"I knew that Henry was very much interested in fact—I should say head over heels in love with a very charming widow in Babittsville. Added to her many charming qualities was the delightful fascination of a comfortable fortune which her late husband, a banker, had left her.

"So, without any hesitation, I jumped up and exclaimed: Henry! I've got it! Why don't you marry the widow? She's worth plenty of money and . . . ."

"Now, Henry, as you do doubt have already gathered, is an irresponsible sort of person, and

Read further on page 288

Men Away from Home

Continued from page 268

or not—I suppose that depends upon the title of the film."

"You would have been there all right; it was 'Ankles Preferred.'"

I made the round of the beds. From his cot a young man with a bandaged arm looked up and said:

"If you see —— in the yard, please tell him I'm O. K."

Who is my friend?

When do we eat?

On Monday the convict eats oatmeal, brown beans, white bread, sugar, soffee, fried side pork, boiled lima beans, bread, tea, pearl barley sopu,, pink beans with onion sauce, white bread and coffee; on Tuesday, Fried sugar toast, stewed prunes, coffee, Spanish stew and vegetables, bread, tea, chili con carne, white bread, coffee; on Wednesday, fresh country sausage, steamed potatoes and pan gravy · . . . braised beef and spaghetti, ... pink beans and tomato sauce, . · . . . on Thursday, brown beans, . . . boiled Frankfurters, lima beans, · . . pink beans, etc.

Why do convicts riot?

Life is complex, and no one factor exer explains everything in a situation. To say that prisoners riot because beans do not come in 21 colors would be an answer both as wise and as foolish as any.

IV

On the Road

"MISTER, can you spare a dime—?"

"Are you all alone?" I ask·

"Yes, sir."

"I have a family at home, and my salary has been cut. I have a dime coming to me."

Many are they whose only home is the road: ten who cook their breakfasts in the jungle after a night's sleep in a box car; five drinking their coffee beside a stack of ties; three tipping up a flash at a quiet corner; one outside the town who washes his face in a farmer's irrigation ditch. Multiply these again and again. On the highway I give one a lift and ask two questions:

"Where do you come from?"

"Where are you going?"

Usually he is on his way from a place where there is no work to another where, he has been told, a company is building a bridge or a dam. Next week I pick him up going in the opposite direction· To his story he adds that he has seen tons of fruit rotting on the ground.

WHEN DO WE EAT?

WHO IS MY FRIEND?

In tow na lady asks me: "What precautions have you taken to de-louse your car?"

V

In the World

T is near high noon. I am seated on a bench "erected . . . . to commemorate the sons of this University who died in the Great War." Students pass on their way to lecture and laboratory· Three middle-aged tourists enter the base of the Campanile, towering at my back. An old man, with a cane crooked over his arm, approaches along a heather-bordered pathway, which leads Westward toward Golden Gate.

Cassius. Forever and forever, farewell, Brutus! If we do meet again, why, we'll smile in-

Three sons are among the students,—even the babe of Singapore days is a freshman,—and they bring home test papers, lists of propositions to be answered with an X in one of two columns marked TRUE—FALSE.

How should one mark these?

Life is a school . . . ·

Life is a drill ground, a battlefield, and we are soldiers on the march, led by a phantom who mocks us with: "I am the only one who knows where we are going, and I won't tell". . . ·

The poet, Wadsworth, is right:

"The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
. . . . . cometh from afar:"

But

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy. . . . "

We are "hitch-hikers," on our way from Nowhere to Nowhere. . . ·

Whatever the answers to these, we are men away from home, and two questions are inescapable:

What do we eat?
Who is my friend?

* * *

THE campus scene fades into a succession of dissolving pictures:

To men by the waters of Babylon, who have hanged their harps upon the willows and have refused to sing because they remember Zion, their prophet speaks: "The captive exile shall speedily be loosed; he shall not die and go down into the pit, neither shall his bread fail."

One, driven by the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted, uses as his defense: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every **word**. . . ."

Two soldiers on the Plains of Philippi their "everlasting farewells take."

Cassius: Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!

Read further on page 284

◆ MELODY LANE ◆

BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor.

IN NOVEMBER

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

AUTUMN dons her robe of red
Shot with flecks of brilliant yellow.
Clouds are scudding overhead,
Orchard fruits are ripe and mellow.

Cold winds sweep across the hills,
Sunshine floods the sheltered valleys.
Courage now and faint heart fills
And the sinking spirit rallies.

* * *

THE MONUMENTS OF TIME

By IRIS LORA THORPE

THE smoky fires of the sunset flare
To life again beneath the wind. Immutably
The mountains stand hazed in that sullen glare
Of blood and chrome, lost in the immensity
Of time. Pine-bearded ancients, they behold
With dark passivity another futile day
Divested of its zaffre and its gold,
Blaze to defiant crimson and go gray.

O mountains westward gazing! these long years
Are but a fall of leaves upon your shoulders.
What to you another day that smoulders
Into purple ash and disappears?
Gray challengers of illimitable tomorrows,
Guarding our small horizons, under you
We dare to cry aloud our little sorrows,
Dare to flaunt our wisdom and to woo
Impotent Gods.

When shall we climb
The stairs to silence and, above the winds, recapture
The secrets of the dawn, and that lost rapture
Of a faith as stable as your monuments of time?

* * *

JEWELS

By ANNETTE McCARTY

HERE is a flaming ruby, telling me
Of one mad hour I lay upon your breast;
Cover the cruel fire, O Memory,
Life has too deeply burned! I long for rest.

Better the emerald of Monterey,
Where velvet pines slope downward to the sea;
Better the sapphire blue of Carmel Bay—
When will remembered beauty quiet me?

Oh for the gold of radiant, sunset skies
To fashion wings for one who spurns the earth!
Then would my soul, a soaring phoenix, rise
From Passion's death. Lord, give me second birth.

* * *

I HAVE SEEN PALM TREES

By LAWRENCE A. HARPER

I HAVE seen palm trees, black against the moon, wave fronds like wild dervish arms;
I have seen palm trees march down into the night behind shadow dunes;
I have seen palm trees, gaunt against the dawn, like sentries halt the day to demand the password, drooping from their vigil of the dark;
I have seen palm trees creep into the city streets and yards and stand in rapt amazement, fuddled wanderers from desert wastes, exotic visitors gowned in burlap petticoats—
I have seen palm trees.

* * *

OLD JIMTOWN MEN

By BETTY L. WHITSELL

OUTSIDE the door, he sits and dreams
Of lively camps and placer streams,
Of the rude log cabin on his claim
Where Bill and he had longed for fame.

Ten hours of digging hard each day,
Then down to Jimtown they would stray.
The old crowd gathered there each night
To drink a glass and eat a bite.

Old "Bella Union" was the place
And gambling there was no disgrace.
No polish, culture, you could see,
But men of true nobility.

Pressed close he stands beside the bar;
He fills his pipe—then looks afar—
"Well here's to luck," he smiles again
And drinks with the crowd of Jimtown men.

In Defense of the Machine

Continued from page 262

vidualism was not complete; narrow religion forced him to conform to a fairly rigid pattern of morals.

But now—man thinks and acts more as he pleases. Convention has gone by the board. He worships according to any one of 10,000 theories of religion or not at all, as he sees fit. He marries as many times as he desires. It cannot be denied that all these phenomena came with the more complex development of the machine.

It is true that in some outer forms the machine is making us highly standardized. The radio and the talkies are tending to standardize our language, which is good; our cars are giving us all a mechanical bent in spite of ourselves; and our clothes are becoming more and more standardized. At last, when our clothes are uniforms, true individualism at least for the non-working part of the day, may come again, as when man wore no clothes at all.

WHAT has the machine done to art and religion? I have two acquaintances who longed to be writers but the poesy in them, they declare, was stifled by their technical education and mechanical work. Andre Maurois, the French biographer, struggled many years before he could escape the effect of his technical training. In the past at least, I have regarded myself as an artist of sorts; I have written a hundred or two short stories and poems, a few of which were published. A few years back I rebelled against the machine for the second time, forsook my technical training and occupation and fled with my wife to a semi-primitive form of life on the Mexican Border. I thought one who would be an artist must forsake the machine. I have since reversed my opinion. The machine is such a major part of our life that all artists must interpret it and its people if they would interpret present-day life.

We are now, it seems to me, in the throes of a renaissance of art greater even than that of the Elizabethan period. The new painting, music, poetry and prose have reverted to their origins. The spectator at the art gallery sees a prototype of the art of the cave man in the crude new styles of painting; the audience of a jazz orchestra hears something akin to prehistoric music; the reader of books finds the stark realism, the slight attention to form, that characterized the first literary men. Out of all this crude, formless, allegedly futuristic but really atavistic, potpourri shall come the new art based upon machined culture. It is coming now; the birth pangs are over. The machine has not killed art! it has given it a re-birth.

In our future life, instead of running away from the science of the machine, our art will be married to it. The machine will cease to be ugly and soul-deadening and become beautiful. Electricity and anti-vibration engineers will give it silent power. Electricity too will return its operators to life in the country in tune with the soft side of nature. The race will be rewarded for the temporary travail we now have.

THE defense thus would admit that the worst of the charges against the machine are true. The machine at present is probably guilty of more misery than blessings. But the machine should not be sentenced. Despite its colossal size, it is a minor.

It would be suicidal to abolish it. Half the race would succumb at once and the other half would live in misery for a time, only in the end to be engulfed by the wild. The semi-altruistic labors of the countless millions of the great brotherhood of inventors would be thrown away with the machine they so patiently, so co-operatively, have wrought.

The defense firmly believes that the machine can be mastered. It can be controlled only by the force that made it,—the great society of men, made up of semi-altruistic, semi-selfish units.

Only law can give its operators the shorter working day and week, and old-age pensions that are rendered indispensable by its colossal proportions. Private business will not do it, for all private business, including yours and mine, is short-sightedly selfish. As a private manager of workers, I would want as many hours of work from them as possible. As a small unit of society, however, I would vote in a moment for the betterment of all workers' conditions.

Finally, we perforce, must continue to utilize, develop and beautify our Gargantuan machine. We can expect to control it only through the voice of its creator, the society of man—only through law. If rugged individualism so defies common sense as to say nay to this control, then away with rugged individualism.

The defense rests.

The Educational Field

THRIFT ACTIVITIES IN SAN JOSE SCHOOLS

By WILLIAM B. CRAMSIE

THE Thrift Education plan as practiced in the San Jose School System is based on the theory that "there is no such thing as menial toil."Students are encouraged to deposit at least a penny a week in the school banks, so that notwithstanding these difficult economic times they shall form the habit of saving, even though the wage be meager. Thus they are taught the values of financial independence. The "Thrift Books," supplied by the National Thrift Association, are used to supplement the basic text in mathematics and civics.

On September 21st and 22nd the students of the Junior High School prosecuted a city-wide drive for collecting old clothes, shoes, blankets, etc. The materials collected were deposited in a central depot, where they are sorted out, repaired, and made over by a group of women employed for this purpose by the Teachers' Welfare Committee. The teachers of the city agreed to donate five per cent of their salaries monthly for relief work for school children. Paper drives are being put on to raise money to contribute to the Community Chest Fund.

Through school club work the students have an opportunity to learn how to salvage many articles.

The Girls' Sewing Club teaches not only how to make dresses, but to mend and darn all kinds of wearing apparel.

The Art Club teaches how to convert many discarded articles into attractive school and home decorations, thus combining the aesthetic with the practical.

The Novelty Club teaches the making of many useful articles out of discarded materials of all kinds.

The Junior Red Cross Club teaches not only the making of attractive and useful articles, but also a sympathetic understanding of the children of other lands.

The Arts and Crafts Club teaches students to make belts, buckles, lamp stands, vases, waste paper baskets, and what-not out of discarded scraps of iron, copper, brass, wire, clay and cardboard.

The Garden Club teaches how to use vacant spots of land by planting vegetables, flowers, and shrubs. Seed planting, pruning, tilling, and landscape appreciation is part of the program.

There are many other clubs founded upon the principles of thrift.

Students are encouraged to save much that was formerly considered waste, not only for their own use, but to share with their less fortunate brethren, thereby fulfilling the divine injunction—

"Those who have much give much,
Those who have little give little."

Thrift education properly taught lays the foundation of a sound, healthy citizenry.

* * *

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK

RENEWED interest in the schools centers around the activities of American Education Week. This year the dates are November 7-13. It is sponsored jointly by the American Legion, the United States Office of Eudcation and the National Education Association. "At this critical time," says a letter from the Department of Superintendence of the N. E. A., "American Education Week offers unusual opportunities for the schools to make favorable contacts with the public." A knowledge on the part of every man and woman of what the schools are doing and why is absolutely imperative.

* * *

F. F. MARTIN TO REDONDO

AS successor to E. L. Thomas, recently relieved of the Superintendency of the Redondo Beach schools, now facing prosecution on charges of misuse of funds, the appointment of Frederick F. Martin is announced. Mr. Martin served for several years as Superintendent of the Santa Monica Schools. He is State Director for California of the National Education Association and prominent in all educational organizations in the State.

* * *

WILLIAM H. HANLON PASSES

SCHOOL people throughout the state, as well as thousands of persons in public and private life, are saddened by the death of William H. Hanlon, for many years popular and efficient superintendent of schools of Contra Costa County. Mr. Hanlon at the time of his passing was a member of the State Board of Education and of the Board of Directors of the California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation. As an executive and educator, he was recognized as a leader. His genial personality made him a favorite with all. Sympathy is extended to the remaining family members.

Influence of the Sea on Poetry

Continued from page 269

more vividly in many of his poems. In the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" we find,

"The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left,
Went down into the sea."

During the Romantic Revival, the sea is recognized in its many moods. In his "The Lady of the Lake" Scott pays tribute to the deep, quiet power of the sea when he says:

"The host moves like a deep sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark and slow."

Lord Byron speaks of the sea throughout "Childe Harold." Of Venice he says:

"I loved her from my boyhood, she to me
Was a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water columns from the sea."

Lord Tennyson, of the Victorian Age, made use of the sea more than any other poet since Shakespeare. His rhythm is very pronounced, and he used all moods. From the "Revenge" we have,

"And the sun went down,
And the stars came out,
Far over the summer sea."

From the "Songs of the Princess,"

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breath and blow,
Wind of the western sea."

He changed the mood in,

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Robert Louis Stevenson carried the poetry of the sea from the Victorian period into our own age, and left us the rhythm and music of Tennyson in,

"I heard the pulse of the besieging sea,
Throb far away all night."

And in,

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

From Swinburne we have,

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the Sea;
I will go down to her, I and no other,
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me."

John Masefield, in his "Wanderer's Song," says,

"Oh, I'll be going, leaving the noises of the streets,
To where a lifting fore-sail foot is yanking in the sheet
To a windy, tossing anchorage
Where yawls and ketches ride.
"Oh, I'll be going, going until I meet the tide."

The productions of our modern poets prove that the call and rhythm of the sea has the same fascinating influence that it had in ages past, and prophesy for it an endless place in the realms of poetry.

Red Roses

Continued from page 270

down toward the river bed through squalid streets, crooked and narrow. In a nondescript, tumble-down shanty we found Tony, still alive, lying on a ragged quilt just inside the door, beside the lank brown body of a dead dog.

"I go verra queekly," he said as we walked through the doorway. "I no coma to this country zhust last year,—longa time ago. One letter on table—there—please you to read and putta da stamp and—"

"But, Tony," I interrupted, "I did not mean to be unkind to you, what have you done, where is the doctor, surely you have not done this thing simply because I spoke cross—"

"Ah! nah! nah!" he almost smiled as he cut short my lame attempt at repentance. "Da neighbors dey killa ma dog. Dey say he go mad. See, he bitta me, too." And he took from his hand the none too clean rag, exhibiting a wound. "But I forgiva my dog, he no know what he do, I forgiva him. But dey killa him, zhust like I—oh! my Rosita, my Rosita! Now I know she go mad too—she go mad when I find her and Jacques together—she what always hadda da song "Red roses dey grow in da Paradise"—and she hadda da red rose and his head on her soft white breast, da red rose zhust da color of blood when a dagger stabba da heart—zhust de samma color—"

But there was no longer color or light in Tony's face. He had gone to take tardy forgiveness to Rosita, and, perhaps to find red roses in Paradise. And the letter on the table, addressed to "The Parole Officer, San Quentin Prison," I could not read for the tears which dimmed my eyes.

READERS' OPEN FORUM

Brief and pointed contributions intended for these columns should be addressed "Open Forum." The magazine welcomes free discussion of timely matters but cannot guarantee space in a given issue. No responsibility assumed for accuracy of statements appearing herein.

BUS VS. RAIL TRAVEL

I wonder if those who patronize the busses realize the chances they take, compared with those who travel on the railroad?

The bus i sin charge of one man who acts as Motorman, Conductor and Mechanic. He is a competent man. The bus is first class, upholstered in leather, well lighted and heated, comfortable as one could ask and seats perhaps, 40 passengers.

The other evening I came down from Sioux City, Iowa, by bus. The driver, with a smile and pleasant remark, took my ticket and relieved me of by grip. "What an agreeable driver me have tonight," I thought.

As I walked back to the rear of the bus I was dumbfounded to note that there was no rear exit. I said to myself, "Here's hoping I don't need to get off in a hurry before we reach Omaha."

On the trip down we met at least 200 cars, many of them big freight trucks. On a 20-foot highway, eight feet is required for each car, leaving four feet to keep from going off the pavement or colliding. As they shot by, I flinched, knowing there were no rails under me, nor did we have orders where to meet these cars.

Our driver had no more right to the road than had any other of the many cars he would meet or pass. He had no way of telling when or where he would meet them and no flagman to help protect in case of trouble. He was running "extra" and meeting car after car and no orders to meet them.

If serving on a railroad instead of a bus, he would have the engineer, fireman and two flagmen with red lights, flags and torpedoes to help protect in case of trouble. The rails under them would keep the cars from slipping together. Orders from the Train Dispatcher would tell him where to meet each of the 200 cars instead of taking the many hazards.

Only recently a bus suffered a head-end collision resulting in the death of three persons and thirteen injured. And so, case after case could be cited. The hazards of bus travel are much greater than travel by rail.

J. F. BLATTENBURG.

A NEEDED SERVICE

The following letter from the Director of the National Park Service in relation to a recent article in the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine under the title "Samoa" by Eleanor G. Knight is worthy of place. It reads:

"Dear Miss Knight:

I HAVE just seen a copy of the Overland Monthly containing your article 'Samoa: Coaling Station or Native Society' and I want you to know how much I appreciate your words or fpraise for the work of the National Park Service. I thoroughly enjoyed reading your article; you have treated a very difficult subject i na real interesting way.

The suggestion made of conserving the culture of the people under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service is a novel one, and one which it seems is in sympathy with the impulses of many of our people. Whether it ever can or should be worked out, is of course, a problem subject to a great deal of serious reflection and study.

Again expressing on behalf of the Park Service appreciation of your complimentary remarks, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director. HORACE M. ALBRIGHT,

HELPING THE OTHER FELLOW TO BE THRIFTY

AS I listened last Sunday to President Hoover's plea for local concerted relief action by communities, there came to my mind, jumping from the sublime to the ridiculous, this jingle:

"Little Mary Ann was good;
She always did the best she could.
Let us be like Mary Ann
And always do the best we can."

The conection was the thought that among the one-third of us that the President said the other two-thirds of us will have to care for this winter, there must have been many who have not been like Mary Ann: in better times they were not thrifty, and they did not conserve. It now behooves all of us to be like Mary Ann, and in thrift and in conservation of resources "do the best we can."

A. C. WHEAT.

The Literary West

ANNE SHANNON MONROE

Anne Shannon Monroe, well known Western writer of Lake Grove, Oregon, and prominent member of the League of Western Writers, unable to attend the recent League convention, sent the following letter to the Chairman of the Board of Directors:

"Dear Mr. Chamberlain:

"MY regret in being unable to attend the convention of the League of Western Writers is balanced by my hope that constructive thoughts will be a-brewing among the pen-people and constructicve expression will be the main result. Good times, of course; we must never forget how to laugh and to play, and to let wit brighten our labors. But, in the last analysis, writers are writers for a purpose beyond earning; they are writers that they may enlighten, lead, color, as well as interpret their times.

"The constructive spirit of California will flow through them I know; and better work will follow for this happy getting together. God bless us all. Be happy!

"Ever sincerely,

"ANNE SHANNON MONROE."

* * *

SECTION HEARS OF NOTABLE BOOK

The Section on Literature of the Commonwealth Club, San Francisco, is making a distinct contribution to the literary life of the West. Homer Henly, Chairman, ably assisted by Percy B. Kinney, Secretary, is doing a real service. The following is taken from the report of a recent meeting at which Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, winner of the gold medal in the Commonwealth Club's 1931 Annual Literature Award, spoke on his book, "Outpost of Empire," which had won the honor. He said:

"OUTPOST OF EMPIRE" was the fruit of 30 years' study of Western civilization; gathering data, covering the field work, and digesting the story of the documents was but a collective episode. San Francisco was in effect an outpost of the great Spanish Empire which extended, in 1776, from Buenos Aires in South America to San Francisco—over two-thirds of the western hemisphere.

"The early history of North America lay not in its eastern nor in its middle part, but in its Spanish influence of the west coast, and that that influence extended over 300 years, from 1521 to 1821. The real capitol of the world in that former year was Madrid; in the latter it was Mexico City. The importance of these facts in measuring the world's historic progress cannot well be overestimated. The data-gathering for this book involved the study of over one million bundles of documents, all of which went through my hands alone; and these documents were scattered in 64 various depositories of official archives in Mexico, the central one of which is known as the General Public Archive of the Nation.

"For 25 years I gathered material for the telling of the story of the Anza expedition," said Dr. Bolton. "Field work involved going over 10,000 miles of the Anza trails, identifying camp-sites, landmarks, etc. The starting point was Cuilican, the mother of San Francisco, founded just 400 years ago in 1532. It is the capitol of Sinaloa, and was itself the outpost of empire for years."

* * *

INA COOK

THE Literary West has lost one of its most enthusiastic devotees and workers in the death of Ina Cook. For years she had been a close friend of this magazine and interested in any plans proposed for its advancement. The Ina Coolbrith Circle, carried on in memory of her illustrious aunt, Ina Coolbrith, largely through Mrs. Cook's efforts, is a memorial to Ina Coolbrith and Ina Cook alike. Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine extends sympathy to Mr. Finlay Cook, husband, and Mrs. Ina Craig, daughter of Mrs. Cook.

* * *

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

THOSE who have watched the development of Will Levington Comfort's writing through his brave-spirited **Routledge Rides Alone, through Fate knocks at the Door, Down Among Men, Midstream** and the rest; those who have followed him in **The Son of Power,** and **Somewhere South in Sonora** have come to a genuine respect and admiration for the author who writes because writing is a passion. While that passion began when, as a little child, he first felt "the lift of a book," he has furnished material for it in all quarters of the globe. The beauty of his **Samahdi,** a romance of mystic India, makes the book one to be returned to again and again. At its antipodes stands

Apache, with its stark yet artistic realism. Mr. Comfort's new novel, **The Pilot Comes Aboard,** large in theme, modern in style, commendable in execution, with glimpses of the heroism that at all hazards would go to the rescue of the tortured in the Congo is, nevertheless, keenly disappointing. The hero, Roger Drayton, a southern gentleman, is shown, contradictorially, as one to whom chivalry is unknown. Well portrayed in the earlier portion of the book as one who builds his life thoughtfully, widely, and wisely, he becomes, later, a cad, a selfish-self-centered being whose one interest is the safety of his precious self. The reader feels that Mr. Comfort has not dealt fairly with Roger Drayton.

The Pilot Comes Aboard. By Will Levington Comfort. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. $2.00.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

(Editor's Note: On going to press we learn of the sad death of Mr. Comfort).

* * *

HOOVER AND HIS TIMES

THIS is an interesting book quite apart from the fact that the subject of it is now one of the most interesting figures in America. The author is one of the most "informational" men of our time; his History of the Nineteenth Century established that, and this book confirms it.

The book is crammed with illuminating and thought-provoking detail. President Hoover's career has been so interwoven with the progress of the world in the last thirty years, as engineer, as envoy of good-will to both Europe and South America, as Secretary of Commerce, and as President that the story of his life and his times makes a unified narrative.

While the book shows some haste in its compiling, it is convincing and the material gives evidence of being authentic. It is a compelling answer to many of the careless and malicious slanders which have been circulated, some of them, in this era of printer's ink, even in book form. The book, however, is not controversial. It is a discussion of matters and conditions of deep interest to people of the present time by a man who knows his subject. The illustrations are popular cartoons which give a humorous touch to the story.

The book is well worth a perusal and its price puts it within easy reach, even in these times. The reader lays it down with a sense of enlarged vision and widened sympathies.

Hoover and His Times. By Edwin Emerson. Illustrated with cartoons by Ding, Kirby and other popular carttonists. Garden Publishing Company. 624 pages. Price $1.00.

ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT.

CRIME AND PRISONS

THE wide-spread reading of murder stories has incited Frank M. O'Brien to present ten actual cases, under title "Murder Mysteries of New York." These may appeal to those for whom fiction is too tame. The hopeful side of the popular attention to the subject of crime is that general interest may be focused upon not only the cause, but also the prevention of criminal activities. In "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison, New York, has presented a remarkable discussion of the relation of the prisoner to his surroundings. In dealing with the boys in the New York State Reformatory at Elmira, Lawes learned that there was a way to appeal even to the worst offenders. His experiences with Mike the Rat Catcher, and others like him, taught him that seeming incorrigibles may yet be made into honest citizens. Lawes carried into Sing Sing the methods that had won with the boys, convinced the prisoners that he was "a square shooter," and interested himself personally in their problems. The book is one that anyone may read with interest. Lawes tells his experiences conservationally and with some humor. Back of all that he says is a great compelling conviction that society can do for incarcerated men what few prisons have yet done,—restore them to themselves and to right human relationships.

Murder Mysteries of New York. By Frank M. O'Brien, New York. William Farquhar Payson. 231 pages. Price $2.00.

Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing. By Lewis E. Lawes. Ray Long & Richard R. Smith, Inc. 412 pages. Price $3.00.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

* * *

UPTON SINCLAIR, NOVELIST

MANY readers have been too busy labeling Upton Sinclair; too much interested in, or opposed to, the themes of his novels to judge him as a novelist. Prejudiced for or against his theses, they have not given him full credit for acquaintance with his subjects, his character drawing, and dramatic ability that does not make use of melodrama. Other readers have found in his various novels, especially in his latest, "The Wet Parade," a truer picture of American life than has been drawn by Sinclair Lewis, the latest winner of the Nobel prize. These readers say that Sinclair should be the next winner. They point out Sinclair's truth to life and his remarkable character drawing. Read "The Wet Parade," live at the Tarleton House, observe Roger Chilcote, the poet, and Powhatan Tarleton of expansive personality, get

acquainted with Kip and his troubles, study Maggie May's problems, and see if you have not here a remarkable American novel. The garbling of the story in the motion picture should send the reader to the book itself. Is it a novel that will live? It is at least one that will bear a second or third reading.

The Wet Parade. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar & Rinehart. 431 pages. Price $2.00.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

* * *

THE BOOKFELLOWS

ESTRAYS is a small, golden-tan volume of poems, outpourings from the moods of George Seymour, Vincent Starrett, Thomas Kennedy and Basil Thompson. It bears the imprint of The Bookfellows, Chicago.

In his "Moonlight on Salton Sea," George Seymour says:

Sagebrush and sand, and ever the long, long trail;
Never a burst of gladsome melody;
Never a herd, never a dancing sail;
Only the moon, shining on Salton Sea.

Never the morning call, echoing wide,
Never the ruddy glow of noon for me,
Only the peace that comes with the eventide,
Comes with the moon, shining on Salton Sea.

And you can find lines that will pull at your heartstrings in this book, from all of its other three authors. For sheer worth and appeal in a volume of poetry, I know of no other to outstrip this little book, published a few years ago.

As for George Steele Seymour, he has just gotten out another modest book from the press of Edwin B. Hill, of Ysleta, Texas, near El Paso. It is called "Wide Spreading Piony." Shades of Charley Lummis! Our own Charley used to live with the Indians on occasion at Ysleta, and he wrote of the quaint, adobe village, too. And now poetry is printed near the mission, and the silent Indian boys and girls turn the hand press sometimes for the printer.

This year, July seventeenth, a party of members of the Chicago Poetry Circle and guests went out to Crossways, near Niles, Michigan, and dedicated a site for the Bookfellow Library. Bookfellow members went along also. There on Bookfellow Hill will be erected the Library and the Bookfellow Shrine. Five thousand housemates are waiting to occupy this sacred place with lovers of good literature, occupy it and revel in its books and blessings.

BEN FIELD.

* * *

A. R. CLIFTON RECOVERS

THE many friends of A. R. Clifton, of Monrovia, Superintendent of the Los Angeles County Schools, will rejoice to learn of his rapid recovery from a recent serious illness. He is now at his home convalescing after some days spent in a Los Angeles hospital.

DR. KARL SUMNER KNOPF, President of the Los Angeles Branch of the League of Western Writers, has the sympathy of the multude of friends in the recent passing of his mother. Mrs. Knopf was well advanced in years and had been ill for some months. Dr. Knopf conducted the services and his brother, Albert Harold Knopf, sang two solos: "There Is No Death" and "Benediction." Dr. Knopf used the words of Benediction in his sermon.

* * *

Queen Califia

AT the recent League of Western Writers convention, Laura Conwell Bias, as Califia, Queen of the Amezons, made a marked impression.

The choice of Mrs. Bias to impersonate this mythical queen was a happy one.

The artistry of her acting and the lovely quality of her voice and diction gave assurance that Califia would be beautifully characterized.

Mrs. Bias has long been known for the outstanding results of her work as teacher in her Fairmont Hotel Studio, as well as being recog-readers.

Her audiences acclaim her naturalness of mannized as one of California's foremost dramacit ner, the high intelligence of her interpretations, and the excellence of her characterizations.

Added to Mrs. Bias' popularity as a dramatic artist is the success of her interpretative book reviews. In her dramatizations of the late books her characters seem to walk and speak before one.

Mrs. Bias' interpretative work reflects a splendid training, combined with a fine emotional sensitiveness which is always present in the true dramatic artist. Her "Califia" will long be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be present that evening.

QUEEN "CALIFIA'S" PROCLAMATION

HERALD—make way! Make way! Her Peerless Majesty, Queen Califia, approaches!!!!! Queen Califia.

Greetings to my loyal subjects, to my warrior women, to the multitudes of an alien race and to the strangers within our gates!

I, Califia, Queen of the Amezons, make Proclamation—No longer will I rule women alone; no longer will I raid the Sea for mates for my warrior women! Word comes by trusty messengers that the alien White Race now invading

Read further on page 282

Stage and Screen Fan-Fare

By MAURICE L. KUSELL

IF YOUR predilection from the menu of entertainment is for the stage fare, "Cat and the Fiddle" will purr itself humorously and daintily through two hours of tasty amusement. Helen Gahagan, seen on the Coast for the first time, tucks the heart of an audience under her trim arm, and skips away with it until the final curtain. Olga Baclanova, who gave such an outstanding performance in "Grand Hotel," again snares much palm-smacking, and commands the stage on her every entrance.

Belasco and Curran, the theatrical producing heros of the West, have won another histrionic battle with their production "Cat and the Fiddle," which promises, for the good of the theatre-lovers more stage fare such as they have presented in the past.

* * *

"THE MARQUISE"

DURING the hot summer months, producers of legitimate shows seek the light, frothy type of entertainment to present to the few who may be lured into a humid theatre. Henry Duffy, captain of the once sinking theatre ship, El Capitan, is evidently following this custom during the present financial situation (mustn't say "depression"). "The Marquise," current attraction, with Billie Burke, strikes a note whimsical, and not over-burdened with a smuggy plot, that would further add headaches to an audience that has been trying all day to figure out ways and means.

* * *

"ROSE OF FLANDERS"

OFF to a bad start, and penalized at the barrier several times before opening, "Rose of Flanders" dashed across the tape ahead of the field on the night of her premiere at the Mayan Theatre. A light operetta that jingles across the footlights and nestles itself into the ear-drums of lovers of the modern Gilbert and Sullivan opuses. Scanning the program for known names is useless. Hardly a member of the cast is a professional from experience, but skillful direction has developed amateurs into seasoned performers during the few weeks of rehearsals.

"Rose of Flanders," purely a local production, is an example of what Los Angeles is capable of producing. The fortitude of the producers in overcoming their pre-opening handicap is a theatrical victory, and they have well earned success.

"PHANTOM PRESIDENT"

WHO is the President of these great United States? The honorable man you vote for and elect—or a medicine show man who can do an Off-to-Buffalo, sing out of the corner of his mouth and snort with a nasal twang? If it is the latter, then "Phantom President" strikes a high note in political entanglement. Featured in this serio-comedy is that great hulla-balloo man of musical comedy concoction fame, George M. Cohan. Paramount Pictures should bow their heads in shame for casting such an extreme aritst as "Let the Flag Wave" Cohan in such porridge. Evidently George was afflicted with that dread disease of motion pictures: Supervisionitis. A man of Mr. Cohans' ability and years of experience in entertaining theatre-goers should be given a free horse to ride. Let him turn the studio inside out (the associate producers do it anyway) and he would have a picture that would get a triple A rating in box-office reports. It will be a great loss to the screen if Mr. Cohan's first production discourages him to make more pictures. A truly Cohan-ese screen production would be a revelation to patrons of movie palaces, and also to the film moguls financially (if they would only open their eyes to their own sensation ego).

* * *

"RED DUST"

JEAN GABLE and Clark Harlow—(I mean Clark Gablow and Jean Harble)—it isn't surprising to become confused after seeing "Red Dust." Clark Gable steps out of the fashionable evening clothes of society into dust begrimmed tropical attire of a rubber plantation manager. And it's almost unbelieveable—Jean Harlow has a touch of comedienne in her artistry. A delicious relief from her former roles of the sulky, spoiled hook-and-ladder girl. Her performance throughout presented to her fans a young lady (perhaps a trifle off-color, and not what we'd want our daughters to be) human of manner, with a sophisitcated sense of intriguing humor. The heart-throb producer, Clark Gable, is a boss of a rubber plantation, who rules his coolies and his women with the same lacking tenderness. Mary Astor, Gene Raymond and Tully Marshall round out the supporting cast and give Jean and Clark nifty support in a fine picture.

ALONE with Your BALLOT

On Election Day when the door of the booth has closed behind you, and you take up your ballot, will you know what the questions mean? Be prepared for just this situation by subscribing now to a series of 18 articles to begin Oct. 10 in

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Queen Califia

Continued from page 280

this land have a most glorious and valiant Warrior Knight who conquers all before him. In his insolent pride Amadis of Gaul challenges the fighting world. I, Califia, will with my Amazon warriors accept his call to battle and will henceforth serve under his unconquered banner.

With all our stern facing of Duty we do not fail in charm of personality or grace of mind. Duty is our watchword, but our interpretation broadly discriminates between mental and physical demands, not only of our fellow men but of ourselves.

Down in the depths of every woman's heart is the incessant call of a mate—a twin soul who shall meet the requirements of the imperious needs of the Universal Mother.

As their Queen and Leader custom requires me—Califia—to respect the needs of the highest aspiration of my own soul. Long have I answered the urgent call of the Sea—to raid and capture men of other islands—to strip them of treasures—to hold them captive—to flaunt their please for life with us—to strictly forbid commerce with them on any terms whatsoever. These laws of my Clan have I enforced to the letter. Now comes an inner call, one I am powerless to deny because it issues from the great white lights of Womanhood. That call is ultimate and imperious. Every woman knows it as the irresistible urge to the service of the ones we love.

I have taken counsel of the wise among my warrior hand and they agreed that it is fitting that I, the unconquered, the never possessed should obey the summons from within; therefore by Imperial Decree, I, Califia, Queen of the Amazons, voluntarily abdicate supreme power and venture forth on an unknown Sea to go to the land from whence these White invaders come. There I will offer my shield and spear, my treasures and life itself to serve their matchless White Knight, Amadis of Gaul, in his crusade as Champion of the Rights of the Weak and Oppressed of which there are many in his strange world. I swear allegiance to his people and will henceforth fight under his banner. I renounce my Kingdom in the service of Love! The shrine at which all Women worship. Hail! Comrades! Hail! Hail, and Farewell!!!

Exits.

Flippant Filosophy

By M. S. MERRITT

WORDS OF WISDUMB—

TO most of us nowadays the wine of life is only vanilla!

*

The world mistakes the high-hatted for the high-minded, when, in fact, most high hats cover a low brow!

*

Even though you may be just another pebble on the beach, somebody's always trying to use you for a stepping-stone!

*

If your ship never comes in, it's probably because the captain of your soul is a poor sailor!

WOLVES, Br-r-r-r—

OF course, the Lone Wolf isn't the lone wolf any more. For a wolf is at every door these days. But, then again, most of us fear a Wolf at the door, when in reality, Providence is sending only a St. Bernard!

And at times, the Wolf comes sniffing at our doors at someone else's behest. For many a Wolf at a paternal door was sent there by a college boy in a Raccoon coat! Or a female worry in a Hudson seal. And it's impossible to estimate the Wolf skins that are hiding former Wall Street Bears!

But a man can't call himself a man of vision if he can't see anything but a Wolf at the door! Still there's not much use going to the door anyway these days. Because there's only one or two things there—a Wolf or a gangster! Nowdays, a man goes first to the gangsters, then to the Wolves, and then to the dogs!

HOLLYWOOD—

A STAR who had just completed a personal appearance tour was being interviewed—

Interviewer: "What do you think of small town audiences?"

Star: "Do you want the truth?"

Interviwer: "No, just the usual answer."

This is strictly confidential: At a certain party was a singing star whose pictures weren't drawing so well. Also, at the same party was a new star of short stature, whose career was in its ascendancy. Fawning over the new star, a silly young thing said: "Oh, you're awfully

Read further on page 286



Laura Conwell Bias, Queen "Califia."

. . . unconquered in previous encounters, Califia, Queen of the Amazon warriors, surrenders in her battle with love against Amadis of Gaul.

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Men Away from Home

Continued from page 272

If we do meet again, why, wel" smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Brutus: Why, then lead on,—O that a man might know
The end of this day's businesse ere it comes!
But it sufficeth that the day will end
And then the end is known. . . .

Poor Fra Lippo, "caught at an alley's end" by the police, explains:

" 'This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.' "

In a college hall I meet two and cry,
"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedueten—"
One answers with a smile,
"A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou—"
A soldier's antiphon,
"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!' "

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LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

To Our Readers . . .

The Contents of this magazine are copyrighted. The articles are listed in the Readers Guide to Periodical Literature and International Index. This furnishes the best reference possible as these publications are on file and available in every library in the country.

"What I aspired to be,

And was not, comforts me:

A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale."

High noon at last! From the chimes in the Campanile rings a popular air, a simple tune for words of a song which we sing at my service club luncheons—where men away from home for a day mix food with fellowship—

"The World Is **Waiting** for the Sunrise!"

* * *

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for October, 1932.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur H. Chamberlain, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, towit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Overland-Out West Publlcations, Los Angeles, California; Editor, Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Business Manager, Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, California.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given). Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, California; James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN,
(Signature of editor).

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1932.

(My commission expires May 21, 1936.)
CHAS. E. WYMAN.



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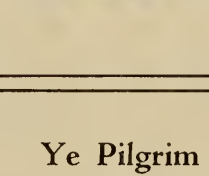
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LONG BEACH CALIFORNIA

Flippant Filosophy

Continued from page 283

clever, but what makes you so little?" Whereupon the singing star cut in: "He can't help it, sister, he's small because his parents sold him short!" Which brought forth a loud laugh from all the revelers. Walking over to the singing star whose pictures were on the wane, the new star retorted indignantly: "Well, that's better than being sold for a song—with no takers."

Unruffled, the melody-man laid a hand on the new star's head to indicate his diminutiveness: "You see, ladies and gentlemen, Shakespeare was right, 'Brevity Is the soul of wit!'"

SOUL COMFORTS a la MODE—

THERE'S one great comfort about the Head of this universe—He isn't always in conference when you want to talk to Him!

*

Shakespeare said "All the world's a stage." But the way most of us act you'd think it was a burlesque show. We get a red nose from bootleg, and go through life pulling smut. Then at the final curtain we seldom get a hand!

Those who go in for women, wine and song are usually associated with bad women, bad wine, and bum harmony!

NOW JUST TO BE LOWBROW—

TWO young moths were talking together on an old dish rag. The papa moth came along and said: "What do you want to stand here chewing the rag for when we've got some real woolens to take care of?"

And the Mountains and Valleys

Continued from page 265

A few of the original ranch structures still remain, the best preserved being the twelve mile house, used at that time as a stage station. It is now a refreshment tavern. The Old Star Hotel, which housed the teamsters employed by the owners of Rancho Del Paso, stood on the site where now stands the progressive poultry center of Rio Linda. The old Oak Grove House has been destroyed, but the grove, wherein it

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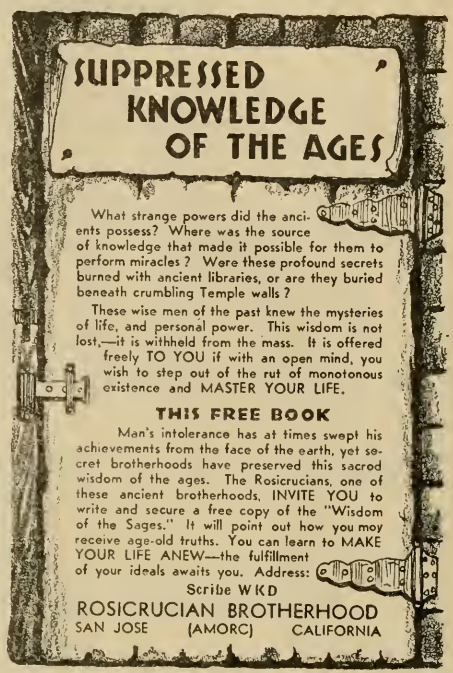
530 Boyd Street Los Angeles, California



was built, still remains. The six-mile house, established in '52, was used afterwards as a gun club.

Arcade Creek is still bordered by rows of stately, weather-beaten oaks, which guard its secrets jealously. Parched and thirsty in the summer time, it takes care of a large portion of the American River back-waters in the rainy season, when winter unlooses its icy clench from the Sierras and pours its melted torrents into the rivers of the valley. So well has it performed this duty that state engineers consider raising its banks for the purpose of protecting that area from the flood waters that have been known to undulate the land north of the American River.

It is doubtful that these members of the Flood Control Board are aware, in their program of Western progress, that they are adding another link of history to the little creek which Abraham Lincoln decreed the dividing line between the Sierras and Sacramento Valley.





California's Most Picturesque Cafe

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LOS ANGELES

The Haunt of Artists, Epicures and Screen Stars

Brotherly Advice

Continued from page 271

always fought shy of marriage on account of that. No matter how deep and fervid his affections might become, the altar was a spot he carefully avoided. Though my suggestion that he marry the widow did not meet with any too warm a welcome, judging from his face—he had enough intelligence left to realize that it spelled the only way out—if he wanted to avoid spending a goodly number of his future years behind steel" bars.

John Drake took a deep puff from his cigar and continued.

"In the meantime I stayed at a cheap hotel in Babittsville, waiting for Henry to settle his affairs, so that I could return home without any brotherly worries.

"Things went along quite well. Henry played the widow a dashing and rapid courtship which swept her off her feet within two days. They were to be married secretly and at last Henry was beginning to see a way clear from his difficult position.

"I was a witness at their marriage and felt that my brother Henry would not only be able to extricate himself from this crazy financial scheme without finding himself in the hands of the law, but that the widow would see to it that Henry henceforth lived a different life.

"So I heaved a sigh of relief after Henry left the justice-of-the-peace with the now ex-widow as his wife. Those were my thoughts at that time. . . . "

"But, John Drake," I interrupted at this point, "why should that cause you so much anxiety, in fact, I might say, grief? Now your brother Henry is out of his threatening position, and—"

But John Drake raised his hands and wailed: "Now my poor brother will surely go to jail. Woe is me!"

"Why," I asked, not understanding.

"Because the widow had invested all her money in Henry's worthless stocks and he did not find it out until after the wedding."

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Overland Monthly

Founded by BRET HARTE in 1868
and Outwest Magazine
"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Vol. 90 DECEMBER, 1932 No. 10

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OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS

Speak to Me

By BEN FIELD

An attractive volume entitled "Principal Poets of the World" has come from the Mitre Press of London. This is volume one for the years 1930 and '31. The book gives biographies and representative poems of some 500 leading poets of the English speaking countries of the world. Many of our American poets are represented, among them notable men and women of California and the West. The poem here given, "Speak to Me," is by Ben Field, Editor of "Melody Lane," poetry department of this magazine, and national president of the League of Western Writers.

I LOVE the hills my Saviour trod,
The vales where He communed with God—
Jerusalem, where blossoms sweet
And palm leaves carpeted the street.

As Thou didst speak at Pentecost,
O Jesus, speak to me or chide;
But speak to me, with me abide,
Speak, speak to me!

It cannot be that Thou art lost,
Thy Father's house lies never far;
Thy promises still with us are,
And time was only younger when,
My Saviour, Thou wert here with men,
And space, 'tis just as wide as then—
Thou mayest surely come again,
Speak, speak to me!

Make sacred my desire,
And set my soul afire
With love of Thee!
Bend down Thy kingly head,
That impress of the thorns I see,
And speak to me!
Reach out Thy hands that bleed,
For Thee I sorely need—
O speak to me!

Expedition to Guadaloupe

By W. CHARLES SWETT

Captain Allan Hancock and associates recently made a most alluring trip to the Galapagos Islands. In response to our request for an account of the experition, we have from Mr. W. Charles Swett of Hollywood some interesting material from which the accompanying brief account is taken. Mr. Swett is a compelling writer. We hope to present in a subsequent issue additional experiences of Captain Hancock, Mr. Swett and other members of the expedition.

The article from which these excerpts are taken describes the Island, the difficulties of handling their boat in a heavy sea, and of setting out in a launch for the beach, where they landed amongst the seal. Our readers will appreciate this graphic description of the capture of the largest Elephant Seal ever found.—Editor.

WE did not need to look further for Elephant Seals—we had landed right in the middle of them.

Down the beach there were dozens, lying on the smooth black sand. They seemed so sleepy, so uninterested in the approach of man that we could readily believe the stories of the early whalers, who, a hundred years ago coming up this coast hunting whales, were content to stop at this island. They landed where we had landed, and killed thousands of these slow moving mountains of fat, they rendered them for their oil as they did the blubber taken from the whales. Their appearance is not unlike a gigantic seal, except that their head terminates in a flabby hood or trunk which is inflated when angered. We wanted a large one, the largest we could get, and here they were scattered everywhere. We examined them for age, for condition of eyes, until finally one was selected. Eighteen feet he measured, two tons in weight, his shoulders rather pinkish in color covered with scars, the marks of teeth from continual fighting. The nets were thrown, lines were pulled and he was apparently caught. Then started a struggle between men and beast that was hard to follow, so rapidly did action follow action. Jerked from side to side as the monster thrashed about, the men had trouble lacing the net. One lashing made, another came loose, a line was fastened only to be broken. As men were exhausted, others took their places, until finding he could not escape the net he sought the water. Down the beach he went; not in his usual lumbering manner, but rolling over and over like a log, pulling, hauling, heaving—they could not stop him. He struck the water, and there as the waves raced in, they broke as they did upon the rocks. Broke over the men as they tried to fasten the heavy line. Knocked them down, rolled them around as though they were bits of wreckage. Those men became a pack of animals, wolves intent upon their victim. Nothing could shake them off. Through the camera finder I watched them, counted them time and again to be sure all came through, that some were not down beneath that struggling animal, caught beneath the net unable to rise. Suddenly Carl came out of the surf, water streaming off him, his clothes half gone, but on his face a grin of happiness, of satisfaction for a job well done. The line was fast, we were ready to tow him out to the ship.

During this struggle in the surf, dark shapes had appeared and vanished among the breakers—shapes of other giant seals which seemed to menace those men. They would close in and retreat always lacking courage at the last to make an attack, to help their fellow in distress. Now as we attempted to launch a boat to carry that line out to Allan in the launch, they seemed to dispute our passage. As a great breaker curled above us and disaster

seemed a certainty, one great monster attacked our boat, opened his hideous mouth and sank his tusks into that wood, crushing and grinding it to bits; then as though frightened at his own temerity, he sank beneath us and was gone. Quickly we pulled to the launch, gave Allan the line and started for the ship, towing our unwilling captive. Half way out his efforts to rid himself of that enveloping net increased. Possibly he realized that soon it would be too late. We in the row boat could do little now in this deep water. When we tried to refasten the lashings, the swells would tear us away, while he in his frenzy would crash against the boat until it seemed we would be crushed. Suddenly we could see a rent appear, the net was breaking. In a moment his head was through, now he was free to use his strength. The rent increased, the line went slack and he was gone. All our work for nothing. Half the day lost and the swell becoming worse all the time. Soon it would be impossible to even approach the ship.

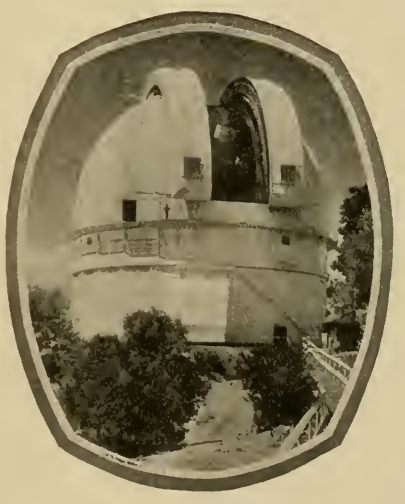
It seemed hopeless to return to the beach to try the nets again, they were too weak for such animals, such fine mesh could not withstand the terrific strain of the rolling and hauling they received. Allan suggested that, if we could not bring the seal to the cage, why not take the cage to the seal? Surely some way we could arrange to life it to the deck if brought alongside. So we towed a cage to the beach, took a line ashore, and hauled it up on the sand at the water's edge. From boards and wire, panels were made, like sections of a fence. Set flaring at the end of the open cage, they formed a chute to guide the seals into the door. Again the Doctor examined the herd, and pointing to the largest one on the beach, said, "This one." I was dumb with amazement. It seemed impossible anyone could handle such a creature. Even as he pointed, the seal raised upon his flippers, inflated his hood and seemed to snarl at us, to glory in his strength, to defy us in any effort we might put forth to entrap him. As the men closed in with the panel, in his rage he grasped the top of it in his jaws, crushing the boards as if they were paper. With his caterpillar-like crawl he started along the beach, followed always with the panel just close enough to let him believe that escape was possible. Direct towards the waiting cage he was guided, until seeing the water and safety through the open door, he turned. Made straight for the opening at his topmost speed, plunged headlong into that trap. He struck the lower end with a jar that seemed it would destroy everything we had built. He seemed to collapse, to telescope upon himself. We had placed an eighteen-foot animal in a twelve-foot cage. Doubled up and uncomfortable, to be sure, but fastened in so solid that nothing except destruction of all the surrounding timbers and steel, could let him escape. Barrels were lashed high up at one end to hold his head out of the water. A line was carried to Allan in the launch that he might attempt to pull him into deep water. Sand was filling the cage as the surf broke over all. Men moving in the water to their necks were shivering and cold. It seemed hopeless, that task of moving him from the beach. Some dug at the sand but it came in faster than they dug. All seemed of no use, until Allan started pulling on that line, then slowly, ever so slightly, it moved. Ten men lifted on one side, they broke the suction of the sand and it moved an inch. Allan pulled harder and a foot was gained, then another and another, and it floated. The surf struck it as a swell carried the launch out to sea. The line snapped, the crate turned over. It rolled about like a cork, turning and twisting as the seal shifted his weight in a vain effort to obtain air. A man swam in with a new line stronger than the first. Hurriedly it was made fast and Allan pulled again, pulled it through into calmer water. The seal was

Read further on page 304

The Early History of Mount Wilson

By GORDON S. MITCHELL.

WHILE a trip to the summit of Mount Wilson is of no particular adventure nowadays, in the 20 years after the founding of the "Indiana Colony," now Pasadena, this trip was one of extreme hazard and adventure. The construction of an orthodox trail up the mountainside was commenced early in 1864. The first load of shakes to come down by pack train was brought in October of that year by E. S. Herford, stepson of B. D. Wilson, historic Pasadena pioneer for whom the mountain is named. Likewise Wilson Avenue in Pasadena, and other points about Southern California are named in his honor.



Observatory on Mount Wilson.

The first pleasure trip on horseback to the top of the mountain was made in the middle of April, 1864, by Mr. Wilson. He was accompanied by Mr. William McKee, who was at that time living in Los Angeles, acting as tutor for Mr. Wilson's children. The trip, primarily for pleasure, was also for the purpose of ascertaining the progress being made by some of Mr. Wilson's men who were then working in the mountains building a trail.

The trail builders were reached about one o'clock in the afternoon. And on being queried as to the possibility of reaching the top of the mountain on horseback, they told Mr. Wilson there was great possibility, and that water would be found at the top of the ridge. The two men went on, following a well defined bear trail to the spring, where they camped overnight. After spending the morning in looking over the ground at the summit and on the ridge, they descended the mountain.

For the next twenty years the trip was one of high adventure, and not often attempted. On June 23, 1885, the largest party that had yet attempted the ascent made a three day trip to the summit on horseback. This party included Mrs. S. E. Merritt, Mrs. Charles A. Gardner, Mrs. S. P. Jewett, Misses Olive Eaton, Carrie D. Hill, Helen Hill, Marie D. Vischer, Una Robinson, Lucille Robinson, Flora Conger, Dr. O. H. Conger, Prof. E. T. Pierce, George Howard, Edward Martin, George Eaton, William Watson, Hubert Ogden, George Frost, Edward Mosher, Charles Gardner, "seven burros and one Mexican." Many family and individual names of historic interest to Pasadena and Los Angeles may be seen in the list of participants of the expedition. The party camped on the summit and in the evening lighted the usual signal fire. They derived much pleasure from the answering fire lighted by those who had stayed at home on the valley floor—now the City of Pasadena.

THE most important event by far connected with the Mount Wilson trail, was the conveying of the twenty-three-inch telescope up the mountainside in April of 1889. (This was the famous "Harvard Telescope)." The Pasadena Board of Trade, under the leadership of Judge Eaton, arranged for the transpor-

tation. It was necessary to change the trail at some points,—at others to build an entirely new trail. There were over three tons of material, some of which of course could be boxed. This had to be sent up on the backs of burros. A large iron frame weighing over half a ton had to be sent up in one place. The distance was eight miles, with an ascent of 4,000 feet along a path from six to twelve inches wide winding its way up the steep mountainside. Engineering problems of major magnitude presented themselves to the pioneers in the early days—and were solved by them without the benefit of the knowledge and material which is available at the present time.

The car which Judge Eaton devised for transporting the framework up the mountain was made strictly on scriptural principles, for it was a likeness of "nothing in the heavens above nor of the earth beneath nor of the waters underneath the earth." It consisted of a heavy wooden framed platform three feet long by two and a half feet wide. A cast iron roller seven inches in diameter and two feet one inch long, served as a front wheel. A caster wheel with a tall bar or lever for steering, serving as a rear wheel. There was an iron bail across the front to which two mules, traveling single file, could be hitched, for pulling the vehicle. There were heavy iron rings at each corner to which the freight could be lashed, holding car and cargo together in case the assembly went over the cliff.

At many points in the trail it was necessary to pick and blast corners of rock away in order to get the car around. At other points in the trail it was necessary to drill into the stone above the trail. Using the holes to sink anchorages, with heavy ropes and pulleys, the car and cargo were lifted bodily up the side of the hill. The difficulties are made realizable when it is remembered that the framework itself weighed half a ton, in addition to which weight there was the heavy car.

However, in due time the summit was reached. The prearranged signal fire told the eager watchers down in Pasadena that the telescope had been set down at its mountain-top destination on the evening of April 3rd, 1889. The trip was made at a cost a little in excess of $1,000, all contributed by Pasadena residents. The greater part of this $1,000 was spent on improving the trail.

Star photography was commenced by Prof. King on May 1st, of that year, and continued for eighteen months. In the first nine months of this period, over 1,150 photographs were taken, thus completing a star map of the heavens which included many objects of the celestial world never heretofore viewed by mortal man. Late in 1890 this particular telescope was sent to Arequipa, Peru, in South America, where it was used in making star maps of the heavens.

THE Los Angeles Times on July 1, 1891, contained an account of more than unusual interest of a trip made up the slope of Mount Wilson.

> "Decidedly the most novel feature to chronicle in connection with the mountain was the ascent made on Sunday by Joe Simons and Charles Fishbeck in carts of their own invention and manufacture and designed especially for the trip. The journey was made thus for the reason that Joe's avoirdupois makes it well nigh impossible for him to make the ascent on foot or mounted. Hence, he set his inventive genius to work and the result was a two-wheeled cart, the wheels being but a trifle over two feet apart and the seat resting on the axle so that the driver could conveniently step to the ground at the narrow places on the trail. The odd looking vehicle left the foot of the new trail at five o'clock Sunday morning and made the ascent without any mishap in a little over four hours. The day was spent at Martin & Lynch's Camp, where photographs were taken of the outfit and the several assistants who went along to assist in case of an emergency. The return trip was made the same day. Messrs. Simons and Fishbeck enjoy the distinction

Read further on page 302

Under the Fifth Dimension

A Tale of the Berkshire Hills

By MRS. GEORGE LONG HUTCHINGS

The space with which we are acquainted is of three dimensions, but it is quite conceivable that there may be a space with more than three, with four or five or any number of dimensions.—H. Addington Bruce in "Bending the Twig."

AS my car pulsed its way through the lake-gemmed country whose mountains, after the dim blue heights of the Adirondacks, looked small and soft like hills of feathery moss, I realized that, in a few moments, I should be at Hill House, the home of my old school friend, Ailsa Macdonald.

It had been years since we had met, though our friendship had been renewed during the past winter by letters. Now that her country place was open in June, I planned to surprise her by stopping on our way to Lennox for a glimpse of her and her charming family in the old homestead she had so often described in our school-days.

Having left my husband and the two children to order dinner at the Inn of the village, I hurried on with the expectation of seeing my friend. My heart beat faster as we neared the big stone gates, and I saw the picturesque pile of buildings, low and rambling, covered with vines, on the hill from which it takes its name. As we hurried up the wide avenue bordered by gigantic and lonely pine trees, centuries old, their deep purple shadows made me realize how late it really was. The sun, as we emerged to the plateau fronting the house, was slowly setting and lighted the many windows of the old house, until, for a moment, I was deceived into thinking the whole place was brilliantly illuminated.

HALF-BLINDED, I stepped from the motor and hardly saw at first, a figure on the stone steps slowly coming toward me. Instantly, I recognized Ailsa's mother, Mme. MacDonald. Few wives love their mother-in-law as Ailsa loved hers, as I well knew from the many descriptions of her generosity and sweetness written long before Ailsa had married. As I saw her surprised, but kindly, smile and dignified bow of welcome, my heart went out to the stately old mistress of Hill House.

The sun made a nimbus of glory of her silver hair, and, for an instant, she was in a blaze of white light and I shaded my eyes involuntarily. Then as she stepped out of its radiance and came toward me, I said:

"I am Ailsa's old school friend, Mary Darrow. I'm motoring to Lennox and stopped on my way for a glimpse of her. You are Mme. MacDonald? I feel as if I'd known you always, Ailsa has told me so much of you and of this lovely old Berkshire home."

With a quick sigh and her face working with an emotion that seemed too great for the occasion, she interrupted my rapid explanations:

"None of the family are here, not even the servants. They are all in town for the day. In fact," she hesitated, "the house has not been opened for the summer; but you will not mind. I am so glad you have come; for I shall never have another chance to see you."

Her words as well as their mournful tone struck on my ear strangely, and something unusual seemed to pervade all she said however commonplace it seemed; a sadness, a loneliness, that thrilled me unaccountably.

We were sitting now, on a rustic bench, and neither of us broke the silence, for a view of unsurpassed loveliness lay before our eyes. The Dome was glowing,

in the last lingering shafts of sunlight, and purple and opalesque shadows hung like a marvelous tapestry on lowlands and sweet meadows. The air was cool and damp after the rapid rush in the motor, and the sweet incense of unseen flowers rose in the evening.

MME. MacDONALD sat motionless beside me, yet not one fold of her black gown touched me, and her white, waxlike hands were folded tensely. I felt that tears trembled on her cheeks.

"I know that no scene however beautiful can surpass this for me," she sighed. "The dearest associations of my life are here. I have loved these hills from the time I began to think; and what joy it was to feel that my marriage made the old home even sweeter and dearer; for my husband loved it as I did. His friends were poets, lovers of nature, and my husband wrote verses that to me were as beautiful as those of Whittier and Bryant, who drew inspiration from this very view spread before us now. When we go in, I will read you his poems, if you care to hear them," she half pleaded, half asked.

I dared not break in with my questions of Ailsa and her children, and when they were coming home; for she hurried like one who feared to be interrupted.

"If you could see this place in early spring, when the red columbines cover the hillsides like a sea of delicate flame, and the air is perfumed with their faint odor, and the birds are coming home from the southlands. But I must show you the path through the wood. Lowell and Longfellow wrote beautiful songs about these haunts. Every year, they passed a few days or weeks with us. The happy, happy hours we have had together here! Forgive my praise of the dear old place; but all my memories are hallowed."

Her voice quivered, and, as she turned her head, I saw her eyes brimming with tears as we looked out over the ever-changing beauty of the Berkshire hills. My heart ached with sympathy for this lonely woman, an exile; all her friends in another world.

"I have never believed in death," she continued; "and, now, I know there is no death," and she reverently quoted:

"And ever near though unseen
The dear immortal spirits tread
For all the boundless universe
Is life; there are no dead!"

And then still quoting she went on half to me, half to herself: "We die every seven years. There is not a hair of my head, an inch of my skin on my body that I had when I was born, and yet my spirit, my heart, my brain are all the same only enlarged upon, built on to, like a house that is renewed from time to time."

We paused as we walked through the darkening aisle of the wood to pick wild flowers, or to listen to the sleepy cries of birds or to catch vistas of unsurpassed loveliness through the tall forest trees.

SOMETIMES it seemed my imagination played tricks with me in the glancing twilight. Surely the feet of my guide did not touch the soft and mossy grass, now in the first tender green of early summer, and the brightness of her silver hair shone with a radiance even through the scarf she wore. Her face had an inward light, especially the eyes, that amazed me. It was as if her young spirit strove to break through the prison of age.

Some way, not that I felt frightened at all, I found I could not talk to her and she, unmindful of this, chatted happily on of olden times and long lost friends. I hadn't the heart to break in with inquiries of Ailsa and her children. It seemed as if the dear old lady was saying a last good-bye to all her beloved haunts. Presently we came in sight of the house again; the sun had dropped down behind the Dome, the tall pine trees whispered mournfully and my heart felt heavy with an unaccountable loneliness.

"We will go in," she said, as she pushed the door open (though I could have

Read further on page 310

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Ghosts Still Walk in Bodie

By DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS

THE boardwalk which Mark Twain strode is charred and crumbling. Saloons which overhung the streets have vanished with their gaiety and tragedy. Rosie May's diamonds are gone as is her kingdom. Only ghosts and gray sage walk the rutted alleyways of what was once Bodie, rich mining camp, recently destroyed by fire—now, truly a ghost town.

In the '60s Bill Body discovered the lode which was to make the spot famous. The town bore his name, though the spelling was changed for some reason. But Bill Body did not live to enjoy his good fortune. Shortly after his find he was frozen in a blizzard and his bones were not recovered until much later.

James S. Cain, the grand old man of Bodie, came there in 1879 when a third and richer vein in the mother lode had lifted the mining camp on its uncertain crest.

"Twelve thousand people lived in Bodie then," he muses. "Twelve thousand! It was a real city back in 1880."

Visiting Bodie and not meeting Jim Cain would have been to lose the whole savor of the trip. Yet now—with his bank, the Butterfly saloon, the Masonic temple and the old U. S. Hotel burned to the ground, it is not so much what would Bodie be without Mr. Cain as what will Mr. Cain be without Bodie!

Tall, white-haired, gracious Jim Cain might have stepped from the glorified past which he loves to bring back. A few words and you see him in brocaded waistcoat, ribbon cravat and Prince Albert. As often as he scouts the idea that his Bodie was ever a completely deserted ghost town with the awesome desolation of Tombstone and Aurora, so often he repeoples every road and rebuilds every ruin. To Jim Cain, Bodie—before the fire—was not dead, but slept waiting some future golden awakening. What does he think now?

Decades ago he established the old Mono County National Bank in its white building at the end of the main street and it opened for business every morning at ten until the present blaze consumed it.

Cain's office had never been refurnished. The outer room remained unchanged, its walls almost papered with the calendars of other days. The safe which held so many fortunes and guarded Rosie May's fabled diamonds, yawned rather emptily at the last.

The old scales still swayed in their case in the front window. They had earned their rest. All the gold of Bodie passed over their copper plates, and it was no light burden. According to Mr. Cain, Mackay and Fair, the famous partners of the Bonanza of Virginia City, took out as much as a million dollars in one week from Bodie.

And what of that old glassed cabinet on one side of the office which held so many relics and trophies? Is it burned too? There neatly labeled lay ore samples from the famous mines—the Standard, the Defiance, the Gypsy Queen, the Red Cloud, the Bodie, and others. Old stock certificates, time-faded, bearing the magic signatures, "J. W. Mackay," "James G. Fair," and "M. G. Gillette"—where are they now? Confederate paper money, yellowed letters, ancient hand-bills—all gone!

SOME will still remember and turn from the highway eastward, but Bodie has been burned. Rock-guarded, winding through juniper and sage the old Bodie-Bridgeport road turns away from the Sierras. What a thrill it was to sweep

out on the bare shoulder of the mountain for an instant and see ahead, in the hollow between Potato and Bodie peaks, the light, discolored mine dumps and cluster of dust-gray buildings.

It cannot have completely disappeared. Boots Hill must still bear its crowded half-acre of wooden slabs and unpretentious headstones.

"We called it Boots Hill because most of them died with their boots on," Mr. Cain smiles at the grim humor. "I've seen 'em going, feet first, sometimes five a day up to their graves."

No, Bodie could not boast much high society, but in an old livery stable a stable hearse slowly rotted, testator to the one truly important thing in the constant struggle.

Yet there was society of a sort. Among the old saloons which lined the main street was one where hung the picture of Rosie May, queen of Bodie. It is hard to see the young girl of the painting as the stern ruler of Bodie's red light district and night life. She was young and sweet with frank smiling eyes when the portrait was made.

"No shooting or brawling went on in her houses when she was there," says Mr. Cain. "Rosie May ruled the town with an iron hand."

How quiet Bodie might have been without her "iron hand" may be left to conjecture. Jim Cain cannot recall a day when some one did not ascend to Boots Hill.

"And she was smart." Mr. Cain relishes this remembrance: "Turned all her money into diamonds as fast as she got it. Man named Ernest Marx, he's dead now, had them from her at her death. He thought he'd be as clever as she was.

"He sent the load of them to Chicago to be appraised for sale, but they didn't offer him enough. When they returned he stowed them—all those diamonds—in my bank vault. I suppose he'd done too much talking around town—anyway, that night my bank was robbed, the safe blown. They never did find out who took all those diamonds."

Many of the saloons stood as they were abandoned. They were not the gilded places one imagines, but long narrow, dusky, high-ceilinged rooms. Great mahogany bars with marble tops stood before ornate mirrors. The floors were foot-worn and creaking. Dust and shadows hung undisturbed in the corners.

Rosie May's saloon was kept open to the last with a doubtful trade in soft drinks for the few prospectors and tourists. If you were willing to trust your life to a sinister looking proprietor, you went into the back room and found the old roulette wheel, the scarred tables with their almost obliterated figures, and—some quite recent appearing chips.

MARK TWAIN stumbled down the old board walk. His cabin home was only seven miles distant in Aurora, Nevada, and he was a constant "loafer" in Bodie. Recently the state of Nevada removed his old cabin, piece by piece, and set it in a place of honor in Reno. Mr. Cain knew him well.

"We didn't think he'd ever amount to anything," wonderingly. "Sam Clements, we called him. Just a no-account loafer and drunkard generally. We used to make fun of him and his crazy ideas. He wasn't good for anything."

Aurora, Mark Twain's home town in Nevada, is another ghost mining camp. According to Mr. Cain it never approached the glory of its rival, Bodie. It had its own story which Mr. Cain tells with a chuckle, and a twinkle in his keen gray eyes. How jealous Bodie must have enjoyed the discomfort of its neighbor.

Aurora was chosen as county seat of the newly surveyed Mono County of California. Bodie smoldered with envy and indignation, but had to admit reason in the choice. Aurora was more directly

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For Prosecution or Defense?

By PAUL G. TATE

STANLEY SHARP was a well-known and successful attorney, in his way. He held the reputation of never declining the case of any client financially solvent, who desired his services. His legal victories under such a handicap were phenomenal.

He evinced inordinate pride in this and it had become almost a proverb in certain quarters that if you retained Sharp to defend you, your case was as good as won.

There was not a loophole or twist in the law that dapper Stanley Sharp did not know of and use for his client's benefit. His black eyes might resemble shoe buttons ordinarily, but when addressing a jury, they shone with fiery indignation at the injustice done his client, or were limpid with unshed tears as he exhorted the twelve good men to temper mercy with justice. Few juries could withstand his eloquent tones, the melting eyes and graceful gestures, combined with his uncanny knowledge of the law.

So a certain class of citizens, whose propensity was their liability of running afoul the law of the land, never failed to call for Sharp to defend them, and they never called in vain. He had personally stated that he would never refuse a case coming within the limit of his practice.

He had prospered until he had reached that stage where the income tax was considered as a personal attack.

Quite naturally he looked with a lenient eye upon the criminal tendencies of human kind. There was, however, one felony he hated; hated until it had become an obsession—automobile theft. This attitude of his was difficult to explain, but he couldn't get over it. He experienced an affection for a good car that he never felt for any human. Yet he was frequently called upon to defend these car lifters.

But he did have a sense of humor. To defend in court a man accused of, what was to him a dastardly crime, required all his will power. Only the perverse humor of the situation caused him to fight well and win the case for the client he despised.

In every such trial there was a tumultuous conflict in his mind between his desire to maintain his reputation as a defender of all clients and his intense hatred of this class of thieves. Though many times on the verge of abandoning his creed, he had always defeated this obsession and won for his client.

He felt justified in his hatred for this class of crooks whenever he looked at his own beautiful car. It was the *alpha and omega*—the *ne plus ultra* of everything an automobile should be. The possession of, and joy in driving such a car was his main diversion and pleasure in life. Suppose some one should steal his car!—It would be a crime of crimes he thought, as he stroked its gleaming hood with loving hand.

ONE night he stepped from his car and ran into the club for just a moment, leaving the motor idling. He was delayed by a friend, and when he returned to the curb his wonderful car had disappeared!

He notified the police department of the theft, and viciously promised himself what he would do when he laid hands on the scoundrels who had stolen it.

Two days later a policeman peered between some broken boards of a dilapidated garage, and saw within a big, beautiful car, shiny with color and dazzling metal. It didn't seem to fit well with such surroundings, so the officer investigated and found it was the stolen car of Mr. Sharp. The registration card was still in a side pocket, unnoticed by the thieves, who did not know that the car belonged to Mr. Sharp.

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of being the first to traverse the new trail in a wheeled vehicle."

The Pasadena Star of Saturday, July 18, the same year, describes the cart saying, "it is very narrow,—twenty-eight inches,—and is provided with a mowing machine seat. Joe's 270 pounds constitution forbids him to either ride horseback or walk up the trail, hence the cart."

The difficulties encountered in transporting the telescope up the trail engendered a desire in the breasts of the Pasadenans of the time for a road to the summit of Mount Wilson. Accordingly Judge Eaton called a meeting on June 18, 1889, in the President's Room of the Bank to consider plans for the construction of such a road. From the meeting there resulted an organization, the "Pasadena and Mount Wilson Toll Road Company," which was incorporated about a month later. The company secured rights of way from the County Board of Supervisors and the Precipio (Eaton) Canyon Water Company for a hundred foot roadway. Surveys were commenced to determine the grade and route for the new road. However, nothing was done about the actual construction for over a year, and as debts had accumulated for sundry unpaid services, the project seemed at a standstill.

A meeting was held in December of 1890, at which Mr. George F. Kernaghan proposed to take over the company. Inasmuch as the amount of stock just about equaled the liabilities of each shareholder, the members of the company were glad to assign their rights,—and their liabilities,—to Mr. Kernaghan. By devoting all his time to the project and after overcoming several unlooked for delays on account of extensive blasting which had not been thought necessary at first, the road was finished. It was about four feet wide, nine and one-eighth miles long and rose from an elevation of 1,575 feet to 5,565 feet above sea level. The grade nowhere exceeds one foot rise in ten. The total cost, including telephone line from Pasadena to the summit, and the surveying, grading, and actual construction, was $5,000.

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PASADENA: THE VALLEY FROM THE LOOKOUT AT MOUNT WILSON

MELODY LANE

BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor.

METEORS

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

I SAW meteors last night,
Each a Perseid;
Tiny and far off and bright
Still—still they slid;

I had thought they would flare wild,
Rockets through the sky . . .
But immortal things of God
All go silently.

* * *

FISHER GIRL

By CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

SPANISH and Portuguese to her very bones
She sought for resting place the sunny stones
Along the beach of San Francisco Bay
Where boats of fisher folk were wont to stay.

The lazy hours drifted . . . lowered sun,
And heavy nets were garnered one by one—
Filled with dark bass and shining albacore;
And fisher folk turned to the waiting shore.

A passing shrug for Pedro who was fat,
For young Antonio an idle pat,
But when blond Eric's boat hove into view
Her laughter pierced the evening wind buds through.

* * *

LOS ANGELES

By BEN FIELD

LOS ANGELES, voluptuously arrayed,
Yesterday a fledgling, an untutored maid,

Conjured by priest, by Indian and scout,
Fought for, defended with wall and redoubt—

Here's to your growing, your rounded young limbs;
I sing to your passion, I chant you my hymns.

Here's to your streets that stretch shining lengths,
Your skyscraping buildings that match their tall strengths

With mountains and hills that upward surround you,
With oceans and stars that brighten around you.

I sing of your firesides down to the seas,
Of your temples of art, your green, fruited trees.

City of Angels, your unconquered throng,
I hail you, magnificent, imperious, strong!

* * *

FORECAST

By LUCY WHEELER KEGLEY

SQUIRREL, lend me your silver coat,
And let me draw about my throat
Your waving plume.

Caressingly the west wind stirs
Among the sycamores and firs
Bright leaves like bloom.

I see you pause and sniff and peer,—
It is the Autumn sign you hear
Of Winter's gloom.

From California's heights remote,
The east wind comes with warning note.
Squirrel, the rain
Has come again:
Lend me your winter coat.

* * *

DUSTY PATTERNS

By ANNE HAMILTON

CURTAIN me, rain
with sage-green sky;
hide me from
the sun's eye,

till dusty patterns
of discontent
are washed back
to their element!

Bare me, wind!
Tear, scourge,
till the covering of
distortion's urge

carries no single
thread of these
ego-woven
fallacies!

Lash me, storm,
through the night,
till stripped anew
to bone white,

shivering free
and dawn-spun,
I shall be fit
for the sun!

Exposition to Guadaloupe

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nearly dead, too weak to lift his head for air. Not enough barrels to raise that weight. A few minutes and it would be too late. Onto the rear of that cage a man jumped, balancing his weight to raise that head out of water. Riding the cage, up to his waist in cold black water, waves dashing over him at times, he became chilled, he shivered, his lips turned blue, but he would not give up. Would not let that seal drown. The growing darkness exaggerated the roll of the ship. It seemed we would never dare come alongside. Flood lights were turned on us as we approached, obliterating all vision except the waves and the cage. We were in a circle of light floating in a void.

Smithy had rigged a timber between the boat davits and we could see that he was lowering it over the side. As the ship rolled and plunged in the swells it would swing out far away from the side, the water would break over it and then it would swing back against the ship with a crash, which would seem to show us the impossibility of ever bringing the cage up under it. The impossibility of ever raising the seal on to the deck and safety. The seal was weakening now, his head too often was under water. The man on the crate could no longer balance himself. Carl, replaced that man, now so cold from his long immersion that he could hardly move. His greater weight raised the cage, so that the seal in his gasping way could breathe. He became stronger and making a final effort to escape, he tried to crash through the end of the cage. His struggles were useless, for this time the lines were stronger, they were doubled and tripled until nothing could break through them. We pulled the crate close to the ship, right in under that thrashing beam, the waves would lift the cage until it touched the beam, only to drop away as the wave slid out from under it and the ship rolled away. Smithy was on the beam now lowering the heavy chains around the crate, stripped of most of his clothes, ready to swim if necessary. As the barrels on the cage held it too far from the ship, Carl cut one of them loose. A swell hit the ship at that moment and as it rolled away the cage turned. The seal's weight shifted and it turned farther. Carl scrambled to the upper side, but could not balance it. Over it went towards the boat and Carl with it; he disappeared beneath the black water, the ship rolled back and the cage struck the side with a crash which seemed would destroy anything. Had Carl been caught, was he now sinking, unconscious and broken? I thought of the shark we recently caught at this point, of his great mouth and of his triple rows of serrated teeth. It seemed like ages until the ship rolled away from the cage and we could see it turn again. Then Carl appeared clinging to the steel, crawling like a squirrel in a cage to reach the top, unhurt, grinning as usual, still trying to raise that seal's head out of water. Then when our efforts to fasten the cage seemed most futile, the swells lessened for a few minutes, the chains were made fast and slowly it rose, banging against the side of the ship at times, scratching and scraping the paint, as it rose higher and higher until at last it was safe, high above the water. We were happy, we had caught the largest Elephant Seal ever known. This trip we would have no excuses to make. Even "Pansy," for some one had long since dubbed the seal "Pansy," seemed relieved to be up out of that black water, for he drew a long breath, seemed to hold it for an eternity and let it out with a great sigh.

Progress of Western Art and Drama

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

THE winter season of art exhibitions in Los Angeles and San Francisco galleries is well under way, and while nothing particularly unusual has been shown, yet the general run of collective and individual works have maintained a comparatively high average of excellence, and in almost every instance some few canvases were exposed that stimulated interest and proved that progress is being made in the realm of the Fine Arts on the Pacific Coast:

A survey of the outstanding exhibitions from San Diego north reveals the fact that three distinct and almost totally dissimilar groups of painters are influencing the trend of our native art.

The works of our older and academically trained workers deal solely with the interpretive delineation of our landscape, and their chief concern appears to be problems of light. This, of course, is the influence of impressionism.

The younger group deals with a localized interest. They paint what they find at hand and stress design. Their bent is strongly toward post-impressionism.

Of late we are feeling the effect of a revolutionary note in California art, introduced by Orozco, Rivera and Siqueiros, the much publicized Mexican fresco painters. One may not care for their subject matter or color, yet their works express a primitive power and are endowed with a national spirit that renders them valuable as folk-lore. In feeling they seem to breathe the hot fever of Communism.

The "local-scene" is much favored by our moderns just now and predominates in all gallery shows. These canvases, often well painted, deal with ugly churches, houses, breweries, gas tanks, factories, and back alleys.

These and a certain variety of stark nudes, all brash in feeling and color, are expressive, lively and emotional, and are before us to leave or take.

The annual exhibition of the California Water Color Society and the California Art Club, at the Los Angeles Museum, introduced a number of new painters and brought out several unusually fine canvases, although it was generally felt that neither of these collections were altogether representative.

The Pasadena Art Institute gave us two of the most delightful shows of the fall season. One of "Contemporary Eastern Artists" and the other "American Water Colors." Both were traveling exhibitions and very worth while.

Grace Nicholson's Galleries in Pasadena house a rich and varied assortment of oriental and occidental paintings, prints, sculpture and works of fine craftsmen. This famous institution is a recognized source of supply for museums all over the country, especially for American Indian, Chinese and Japanese art. If you have never seen this Chinese building with its enclosed garden court you have missed one of the sights of Southern California.

Honoring Los Angeles artists, the American Federation of Arts will send an exhibition of work by local artists as one of the important traveling exhibitions of the year, to be shown in many of the large galleries of the country during the coming six months. This honor for western art, for such it is, comes as a direct result of the visit of Miss Leila Mechlin, secretary of the Federation, who was in charge of the Olympic international exhibition of art, and who became vitally interested in the art of the state during her stay in Los Angeles.

This exhibition, which will have its first showing in the Joslyn Memorial art gallery of Omaha, includes a group of well known men and women, and is representative of some of the best work being done here. It was collected through the efforts of Alexander Cowie of the Biltmore Art Salon.

Dean Cornwell's studies for his library murals formed the October exhibition at the Public Library. They are a selection from the hundreds he made.

These are drawings of figures, groups and detail in many mediums, all done with that skill and precision that marks the trained and energetic draughtsman.

Arnold Foerster's statue of Beethoven, recently unveiled in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, honoring W. A. Clark, Jr., deserves unusual praise. It is a convincing conception, sincerely and simply executed.

Recently there was unveiled in the Plaza, a heroic statue in bronze of Felipe de Neve, founder of Los Angeles. The statue is the gift of the California Parlor of the Native Daughters of the Golden West and was endorsed by the Municipal Art Commission, and the site in the center of the Plaza fountain was given for its erection by the Park Commission. Created by Henry Lion, a local sculptor, the figure of

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Early History of Mount Wilson

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The necessary work connected with the road, in addition to his work as Postmaster of Pasadena, President of the Pasadena Packing Co. and President and Manager of the Star Publishing Co., proved too great a strain for Mr. Kernaghan. He relinquished his interests in the toll road company to Mr. H. W. Magee upon the completion of the road. The company, in token of its esteem for Mr. Kernaghan, presented him with a life pass over the road, the only such pass ever issued.

IT was Mr. Wilson's idea in originally constructing the first trail up Mt. Wilson, to make a business of bringing down shakes, pickets, barrel staves, orange box wood and material for other uses from the cedar, oak and pine forests, so plentiful on the slopes of the mountain. He abandoned the project, however, when he found that the wood was unfit for wine barrels, which had been the principal use contemplated for it. By the time this fact was discovered, the trail had been completed. A band of about 60 burros were used in carrying quantities of shakes and fence wood. Then Mr. Wilson abandoned his project altogether.

The mountain country grew in interest to the people of the valley. Increasing numbers of them went up to the summit as the years went by. In fact, by the year 1895, so important had the trip become that a twelve foot roadway was constructed later.

The trip to the summit of Mount Wilson may still be made, by automobile however, over the toll road controlled by the Mount Wilson Toll Road Company.

* * *

For Prosecution or Defense?

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A little work by the police located the culprits—two professionals, who had intended getting out of town with it that night.

IN the police station, when asked the routine questions, whether they wished to notify any relatives or attorneys, they named no relatives, but said they could command funds for a good attorney. When they named the one they wanted, roars of laughter arose from the officers present.

Stanley Sharp in his office answered the phone call from police headquarters.

"Yes?—Two auto lifters want me to defend them?

"You say they can get the cash and wish me to come bail them out?

"Yes—Yes—Oh, I suppose I'll have to —Can't spoil my reputation, ha, ha! Yes, tell them I will take their case—I'll defend them. Will be right down and get them out.

"What's that! You have recovered my car? Fine work! Give me some better news—Tell me you've caught the scoundrels who stole it.

"You have? Good boy! I wish there was a law to hang them. Do you know who they are?

"Wha — What! The—same—ones—who've—engaged — me — to— defend — them—"

The receiver dropped from his nervous fingers.

Pampas Plumes

By ADAH FAIRBANKS BATTELLE

"TOM GREENHAM'S coming home today," remarked a kind-faced woman to my hostess as we sat before a counter in the Dry Goods Palace.

"How could I have forgotten? And his mother?"

"She has gone to the Junction to meet him. They ought to get in at five. Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Atkins are over at the house now."

"I'll drive over. They may like the use of the machine."

Out of the cool store into the hot glare of the sun we went, driving slowly through the crowd of automobiles, past the Great Western Hardware Company, past the Fashion Emporium, and, sandwiched in between, saloons with such names as "Al's Place," "The Delay," 'The Limit," now advertising soft drinks.

I said something I had not meant to say about the crude Western town, but restrained myself before I asked Grace how she could be happy in such surroundings. That she could be so fortunately deaf to the discords of Empressville, I could explain only by her happy disposition. In her home at the edge of the town everything was, as I should have expected, in perfect taste. I could not understand her loyalty to Empressville, and I smiled involuntarily as I thought of it in contrast with the Eastern suburb in which she had grown up.

"As long as Harry's interests keep him here, it is his town and mine. You haven't seen the really admirable characteristics of the place yet. Crude? Of course it's crude. It's only a sketch of a town. When the pigments have been washed and blended for fifty years, it will be ideal, perhaps, but let us appreciate the newness. Before we get to the Greenhams, I want to tell you about Tom—O Marcia, ride with us."

A plump little girl carrying a plumper baby was helped, despite her protests, into the car.

"Ma heard Tom Greenham is coming home today, and she was awful sorry she didn't have nothing to send over."

"You have such wonderful pampas plumes in your yard. Ask your mother for two or three of them," suggested Mrs. Moore as we stopped before a black little house which, to judge from the three invalid pickets hanging feebly to a rail, had once been separated from the adobe sidewalk by a fence. From the immense dome of pampas grass rose the great, soft, downy plumes on their smooth stems.

"The foliage is like little Damascus swords," I commented.

"Yes, only more flexible: They are hard things to handle, and not unlike our Western life. The gentleness one finds in our rough surroundings reconciles one to the crudity."

"Mother says take all you choose," beamed Marcia as she returned after depositing the baby.

"Thank you dear. Tell your mother how much they will help in the decorating. Not the longest stems. Those short ones are just the right length."

At another black little house with a less dilapidated fence we stopped.

"Oh Mrs. Moore," came a high voice from the doorway. (What would they have thought of that voice at Miss Goodspeed's Seminary?) "May Minta and I have your machine to go for things?"

"Indeed you may, Gladys."

We passed inside, where unusual preparations were evidently going on. It reminded me of the nonsense-story "gotten up regardless of expense," for the lady of the house had suddenly become seven ladies of the tiny cottage. The air of proprietorship of each made me think of descriptions I had read of donation parties.

In the middle of the room stood a small heating stove, an eye-sore on such a day. A small boy who was pining to be useful and entailing parental displeasure by his lamentable failures, Mrs. Moore sent to bring pepper-boughs from a tree on the next street. Soon the little stove looked like a woodland shrine, with the soft pampas plumes relieving the ugliness of the pipe.

The shrill-voiced Gladys returned with spoils from half a dozen households: Mrs. Weston's table linen, Mrs. Hayward's silver, Mrs. Burt's dishes. Somebody sent a chicken, ready for the table, and Mrs. Somebody, who did not ordinarily lend things, sent her fireless cooker so that the house might be kept cool. The array of orange marmalade and jellies suggested a cooking-school exhibit.

The proprietary air of each woman increased with each addition to the store. Everybody was talking, everybody suggesting some final welcoming touch with which to greet the traveler. To lessen the congestion, I stepped into

the yard. As I stood by the well in the shadow of a locust tree, a stout elderly woman, whose name I did not recall, came out with a pail in her hand.

"I used to trot him on my knees when he was a baby," she said meditatively. "I reckon I'm the only one here as has always known his folks. Well, he's been through a lot since we see him, hasn't he?"

Probably I failed to look intelligent, for she asked sharply, her tone seeming to imply that my hostess had been remiss in her duty to a stranger in town.

"Hasn't Mrs. Moore told you about him?"

"No, she told me only that he had been away for several years, and that his mother had gone to meet him."

"But don't you know where he's been these eight years? For the land sakes! Of course we don't know nothing about it, but we know he hadn't ought to have went. He's been in state's prison."

At my involuntary exclamation she again expressed her wonder at Mrs. Moore's failure to explain the situation.

"Well, I'll tell you. He always was a nice boy, kind and obligin', and his mother'd a hard time to bring him up, left a widow when he was a baby. And when he was run for city treasurer it looked like he was makin' a big success for such a young man. Everybody had a good word for him."

Her face grew tense. She stood silent as if seeing the past.

"And then," at length I ventured.

"Then things went wrong. There was money missin', and Tom hadn't no receipts to show for it. There was a pretty bad lot, older men, runnin' the town politics. Nobody believed Tom used a dollar dishonestly, but he'd prob'ly lent to other departments that had. Somebody had to go to prison, and Tom went."

"How awful!"

"Yes, that's so. Everybody always thought well of Mrs. Greenham and Tom, and it's our chance to show 'em that their neighbors feel friendly to 'em. We're all going home before they get here, except Mrs. Burt. She'll get the dinner on the table for 'em Then we'll come in friendly-like, two or three at a time, for the next few days."

"Ilwyn," screamed the mother of the boy who brought the pepper branches, "you should be plumb ashamed to have Grandma Winchell carrying water." We returned to the house convoyed by Ilwyn and the pail.

As we rode home in the lessening temperature of the later day, Grace turned to me, her soft eyes shining.

"I didn't have a chance to tell you about Tom Greenham, but I know you must have heard it. Won't you admit now that there are plumes in the harshness of our Western pampas grass?"

* * *

Progress of Western Art and Drama

Continued from page 305

De Neve stands seven feet three inches high.

George Steckel, for many years a leading photographer and patron of the arts, has opened a new studio and art gallery adjoining his beautiful country home near Covina. Picturesquely situated at Barranca and Virginia Streets, two miles south of Covina, Mr. Steckel's new studio-gallery is designed to meet all the modern requirements of his craft, and canvases by representative Western painters will be on public exhibition at all times.

In San Francisco, Rivera's "California" murals in the new Stock Exchange are the "buzz" in art circles. They are superior to his work in the California School of Fine Arts.

Ralph Stackpole's pylons for the steps of the Stock Exchange are nearing completion and reveal this talented sculptor at his best.

Gottardo Piazzoni has handled his murals in the Public Library in a flat, decorative manner which seems in keeping with the dignity of the building.

The palm branch should go to Lloyd Le Page Rollins, who is making outstanding success of not one, but two large museums,—the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and the De Young Museum. Either one alone would be a great achievement.

We suggest that he also be given the new Gallery in the War Memorial Building, which seems a bit of an orphan.

It is gratifying to know that, at least, the Brangwyn murals, painted for the Exposition, are to find final and, we hope, permanent placement in the Auditorium. They are the best of their kind in the West today.

A RETURN of the legitimate stage to the cities and towns of the West, which are being deprived of the spoken drama, is seen in the plans of the recently organized Theatre League Incorporated, which has been formed by a group of drama enthusiasts in the south. For

Read further on page 314

Stephen Crane

By E. C. BARNEY

RECENTLY I picked up a small volume of Stephen Crane and again read his masterpiece of short fiction, "The Open Boat." The final paragraph reads:

> "When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on shore, and they felt that they could then be interpreters."

There is much in that sentence; it contains the philosophy of age, and the insight of genius. Stephen Crane was a genius. When a mere child he startled the literary world with his "Red Badge of Courage"—a study of the horrible in war from the individual soldier's viewpoint, a treatise on psychology in fact.

Crane was about 20 when at last he found a publisher for "The Red Badge." He had seen nothing of war at first hand; all he knew of war was from the boasts of grandpas. Yet in his war study he was even more subjective than in his "The Open Boat," which was written after the fact—from actual experience!

Critics are reluctant to accord Crane the mantle of genius, yet he was nothing less. Long after such critics are gone and forgotten Stephen Crane will endure as a genius akin to Shakespeare. He suffered as geniuses must always suffer; he was misunderstood and abused; his private life was often weighed in the general estimate of him. However, his name is gradually growing in fame—finding its rightful niche in the gallery of genius—and will in due time, no doubt, be classed in the public mind with such names as Tolstoy, de Maupassant, and Frank Norris.

IN all of Crane's writings he features the horrible; the characters are predestined to a fate of misery and impending disaster. Crane died at about 30, but he saw all there was of life. His few short stories and some longer ones (he was too much of a genius to write a very long novel) cover about all human observations outside of assumptions. Crane, like all realists, was a dispassionate protrayer of life; and the fact that his stories play up the horrible indicates that life has its horrible side. His "Maggie" was unwanted by all publishers, and had to be put out in a cheap paper edition by himself on borrowed capital.

During Crane's last illness he showed a disposition to turn from life. In the first weeks his tired mind attempted something humorous and evasive, but his artistic nature would not let him fully accomplish this. The story dragged and irritated him. Written in collaboration with another author, the story wasn't finished until Crane was gone.

Crane met death valiantly and attempted a smile in parting with his wife. He died as he had lived, a realist.

Alfred Noyes contends that there is all over the world an overproduction of books. Volume, he says, overshadows literary values, book production having developed into a vast industry. Culture is thereby lost. It is Noyes' belief that publishers should be more critical and selective in the manuscripts they bring out. Many of the books of former days could, he contends, be republished to advantage.

In answer to Noyes, Idwal Jones scouts the idea that Addison, for example, would have any considerable reading today, if republished. He believes Mr. Noyes is on debatable ground when he speaks of contemporary culture. "No one age was more discriminating than another," says Jones. In the matter of books, the people should have what they like, in the opinion of the latter writer.

Under the Fifth Dimension

Continued from page 298

sworn it was locked). Inside it was dark. Pulling the window shades she disclosed a library in exquisite order. Going over to her desk, she turned on me apologetically, and said:

"I wish you to write a note to Ailsa and tell her of your being here and of seeing me; for I shall be gone when she returns. She will be sure to find it here on my desk."

"When does she come?" I enquired hurriedly, glad at last to speak, to ask my questions.

"I can't say," she answered evasively; "perhaps in a week. They—they—have been delayed this year, but Ailsa will explain everything to you," she added.

"Are you to be gone long?" I questioned, as I finished the note, and placed it as she directed on a packet of unopened letters.

She apparently did not hear or did not wish to; for she went about, looking wistfully at the different objects in the dim, shadowy room. Then turning mournful eyes on mine, she said, as if I had asked a second time:

"Yes, a long time. Still, I may be able to come back once in a while, and I hope they'll keep everything as it is."

The room was almost dark now, and I hastened toward the door.

"I must go, Mme. MacDonald. You see, I've forgotten the time, and they're waiting dinner for me at the Inn, you know."

"I'm unhappy that I cannot ask you all here to be my guests; but the servants are away today," she repeated. She opened the door as she spoke, and I heard, with a rush of relief, the purring of our motor, dear human every-day sound! Some way, the old house was eerie to me, with its dim shadows and soft-footed, gentle mistress.

"I'm glad you've written Ailsa, and I hope you told her I did the best I could under the circumstances to make you welcome at Hill House."

I held out my hand, but she pretended not to see it, and looked past me toward her mountains again longingly. As I slipped away, she called softly, "Good-bye, good-bye."

But I felt she was saying farewell to her Berkshire home and not to me.

I can hardly remember the mad rush through the gathering darkness to the Inn. Silas, our chauffeur, could not understand my demands for higher speed, I, who am usually so timid. Something was wrong about that house on the hill and its lonely inmate; something within the depths of my soul whispered what it was, but I dared not think out my intimation.

A WEEK later, when we were established for the summer at Lennox, I received a forwarded letter from Ailsa. It was bordered heavily in black. She wrote:

"Hill House, Little Dorchester,
Berkshire Co., Mass.
June 10th, 1912.

"My Dearest Mary:

"I found today your note on Mother's desk in this house. We are at a loss to understand how it ever got there, and your allusion to Mother's showing you the place and being with you. Mother spent the winter in California; she died on her way home at our house in New York on the 30th of May, Decoration Day. Her funeral was on the 2nd of June, yet your note is dated June 2nd, and you speak of Mother's standing near you as you wrote. I cannot tell you how puzzled and upset I am. If this is one of your old jokes, it has come at an inopportune time, dear. Where can I meet you so that you can explain this mystery? For it is unlike you to jest in this way.

"Let me hear from you as soon as possible and believe me, as ever

"Yours devotedly,
"Ailsa Craig MacDonald."

Stage and Screen Fan-Fare

By MAURICE L. KUSELL

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE,"
El Capitan Theatre, Hollywood

THE rejuvenation of this successful Broadway smash, holds the boards again with George Sidney and Charlie Murray in the Irish and Jewish father roles. To review such a dotage production would be merely redundancy. Every one is more or less familiar with the history of this play by Anne Nichols. A predicted "flop" at the Old Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles. But with staunch convictions Miss Nichols wheeled her brain child into New York to hang up the all-time long-run mark of six solid years at one theatre.

TOBY WILSON PLAYERS,
Music Box Theatre, Hollywood

HAVE you ever mustered the courage to venture into a so-called haunted house? If you have, you will realize what fortitude it takes to produce a show to play the Music Box Theatre. For some reason, theatrical managers have considered this theatre a jinx to productions. Evidently for financial reasons. This theatre is not a barn. It is known as an "intimate house." The fixtures and draperies add warmth to this playhouse. The stage and front of the house have all modern appointments. Yet theatrical managers call this house a jinx When in reality the jinx is the play the short-visioned theatrical producers endeavor to force the theatre-goers to accept. The Hollywood Music Box Theatre will feel the warmth of capacity houses when better stage fare is presented to those who appreciate dramatic and musical comedy entertainment. Toby Wilson, who has had many years histrionic experience and knows what the public wants in amusements within range of the average pocket book, should be able to put the jinx on a rail and carry it out of the Music Box Theatre. Toby is what might be called a human-interest comic, but to show folks, he portrays the type of character known as a "Toby." (Just a guess, but that's why he picked this nom de theatre). During Mr. Wilson's Hollywood run his stock company will present whole-souled, salt-of-the-earth comedy dramas, such as he has presented for many successful seasons past in the Middle West. At least Toby will put that jinx in the dog house as long as the theatre treasurer continues to dispose of tickets for Toby Wilson's Players.

"THE MATCH KING,"
Warner Bros. Picture

NO longer need you worry about lighting three cigarettes on a match. Warren William, who enacts the role of Paul Kroll, the Swedish match king, lets out little intimate secrets, (presumably of the late Kreuger), of how to build a fortune from a tiny flame, and control the heart strings of many beautiful women in the Capitals of Europe. Including one of the most famous foreign actresses in Hollywood. Of course his empire, built upon worthless securities, cracks. His paramour, the Hollywood actress, falls in love with a violinist. And as the late Kreuger, Kroll is exposed in his high financial trickery. Confronted by the leading bankers of the world to explain his actions, Kroll commits suicide. The picture is more or less fictionized biography. While "The Match King" will not exactly keep one on the edge of the seat, every moment is interesting. Playing opposite Mr. William, is Lily Damita, as the Hollywood actress. You will not be left in doubt as to whom she is portraying. The balance of the large cast is excellent.

WILSON MIZNER has knocked out a stirring story of prison life from the incidents taken from Warden Lawes' book of the same name. Packed to the last foot of film with drama, this picture tops all other criminal swashbuckling tales. Spencer Tracy enacts the "bugaboo" who enters prison with a press agent, and a horde of lovely maidens outside the big gate copping his autograph before his incarceration. Bette Davis as the prisoner's sweetheart, gives the same fine performance in this as she does in all of her parts. Arthur Byron as the prison warden is a newcomer to the screen, but not a new actor by any means. His performance as the guardian of the men and women in Sing Sing is what you might expect Warden Lawes to be. A two-fisted walloping picture that will knock any audience cold.

"SILVER DOLLAR,"
Warner Bros. Picture

SHADES of "Covered Wagon" and "Cimaron." But weren't these pictures money makers? So will "Silver Dollar" bring many dollars back to the producers of this picture.

Read further on page 314

Ghosts Still Walk in Bodie

Continued from page 300

in communication by stage with Virginia City and the railroad.

Aurora planned a county courthouse which should discourage all other county seats in eastern California. Three stories of brick, an imposing structure for the region, was erected at a cost of $90,000. Then—tragedy! The surveyors discovered an error. The state boundary was resurveyed and Aurora, county seat of Mono County, California, awoke one morning to find itself three miles inside Nevada.

Today a modest white courthouse in Bridgeport holds sway while a windowless stone frame, like a hollow skull, overlooks lonely Aurora.

Wresting gold from the earth was no light tussle in those days. To keep it from road-agents, highwaymen and sharps was even more difficult. It took red-blooded men, keen with spirit of adventure and nerve to amass and hold any considerable sum. Such men were Mackay and Fair.

"Over $100,000 in bills, Mr. Fair had," Mr. Cain recounts. "It was the mine payroll, and too late to post to Virginia which it had to reach in the shortest time possible. James G. Fair didn't even blink an eye. Facing that 120 miles of narrow, dangerous canyon road, he just jammed the money into his pocket, boarded the northbound stage and took it in person. Yes, sir—real men."

Holdups were not the only difficulties these pioneers faced. The heat at certain depths in the mines was almost unbearable. "Your skin prickled as you went down," and as Mr. Cain tells it, the stifling odor of hot wet rock sweeps over the listener.

"It was so hot down at the 1,200 and 1,600 foot levels that stripped men worked in shifts of ten minutes, stepping back to have water sluiced over them, while others took their places."

IT was the night life of Bodie, rather than the strenuous days which were most dangerous for the miners. Those who went up to Boots Hill feet first for the most part died violent deaths.

A dismantled red brick house stands a little apart from Bodie. Quite conveniently it was built just at the foot of Boots Hill. It was intended as a hotel, but saw life only one tragic night. The builder, whose name is lost among the slabs of the cemetery, was a man of pride and conceit. Ordinary wood was not good enough for him. He had bricks made for his new hotel.

It was to be a gay place, a gathering spot for the elite of Bodie. On the first night after its completion the owner invited the town to an opening dance in the new structure. All Bodie came and with it the wife of a miner who was on the evening shift.

The miner came home late and found his wife gone. He knew where. Perhaps there had been words before he went to work that evening, threats and defiance perhaps. He went to the red brick hotel, blazing warmly with lamplight, echoing with music. He waited on the front step, looking in.

"There she was dancing with the hotelkeeper right in the hallway in plain sight. She was laughing. The miner called in to the man to come outside for a moment." Mr. Cain pauses dramatically. "The man did. He came out and shot the miner dead."

"He saw he couldn't get away with the murder and tried to escape. They caught him about eight miles out in the sage, trying to reach Bridgeport. They brought him back and hanged him—right in his own hallway where he'd been dancing with the miner's wife."

"The woman? Nobody knew what became of her.

Read further on page 316

The Literary West

Books featured this month include: "Historic Spots in Southern California"; "Westward to the Pacific"; "Beyond the Blue Sierra"; "Earth Horizon"; "Sixty Years in Southern California"; "Jeremiah"; "The World We Live In"; "Riders From the West"; "I'm Fairly Sorry."

PRODUCING a guide book, history, reference book and romantic story combined, the authors of **"Historic Spots in California"** have done an exceptional piece of work. The book under review covers the southern counties only. The authors are Hero Eugene Rinsch and Ethel Grace Rinsch. In a handy volume of 267 pages, there is placed before the reader the salient facts in the historical development of Southern California. Each of the ten counties is handled separately in alphabetical order: Imperial, Inyo, Los Angeles, Mono, Orange, Riverside, San Bernardino, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Ventura. Under each county are listed the historic spots in chronological sequence, with data based on scientific research. A list of sources and extensive index add to the book's value. Robert Glass Cleland has offered an illuminating introduction. The book is from Stanford University Press. Price, $2.50.

* * *

MARION G. CLARK'S **"Westward to the Pacific,"** a book of stories for children, adds greatly to an already rich literature pertaining to our Western country. The stories are arranged in eleven parts or sections, depicting America before European settlement, the early colonial period, the first settlements in the Kentucky and Ohio regions, and the gradual growth westward; the Spanish days, story of the Oregon country, and several chapters on the development of the United States to the present day. The book is well provided with illustrations of scenic and historic value. This is a Scribner's book selling for $1.20.

* * *

WHY should not history be fictionized? Written thus it will be most interesting and best remembered. Honore Morrow tells in her **"Beyond the Blue Sierra"** the fascinating story of Anza and his heroic efforts toward opening up an overland route from Mexico to California, and the Spanish Viceroy's dream for the establishment of San Francisco. And let it be remembered the activities of which this book tells were being enacted in the Revolutionary period of 1775-1776. Published by William Morrow and Company, this volume of 340 pages and attractive jacket is a distinct contribution.

* * *

A REVIVAL in interest in California history prompts notice of a remarkable book issued by Houghton-Mifflin two years ago—Harris Newmarks noteworthy volume, **"Sixty Years in Southern California,"** 1853-1913. Mr. Newmark was one of the early pioneers of Los Angeles and a leader in the upbuilding of the city and of Southern California. His powers of keen observation, clear vision, retentative memory and ability to place proper values, together with his distinctly human qualities, have resulted in a narrative rich in reminiscence and true in characterization. The 744 pages of this book are packed full of history and the activities and contributions of the author's associates, many of whom were instrumental in the building of the great Southwest. The book is profusely illustrated. It is edited by Maurice H. and Marco R. Newmark. It is a $6.00 book.

* * *

LOVERS of Mary Austin's writings will welcome her latest book—**"Earth Horizon."** This autobiography is "different." Being one of the best writers of novels in America, Mary Austin has applied in **"Earth Horizon"** some of the same features that make her fiction so compelling. It has been her good fortune to know many of the great writers of her period and these she brings before her readers in the most graphic way. And through it all you read the story of one whose life has been full of rich experience and worth while achievements. This is a Houghton-Mifflin book, 380 pages, illustrated, and sells for $4.00.

* * *

POETRY of the West is receiving deserved attention today. **"Riders From the West"** is the title of a rather pretentious story in verse touching one of the important historical events with the Pacific Northwest as the theater of action. In this poetry story, the Indians of the Nez Perces country play a leading part. George Charles Kastner, the author, shows feeling and sympathy for the red man. The book is put out by Metropolitan Press, Portland, Ore., at $1.50.

* * *

"I'M FAIRLY SORRY" is the title of a small, privately printed volume of verse under authorship of "Peter Reel" with "Bobrick" as illustrator. The imprint is that of the Shoestring Press. The book is copyrighted by Charles C. Robertson, and sells for $1.50. The "perpetrators" have done all the work on the book. There are bits of humor and satire backed up by drawings in color. May the author, artist and publisher succeed.

—A. H. C.

* * *

"Jeremiah"

By William Maurice Culp

NOW boys and girls, Jeremiah is not a big ogre that goes about shouting "Fee Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." Jeremiah is a nice little kitten that spends most of her days purring with happiness. Her life is not fraught with days of hunting mice in the cellar; no, indeed! She lazes when Bobby Jack, to whom Jeremiah belongs, all day in a nicely-padded yellow box in Bobby Jack's room, waiting for him to come home from school. There are many colored illustrations that the kiddies will enjoy. Large type that they may read readily. Done in full cloth binding with an imprint of two tone of Jeremiah. Published by Harr Wagner, of San Francisco. Children who have kittens will love this little volume. A delightful school reader, the illustrations by Carleton D. Moore. 80 cents.

—Maurice L. Kusell.

Read further on page 315

Western Art and Drama

Continued from page 308

the past few months this group has been quietly laying the ground for a coast wide campaign to bring bacy legitimate stage attractions at regular intervals, over a circuit of towns extending from San Diego to the towns of the Northwest, presenting companies of outstanding merit in current Broadway successes which have not been seen on the Coast.

Early last spring, representatives of the Theatre League were sent out to make a survey of the principal towns of the coast, to ascertain if there was sufficient interest in the project to justify putting in operation a plan similar to that attempted by the Theatre Guild some years ago in the East. Encouraged by the response, definite steps were taken to perfect the organization, and to begin the work of establishing branches of the League in the various towns, which, through a plan of membership, might provide the necesary funds to defray the cost of the tours.

The Theatre League plays will be produced on the coast. Arrangements have been made whereby the facilities of the Pasadena Playhouse have been made available as the producing center, and the League plays are to be staged under the personal direction of Gilmor Brown, with specialy selected casts of professional actors. While the Theatre League is in no way connected with the Pasadena Playhouse Association, the League has received the cooperation of the Pasadena group to the extent that the special productions built for the Playhouse runs of the League plays will be utilized on the road.

The work of organizing the towns is in charge of Bradford Mils and J. Francis Smith of New York, both of whom are well known in the music and opera field. Already branches have been organized in San Diego, Fresno and Stockton, which in addition to San Francisco, wil be included in the tour of the first company which is scheduled to go on tour in No-

Continued on page 315

Stage and Screen

Continued from page 311

The locale is new. Denver in 1876 in the days when it was known as St. Charles. Leadville, Colorado, when the prospectors in their quest for gold discovered silver. The genial Yates Martin, whose touch of fortune brought the silver world to his miners boots. Edward G. Robinson plays Yates Martin, the happy, enterprising egotist. What a new Robinson his fans will find in this epic. Co-starred with Mr. Robinson is Bebe Daniels, whose acting in "Silver Dollar" is a trifle overshadowed by Aline MacMahon, of "Once in a Lifetime" fame. Any lover of western history will enjoy this film story which evidently was built from characters of early Colorado miners. And if western history bores you . . . see this picture for good entertainment.

* * *

SCENE STEALERS WHO ARE NOT STARS: Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon, Harry Beresford, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Robert Warwick, Allen Dinehart.

* * *

Foolish Film Fables

JEAN HARLOW'S mama calls her "Baby." (So what? You should hear the **pet names my mother** calls me).

A certain director asked George Arliss if he had played in any legitimate shows. (How should the director know, **he only sees his own pictures).**

Karen Morley's ears rival Clarke Gable's. **(The better to hear you with, ma hoe=ney).**

Ann Harding and Norma Shearer are bowlegged. But Tom Mix isn't. **(You can't always blame the horse).**

Mary Brian's brother, Terry Dantzler, conducts an orchestra but is not a musician. **(He's not the only one).**

Olive Borden got an annulment from her bigamist husband. (Impossible! **Sam Clover says such a thing couldn't happen to a movie star).**

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The Literary West

Continued from page 313

"The World We Live In"
By Weinberg-Scott-Holston

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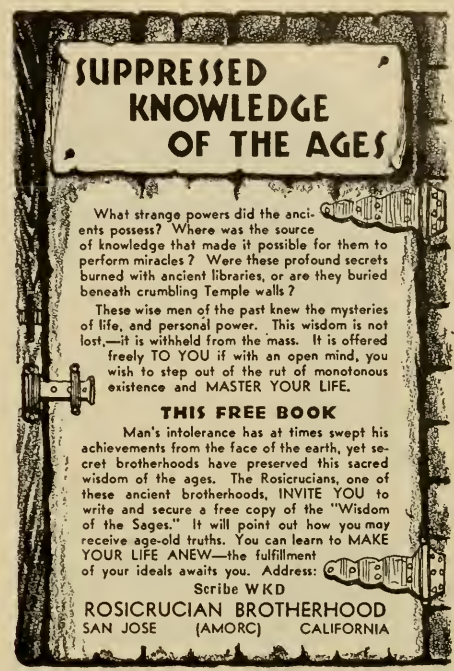
—Maurice L. Kusell.

* * *

Western Art and Drama

Continued from page 314

vember, in S. N. Behrman's latest comedy success, "Brief Moment," with Harrison Ford and Sharon Lyne in the leads. The first League play is booked for a two weeks run at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco.



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Ghosts in Bodie

Continued from page 312

Now the long shadows of night creep down on Bodie to the tune of silence. The colorful mine dumps on the gray hills are lost in twilight. A wind moans up the pass from Mono Lake, shaking the sage on Boots Hill and murmuring among wooden slabs and gravestones where names have long been effaced.

An owl screeches suddenly rising on heavy wings from a ruined doorway. Bats chatter in the dusk. Does Bodie rest easy? Are her nights serene and dreamless, or—is that the clink of long-broken glasses on vanished marble? Do you hear ghostly laughter and catch the flash of Rosie May's diamonds?

All day you may see blackened tumbles, brick piles, vacant streets, but still at night in Bodie—ghosts walk!

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LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

To Our Readers . . .

The Contents of this magazine are copyrighted. The articles are listed in the Readers Guide to Periodical Literature and International Index. This furnishes the best reference possible as these publications are on file and available in every library in the country.

Flippant Filosphy

By M. S. MERRITT

WORDS OF WISDUMB—

JUST when we think Fortune is about to smile upon us nowadays—the smile turns out to be a sneer!

* * *

Some of us are living on Easy Street now—but the address is only transient!

* * *

Anyone that puts on the garment of truth these days is usually out of style!

* * *

Money hardens more muscles than any amount of exercise—especially around the heart and head!

* * *

HOLLYWOOD—

MOMENTARILY patriotic, a certain egotistical star joined the National Guard. When the company was about to be photographed, the captain ordered: "Left face!" But the star persisted in showing his right. Exasperated, the captain singled him out: "Hey, you, I said 'Left face!'"

"But I don't photograph well on that side," the star bleated.

* * *

Overheard in the studio lunch room:—

Novice: "Do you agonize over your stories?"

Screen Writer: "No, I let the scenario editor do that."

* * *

Joe E. Brown tells this one about things being tough in the East: On a vaudeville bill where he was making a personal appearance was a dog act. Along about dinner time the owner of the act called to his dog: "Come, Fritz, I give you liver." And right away a hundred actors changed their names to Fritz!

* * *

SOUL COMFORTS A LA MODE—

HOPE was given man to help him work out his destiny with labor. Then man stretched Hope to presumption to avoid the labor.

* * *

The course of true love never runs smooth. Maybe that's why man and his Creator have such a tough time getting along.

* * *

OUT OUR WAY—

THE owner of a haberdashery shop discovered an unwelcome stranger in his shop at 3 a. m. The fellow said he believed in doing his Christmas shopping early!

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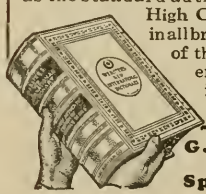
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